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- ART. I.—1. *Memoir of the Rev. William Shaw.* Edited by his oldest surviving Friend. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.
2. *The Story of My Mission in South-Eastern Africa.* By WILLIAM SHAW. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1866.
3. *The Past and Future of the Kaffir Races.* By the Rev. WILLIAM C. HOLDEN. London: Published for the Author. 1866.

A VARIETY of circumstances has of late years tended to invest South Africa with growing interest. No one could ever have marked its position on the surface of the globe, or been acquainted with the salubrity of its climate, without predicting for it, earlier or later, an important part in the programme of the world's progress. The diamond and gold discoveries of recent years are but supplying the impetus which it was anticipated that some such event must ere long furnish to the more rapid colonisation of so extensive and healthful a region, and the increased development of its industrial resources.

Mr. Froude's recent visit to the Cape may be regarded as representing the natural growth of desire on the part of Englishmen to know more of one of the most valuable dependencies of our colonial empire. His defective conclusions, though to be regretted, are an inevitable result of the superficial study which is all that the passing visitor, however intelligent, is likely to give to complicated social and political problems amid entirely untried surroundings. His utterances, however, have provoked response and correction, and will continue to do so; and, in the long run, though as a people we are slow to learn the truth, it may be confidently anticipated that the ignorant indifference of the past will be succeeded by such an enlightened acquaintanceship with facts and circumstances, as is

essential for the satisfactory fulfilment of the duties which lie before us as a governing race. The grave complications arising out of Langalibalele's case, involving as they do important constitutional questions, as well as the safety and welfare of multitudes of our fellow-subjects, both white and coloured, in South Africa, will ultimately yield to the earnest and well-intentioned efforts of our statesmen. Not at all too soon has the Government recognised the importance of instituting a searching and comprehensive investigation into the position of the Natal colonists, in particular, and their relations to the natives who surround them in such overwhelming numbers.

The tried experience of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the unsurpassed reputation which he has acquired as a military administrator in connection with native races, amply vindicate the Government selection, and afford a hopeful guarantee that, by the blessing of Providence, satisfactory measures will be taken for the safety and prosperity of the country, even should the period not be ripe for the unification, which time must bring about, of South African empire. When that hour shall arrive, and one consolidated and harmonious rule shall be free to do its part in welding so many heterogeneous elements into a young and vigorous nationality, with the noblest aims and an ever-growing success, it will be seen that the Gospel here, as well as everywhere else, has been the mainspring of true social life. A deepened, instead of a diminishing, interest will then be displayed in the *origines sacre*, which have had so much to do with sweetening and hallowing the streams of social progress. And we may safely venture to predict that, as our transatlantic cousins lovingly cherish the memory of their Pilgrim Fathers, so the tale of the settlement of 1820 will never be forgotten in South Africa, and a suitable place will be found in the national reverence for the apostolic name of William Shaw.

Within two years of the death of this great and good man, a fitting memorial has been reared by "his oldest surviving friend," who appends his well-known initials to the preface to Mr. Shaw's life. A singular combination alike of sympathy and contrast in character attracted to each other this modern David and Jonathan. Each the complement of the other, the sober and well-balanced sagacity of the one naturally blended with the penetrating originality of the other. No one could for a moment vie

with the survivor in adaptation for the labour of love to which he addressed himself; and the Christian public are all the richer for the lucid, admiring, and sympathetic portraiture with which they are thus supplied. It is in various parts characterised by the writer's quaint and racy style, and contains valuable information on South African affairs, alike from himself and his deceased friend, than whom two witnesses of greater ability and competence could nowhere be found. Mr. Shaw's instructive and comprehensive volume, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, is very largely quoted by his biographer, who wisely lets him tell his own "Story" as far as possible; and right well is that story told. Without any pretence to brilliancy, it is at the utmost remove from what is commonplace. Marked by a modest self-assertion, it has not a particle of egotism in it, and displays a truly generous appreciation of the excellences of others. In fact no Christian can read it without unflagging interest, largely augmented knowledge, growing love and respect for the wise and genial writer, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church, who, when He has required a labourer, has never failed to raise and send the right one forth.

William Shaw was born in Glasgow on December 8th, 1798, and was the son of devout parents connected with the Church of England. One great disappointment awaits the reader of his biography. A few lines on its first page contain all that throws light on his boyhood; and the second commences with his superintendent minister's letter, authorising him to preach, which he did for the first time when barely sixteen years old. His father was connected with the North York Militia, from which he retired in 1812, "leaving his young son William under the care of his elder brother. From the education and general ability of his younger son he had some reasonable expectation of being able to procure for him a commission in the regular army. This scheme was frustrated by his conversion and connection with the Methodist Society in November, 1812, at Harwich. Persecution, not favour, was now the order of the day." This is all that his Memoirs tell us of Mr. Shaw's early training, a circumstance possibly owing to his own reticence on personal subjects, and to the extreme scantiness of the written memoranda which he left behind him. Whatever the cause, the fact is much to be regretted, as the study would have been most profitable of that pro-

cess whereby a character so singularly harmonious and symmetrical was built up. Whilst sharing the just objections to which some portraiture of the departed are open, where every defect is concealed, and every virtue magnified, we contend that the Church needs an ever fresh supply of judicious biography. Each successive age has its peculiar difficulties, and nothing can be more instructive than to observe how a higher discipline enables men not merely to surmount them all, but to turn them into instruments of self-culture. The transparent simplicity and integrity of Mr. Shaw's character afforded the best guarantee for the reliability of his statements in all that concerned himself. With such conditions secured, the growth of such a life would have beautifully illustrated that marvellous process whereby the Holy Spirit out of the rough quarry of human nature shapes the unhewn block into conformity with the Supreme Pattern. The experiences of life are the tools employed in this highest triumph of Divine art; and, whilst we mark the rougher strokes of earlier days, and the more delicate gravings of later years, it is with augmented admiration that we anticipate the accomplishment of the great final purpose, suggested by the Apostle, where he thus defines it, "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter i. 7). These words at least suggest that even where, as is probable in this instance, the modesty of departed saints has succeeded in now partially veiling their inner life from human inspection, the final *discovery* will hereafter illustrate the Saviour's glory, and proportionately enhance the happiness of the heavenly state.

Suggestive light is given us, notwithstanding what has been said, as to some of the influences which Providence employed for preparing Mr. Shaw for his life-work. He was a soldier's son, and his early youth was spent among military associations, than which nothing could be better calculated, with suitable parental restraints, for the formation of those habits of punctuality, order, and business aptitude, and for that manly self-possession which marked Mr. Shaw's character. Born, too, in Scotland, of English parents, we find him preaching his first sermon at Newry, in Ireland. Like those other eminent African missionaries, Moffat and Livingstone—the former of whom, after an early

training in Presbyterianism, was inspired by Moravianism with missionary zeal, then for a brief period, whilst away from home, united with Methodism (having actually been a class-leader), was finally identified with Congregationalism—so William Shaw's early life placed him in circumstances peculiarly calculated to save him from sectarian narrowness, and to adapt him for effectively dealing with every class of society, from the highest to the lowest. Throughout his African experiences he was brought into constant contact with military men and civilians, and, eminently judicious as he was, his earlier associations so guided his sympathies and relations, that he was never at a loss how wisely and self-reliantly to demean himself, so that men ultimately learnt to attach very great weight to his opinions. The early surroundings to which we have adverted likewise engendered a chivalrous patriotism of tone, which was invaluable in a leader like Mr. Shaw in a young, unsettled colony. His life may even be said to have ultimately fallen a sacrifice to this sentiment, combined with his innate politeness and Christian kindness; for the final disease appears to have had its origin in a severe cold taken in sheltering with his umbrella a public officer, who was engaged in transshipping the mails on board the steamer to which Mr. Shaw had accompanied his missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, when starting for South Africa. No one that ever came into close contact with William Shaw could fail, in the erect dignity of his bearing, and the extreme urbanity of his manner, to mark much of that which lay at the root of his remarkable influence over men. Could we have had but a peep at his school-days, it would not have at all surprised us to hear of his receiving the prize sometimes awarded by common consent, in well-conducted schools, to the "best-liked boy."

His biographer, referring to his marriage when just nineteen years old, characteristically observes that this "would, in the case of most men, have been an imprudent step; but it must be borne in mind that the bridegroom, though young in years, was never, strictly speaking, a young man." And nothing is more remarkable than his early maturity of judgment. Leaving the army in his seventeenth year, when his regiment was disbanded, he joined his parents at Wisbeach, "was immediately placed on the Local Preacher's Plan," and at Long Sutton, a few months later, commenced a school, which "succeeded

beyond all expectations, financially and otherwise. In this village Mr. Shaw became the prop and stay of the small Methodist Society," during a period of nearly four years; and the means which his success as a teacher placed at his disposal fully justified him in his exceptionally early marriage to one, of whom it may be safely said that she was every way worthy of him. The name of Ann Shaw is perpetuated, not only in one of the most flourishing Kaffrarian Stations, but in the grateful memories of very many in other parts of South-Eastern Africa, who admired the singleness of purpose, amounting in some respects to heroism, the rare judgment, and the deep piety with which she supported and supplemented her husband's devoted labours. She did "him good and not evil all the days of her life," which is not the only expression in the wise man's picture appropriate to the course of this admirable woman. It is no derogation to Mr. Shaw's varied excellences to say that his happy and congenial domestic relations greatly enhanced his public usefulness. We rejoice to be informed that a memoir of this excellent lady is preparing for the press; such a life ought to have permanent record. His marriage occasioned some delay in Mr. Shaw's entrance on the ministry, for which he had been accepted as a candidate in 1817, his mind being "powerfully impressed with a desire to engage in the missionary work;" but Providence, ere long, in a remarkable manner, opened his way to "the position in which he was, above all men, most qualified to serve his generation by the will of God."

Extensive distress affected large portions of the population of Great Britain, whom the termination of the European war in 1815 had thrown out of employment; and widespread political disaffection, augmented by Ministerial indiscretions, alarmed the country. We cannot do better than quote from the biography:—

"It was," we are told, "during the height of this social hurricane that, on the 12th of July, 1819, being the last day of the session, Mr. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, made that far-famed speech which was the leading cause of the embarkation for the Cape of Good Hope of more than 4,000 settlers of various descriptions. Lord Sidmouth, in the House of Lords, harangued to the same purpose, and fanned the deluding flame, which had been lighted up in the Commons. Mr. Vansittart is reported to have said, 'The Cape is suited to most of the productions both

of temperate and warm climates, to the olive, the mulberry, and the vine, as well as to most sorts of culmiferous and leguminous plants; and the persons emigrating to this settlement would soon find themselves comfortable.' The considerate and grave character of two ministers, so at war heretofore with everything like fancy or fable, caused their statements to be received with full credit and confidence, and they were regarded as a warrant of success. It is strange to relate such to have been the infatuation, that those who disagreed on all other subjects agreed on this alone. On the representation of the Ministers the faithful Commons at once and unreluctantly voted £50,000 to carry the emigration into effect. The promulgation of the governmental scheme was received with avidity by the public, and the applications for permission to avail themselves of the facilities offered were numerous beyond expectation. The number to be accepted was restricted to 4,000 souls, and the disappointment to the unsuccessful candidates, amounting to above 90,000, was bitter beyond conception. The utmost care was employed in the selection of the emigrants. The regulations issued from Downing-street required certificates as to character from ministers of parishes, or some persons in whom the Government could repose confidence; offered passages to those persons who, possessing the means, would engage to carry out at least ten able-bodied individuals above eighteen years of age, with or without families; that a deposit should be made of £10 for every family of one man, one woman, and two children; others beyond this number to pay £5 each, &c.; so that, notwithstanding an ungenerous sneer of the 'Civil Servant,' 'that it was the wish of the Ministry to get rid of the dangerously disaffected,' Government had reserved to itself the right, and exerted it successfully, to prevent the emigration of such useless and ill-assorted characters for its new settlement.

"In the Government proposal, provision was made for the supply of the religious wants of the settler. Parties of not less than 100 families, uniting to form a settlement, were entitled to take a minister, of whatever denomination they might prefer. To this minister the Government guaranteed a salary of £100 per annum. A number of Wesleyan families, chiefly connected with Queen-street Circuit, London, and others, not Wesleyans, united for this purpose, and wisely resolved to take out a Wesleyan minister with them. They advertised for a minister, and of course found out that no respectable, accredited preacher would be willing to go out, unless duly sent, and in connection with the authorities of the Wesleyan body at home. Mr. Shaw justly viewing this as a providential opening to a field of labour, missionary in its character, corresponded with Mr. Wynne, the then manager of the affairs of the Queen-street party, and expressed his willingness 'to accompany them, provided they would consent

to receive him in the capacity of a Wesleyan missionary, appointed by, and in connection with, the Missionary Committee and the Methodist Conference in England.' The Missionary Committee received the proposal at first with some disfavour. Why, it is difficult to say. Missions to English colonies had been the rule since the first missionaries were sent out in 1769 to New York, followed in due time by missionaries to what is now called Eastern British America. To these missions, and to the West Indian colonies, Dr. Coke's labours had been mainly confined. After due consideration, however, the Committee adopted the mission, and accepted Mr. Shaw as their missionary, influenced in a great measure by the advice of the Rev. George Morley, Superintendent of the Queen-street Circuit, who was interested in many of the emigrants, and especially solicitous for their spiritual welfare."—*Memoir*, &c. pp. 8—11.

Such were the circumstances under which Mr. Shaw commenced his remarkable career. Let us take a retrospective survey of the history of the country into which this important element of English life and energy was about to be introduced. The "Cape of Storms" was discovered in 1486 by Bartholomew Diaz, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, and two years later received from John II. of Portugal its present title, the "Cape of Good Hope," a name of cheering prophetic import, in view of its lofty mission in the Southern Hemisphere, as the home of an enlightened Christian civilisation, destined to extend its influence northward through Africa. The year 1500 is interesting from the fact that the Portuguese then began to form settlements on the west coast of Angola, and that the Kaffir nation came into notice as reaching as far as the great Kei river, which is the present eastern boundary of the Cape Colony, and separates British from Independent Kaffraria. Twenty-five years later, the Portuguese seem to have attempted the formation of a settlement on Robben Island, a low spit of land at the mouth of Table Bay, now used for lepers and lunatics, among whom Langalibalele has recently been suffering imprisonment. The first account chronicled of an English visit to Table Bay was in 1591, when Captain James Lancaster, afterwards the famous Arctic navigator, anchored there. The first Dutch fleet did likewise four years later under Jan de Molenaar. These two nations long competed for superiority, and their rivalry was singularly illustrated at this southern extremity of the world. In 1619 we find the Dutch "Chamber of

Seventeen declaring the advisableness of founding a port at the Cape of Good Hope, for the assurance of the refreshment necessary to the navigation of India, and the preservation of the seafaring people, which is of much importance." As the result, possibly, of this announcement, Captains Shillinge and Fitzherbert in the following year, 1620, took formal possession of the Cape of Good Hope, in the name of His Majesty James I. Nothing further was, however, done, though Table Bay now began to be "a place of resort for ships of all nations, who were in the habit of leaving letters under certain stones, which are still sometimes found in Table Bay." But in 1652 the Dutch, under Van Riebeeck, proceeded to make a settlement, and the port was commenced, which formed the nucleus of the present Castle of Cape Town. For the foregoing information we are indebted to the appendix of Mr. Henry Hall's valuable *Manual of South African Geography*. The same summary supplies us with some extraordinary and amusing incidents; such, for example, as that, in October of the last-mentioned year, poor "Herman Van Vogelaar, volunteer, was sentenced to one hundred blows from the butt of his musket, for wishing the purser at the devil for serving out penguins instead of beef or pork." A despatch of three years later from the Governor-General and Council of the Indies, pronounces "the proposal of Mr. Van Goens to cut off the Cape from the Continent indeed a good thing, *if it could easily be effected!*" At this period Bushmen were first encountered, warlike Hottentots threatened the infant settlement, and lions, rhinoceroses, and elephants abounded all around. In 1666, "Anthony Jans and Anthony Arents, for stealing a cabbage, an offence tending to the ruin of this growing colony, were sentenced to be flogged, to work in irons on Robben Island for three years, and to forfeit four months' wages!" Thirty-four years later the Dutch purchased the Bay of Natal and the surrounding country from the natives; and in 1721 an expedition left Cape Town to establish a port at Natal, but could not find the place, and returned to Algoa Bay!

The Dutch supremacy terminated in 1795, when Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, the latter of whom was the first English Governor, took possession of the colony; but it was returned to its former possessors eight years subsequently, in compliance with an article of the treaty of Amiens. It was finally captured by Sir David Baird in

1806, and formally ceded to England in 1815, since which times it has not passed out of our hands.

It will ever redound to the honour of the Dutch at the Cape, that they gave generous asylum to a portion of the French Huguenots, who made an exodus to that distant region between 1685 and 1690, and had lands assigned them in the neighbourhood of Paarl and Stellenbosch. Religious sympathy was singularly combined with national jealousy, as evidenced in the stringent refusal of the Dutch authorities to permit the children of the refugees to receive instruction in the French language. They were welcome as Dutchmen of the same faith, but not as Frenchmen. Fransche Hoek (French Corner) still exists, a small vine-clad, oak-embowered village, in the midst of the most romantic mountain scenery, not far from the two towns of the Cape already specified. Here the ruins are pointed out of the first rude buildings, erected by men who were willing to sacrifice nationality to conscience, and whose industry gradually turned the wilderness into a beautiful garden, that once seen can never be forgotten. The descendants of the Huguenots are still more or less traceable in people of small stature, gentle bearing, and dark hair and complexion, bearing such names as Du Plessis, Le Roux, Malherbe, Russouw (so now spelt), and De Villiers, the last of which is scarcely recognisable in the barbarous Dutch corruption, Viljee. It is credibly stated, that a plain Cape farmer, wearing one of these surnames, received a cordial invitation from the late Napoleon, when Emperor and in search of an aristocracy, to return to *La Belle France*, and reassume the ducal dignities of which he was lawful heir. The course of events has perhaps proved that he was wise in declining to exchange his broad acres, and the freedom and safety of South Africa, for the brilliant but precarious prize. One of the most primitive communities existing is to be found at the foot of Bain's Kloof, a magnificent mountain-pass near the town of Wellington, about a dozen miles farther from Cape Town than the Paarl. Here in a sequestered spot a Huguenot party settled under the guidance of a leader named Charron, after whom the romantic glen was called *La Vallée du Charron*. It so happens that this surname is the Dutch word for wagon-maker. The modern visitor would scarcely recognise the rhythmical old title in the outlandish translation, "*Wagen-maker's Vlei*," which Dutch ignorance and jealousy probably

combined to form into a substitute. In this quiet retreat is the little chapel which has succeeded the original structure used by the early Huguenot forefathers of the community, and where an excellent French missionary ministers *in the Dutch language* to French descendants, unacquainted with their ancestral language. A simple unworldly people, they a few years ago retained many earlier customs, one of the community (a Dutchman, by-the-by, in that instance) inheriting the semi-patriarchal dignity of general umpire, to which the common consent designated him. No one who has shared the warm-hearted hospitality of that mountain-home could fail to mark the natural politeness which a rough exterior could not disguise, or the priceless heritage of traditional piety which nearly 200 years have not bedimmed. Contented with little of this world's wealth or influence, they were rich in God's favour, and He has rewarded the piety of those who set their fellows such an example of devotion to His service. Earnest leaders in the Dutch Reformed Church have recently opened what they call Huguenot seminaries, at the head of which are devoted ladies from the excellent American institution of Mount Holyoke, founded by that admirable woman Mary Lyons. Our readers will be glad to know that many of these interesting pupils have through their instrumentality been converted.

We have but touched upon a subject which would prove a mine of interest in competent hands, in the history of the Cape Huguenots, who have supplied the country with the majority of its indigenous Gospel ministers. Their hospitable reception by the Dutch would tend to intensify the Protestant conservatism of the latter, who have ever displayed the strongest antipathy to Romish error. As early as 1660 the annals of the colony refer to the wreck in Table Bay of the French ship, *Le Maréchal*, when the crew and passengers, including a governor and a bishop, were disarmed, and put under restraint until the ship was got afloat again; and a proclamation was made on the wreck, with the Romish bishop on board, declaring, "that no Divine worship except that of the Reformed Church is permitted." Those who have perused the thrilling story of the eighty years' struggle of the Netherlands with Spain for religious liberty, can scarcely wonder at a feeling so intense, or that the Church of Rome has almost utterly failed in making proselytes among the Dutch population of the Cape Colony. Motley

has pointed out in his philosophic pages how the physical peculiarities of Holland have tended to stamp on the national character a sort of moral *vis inertiae*. The centuries of patient, persevering watchfulness against the encroachments of the ocean alike anticipated and prefigured the mighty struggle with error and despotism in which William of Orange was the central figure. But the same cause would lead us to expect in the Dutch character more of what is conservative and defensive than of that which is boldly aggressive. The restrictions of the Calvinistic creed, which was the natural extreme of reaction from Papal superstitions, fitted in with the Hollander's idiosyncrasies, and intensified his inherited immobility of nature. Hence we are not surprised at the fatalistic views which the Cape Dutch from the beginning held as to the heaven-appointed inferiority of the coloured races, or at the entire absence of missionary enterprise for the benefit of those whom they believed to inherit the curse of Ham. There is reason to rejoice that Dutchmen themselves can now scarcely realise the fact that when, three years after founding the first mission on the site where the Genadendal institution now stands, the Moravian Schmidt had proceeded to baptize five Hottentots, he was, by a resolution of the Government, prohibited from baptizing Hottentots for the future. The following year he was actually compelled to leave the Cape; and a parish clerk, accused of heresy, and of being associated with "the great Hottentot converter," Schmidt, was ordered to Batavia. Remembering the wretched time-serving policy of the old East India Company, which refused to allow Carey and his brethren to commence mission work in Calcutta, Englishmen have no reason to cast the stone of reproach. Let us rather rejoice in the progress of public opinion, and the advent of more enlightened times. The Dutch Reformed Church of the Cape Colony now has both its home missions among the coloured classes and its foreign missions in the interior of the Transvaal Republic, though these are far from extensive. No one can withhold his sympathies from the admirably conducted Dutch Theological Seminary of Stellenbosch, which is doing a great work in gradually awakening the Church which it represents to its duty towards the African races. It is no marvel that, holding the views which they did, the Dutch farmers, of whom it may be truthfully said that, on the whole, they treated their slaves with kindness,

should have deeply resented the emancipation of the latter in 1834, an act which to many of them—strange though it may seem—wore the aspect of an irreverent interference with the Divine enactment, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." The dissatisfaction was greatly increased by the reckless manner in which compensation was doled out to its claimants, their dues being payable in England, an arrangement involving the intervention of agents, through whose speculations and robbery they ultimately realised only a fraction of the originally small amounts awarded to them. The dormant resources of the Hollander's resistant nature were called forth, and, rather than submit to the hated English rule, which, truth to say, was at that time marked by much of suicidal folly in its relation to the native races, large bodies of Dutchmen crossed intervening mountain ranges, and came into collision with Udingaan, the ferocious son of the terrible Utshaka. Fearful massacres amongst the unsuspecting strangers at first resulted from the savage treachery to which they were exposed, when peacefully inclined: but, thoroughly aroused, they rallied to the conflict, defeated the despot, burnt his great kraal, and ultimately dethroned him, founding the colony of Natal in 1840. This was taken two years later by the English, and pronounced a British colony in 1845. The Boers then retreated across the Orange River, where the Queen's supremacy was again proclaimed in 1848; and this led once more to their crossing the Vaal River, and founding, under Pretorius, the extensive Transvaal Republic, conterminous at its northern extremity with the Amandebele territory, into which they had succeeded in driving the celebrated Umzilikazi. In 1854 the great political mistake—as it is now pretty generally admitted to have been—was made of acknowledging the independence of the two Dutch States north of the Orange River, an arrangement the permanence of which is inconceivable, but which it is trusted will be set aside by no other force than that of common interests and sympathies between Dutch and English. Indeed, both in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal Republic, the English element is rapidly extending itself, and even penetrating to the regions beyond.

The very characteristics to which we have adverted make the Dutch splendid colonists. Their patient tenacity of

purpose is invaluable in the conquering of initial difficulties; and this feature has been admirably displayed, alike in Natal and the two Northern States, and also in the old colony where the Dutch Reformed Church numbers more adherents than all other Christian bodies put together. But alike in political and commercial enterprise, the palm must be awarded to the Anglo-Saxon, and hence the marvellous impetus which British rule and British immigration have given to South Africa. As Mr. Shaw's biographer says elsewhere, "The British settlers have drawn out the slumbering energies of their Dutch fellow-colonists; and now both English and Dutch rival each other in all the undertakings which tend to increase the prosperity of their country." Dutch backbone and English sinew are in fact being brought into mutually helpful relations, and the prospects are highly encouraging of a vigorous Anglo-Dutch power which, with blended traditions of the most glorious description, shall fill extensive regions of the southern world with its hives of healthful industry, carry with it the blessings of civil liberty, constitutional government, and religious freedom, and, like Australia in the Pacific, imitate, if not emulate, the triumphs of Christian principle and influence wrought out in the home lands.

We make no apology for a digression which brings out into strong relief the importance of the enterprise, of which, without prejudice to any other party, Mr. Shaw was in 1820 the most prominent representative and leader. His biographer justly observes:—

"To young people, or to those in the prime of life, blessed with vigorous bodies and sanguine dispositions, and unencumbered by family cares, I can imagine nothing more delightful than to engage in the noble enterprise of founding a new colony, especially in such climates as South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. The undertaking makes and educates the men and women engaged in it. The first settlers in Albany (the Eastern Province) were, to begin with, a fair specimen of the average worth of the middle and lower classes of English society. Those of them who lived to see the completion of their great undertaking felt themselves, and were acknowledged by others, to be a class altogether different from men whose faculties had not been tried and drawn out by similar experiences. A more thoroughly practical, sensible, manly, and in all respects respectable population than that which formed the nucleus of the British Colony in South-Eastern Africa, I never heard or read of, though no doubt the Puritan settlers in

New England, more than two hundred years ago, and the population of New Plymouth (Taranaki), New Zealand, in 1853, may have been somewhat equal to them."—Pp. 32, 33.

The young minister's own narrative is most vivid and interesting, and we are tempted by the reference to the Puritan settlement of the Western World to transcribe some extracts from his story:—

"We anchored," he writes, "in Algoa Bay on Monday the 15th May (1820), being exactly three months from the day on which we left Gravesend. It was night when we reached the anchorage, and our first engagement, after the noise and confusion consequent on casting the anchor, and making the ship snug and trim, was to assemble between the decks, and hold a meeting to offer solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for all the mercies of our passage out, and to implore His blessing on our entrance into the country now before us. Next morning, as soon as the day dawned, most of the people came on deck to view the land of their future residence. As the sun rose over the wide expanse of ocean towards the east, and gilded with his light the hills and shores of the bay towards the west and north, a gloom gradually spread itself over the countenances of the people. As far as the eye could sweep, from the south-west to the north-east, the margin of the sea appeared to be one continued range of low white sand-hills: wherever any breach in these hills afforded a peep into the country immediately behind this fringe of sand, the ground seemed sterile and the bushes stunted. Immediately above the landing place, the land rose abruptly into hills of considerable elevation, which had a craggy and stony appearance, and were relieved by very little verdure. Two or three whitewashed and thatched cottages, and Fort Frederick, a small fortification crowning the height, and by its few cannon commanding the anchorage, were all that arrested the eye in the first view of Algoa Bay; with the exception of the tents of the British settlers, many of whom had already disembarked, and formed a camp half a mile to the right of the landing place. The scene was at once dull and disappointing. It produced a very discouraging effect on the minds of the people, not a few of whom began to contrast this waste wilderness with the beautiful shores of Old England, and to express fears that they had foolishly allowed themselves to be lured away by false representations to a country which seemed to offer no promise of reward to its cultivators. However, the needful preparations for landing, and the anxiety to be relieved from the discomforts and monotony of their long confinement on board ship, changed the current of their thoughts, and thereby afforded some relief to their gloomy forebodings."—*Story, &c.*, pp. 29—31.

Then, in the following month, after describing the journey from Algoa Bay to Salem, Mr. Shaw adds :—

"We were first taken to Reed Fontein, near the western banks of the Kowie River, where it was understood the party was to be located ; but after a short time it was ascertained that we had been placed on lands designed for another body of settlers ! This was felt to be very vexatious, but there was no remedy ; and wagons were sent to remove us to another location, some twenty-five miles distant, and which we had already passed on our journey up the country. We arrived at our final destination on the 18th of July, 1820. Here we were immediately joined by the bulk of our party from Algoa Bay. It is not easy to describe our feelings at the moment when we arrived. Our Dutch wagon-driver intimating that we had at length reached our proper location, we took our boxes out of the wagon and placed them on the ground ; he bade us *goeden dag*, or farewell, cracked his long whip, and drove away, leaving us to our reflections. My wife sat down on one box, and I on another. The beautiful blue sky was above us, and the green grass beneath our feet. We looked at each other for a few moments, indulged in some reflections, and perhaps exchanged a few sentences ; but it was no time for sentiment, and hence we were soon engaged in pitching our tent, and, when that was accomplished, we removed into it our trunks, bedding, &c. All the other settlers who had arrived with us were similarly occupied, and, in a comparatively short time, the somewhat extensive valley of that part of the Assagaay Bosch River, which was to be the site of our future village, presented a lively and picturesque appearance."—Pp. 37, 38.

Three years and a half later the settlers were reduced to great distress by terrific damage inflicted by a great storm, which destroyed their crops and many of their dwellings. We make one more extract, in connection with this catastrophe, as it lucidly describes alike the initial difficulties encountered by the colonists, and the success attending the experiment of the Government, which both at home and at the Cape deserved great credit for the fostering care which they lent to the enterprise.

"This," says Mr. Shaw, "was the crisis of the settlement. Many who remained on the lands were in great difficulties. The clothes which they had brought with them from England were now worn and threadbare ; there were but very limited means of purchasing, at the enormous prices then charged, the needful materials for replenishing their wardrobes ; and not a few were glad to attire themselves in the costume that had prevailed among the Dutch farmers and others in South Africa before the arrival

of the settlers. At this period I was myself obliged to ride about the settlement, dressed in a sheepskin jacket and trousers, with a broad-brimmed hat made from the leaves of the palmetto, which grew in some of the streams. My dress was in fact similar to that worn by a large number of persons; and it was well adapted for 'roughing it' on the road and in the jungle; but not exactly such a dress as an Englishman prefers when circumstances pecuniary and otherwise will allow of an alternative. Even the females had to exhibit their characteristic ingenuity in devising dresses from the coarse kinds of cotton stuffs which at that time were brought to the Cape from India, and sold at high prices. In some instances the well-dressed sheepskin was formed into a skirt or frock; and hats and bonnets, made also from the same material as those worn by the men, were in very general use. It is a pity that all this occurred before the days of photography, or many highly respectable families in Albany and other portions of the Cape Colony might now possess some portraits of their fathers and mothers, the 'founders' of the Albany Settlement, exhibiting very grotesque costumes of a highly historic character.

"It was complained at the time, and it has occasionally since been rather sneeringly said of the first English settlers in Albany, that they were generally unfit to form the population of a new country. It was affirmed that they were a race of Cockneys; and that persons with such unpromising antecedents as weavers, pen-makers, pin-cutters, &c., were found in considerable numbers among them. I need hardly say that this was a gross exaggeration, founded upon a few exceptional cases. That in such a large body of people there were some who had probably mistaken their providential call when they resolved to emigrate to South Africa, is not unlikely; but, after a long and intimate acquaintance with the settlers, I have been led to regard them, on the whole, as a very suitable class of persons for founding a new colony. About one half had emigrated from London, and other large towns and cities in Britain, and the remainder came from various agricultural villages and districts. Observation and experience have led me to the conclusion that these proportions in the classes of emigrants to an entirely new country, are better than a body of people selected *wholly* from agricultural districts. Those from the towns and cities comprised a large number of artificers and mechanics, possessing skill of a kind most valuable in a new community; while others from the towns had a perfect knowledge of the principles of trade and commerce, and a general intelligence far exceeding the average of that displayed by the class of agricultural labourers in England. There was also a fair proportion of half-pay officers, and other educated persons of gentlemanly tastes and feelings, who, from various causes, had been led to emigrate from Great Britain at this period. Hence the settlers

of Albany really had amongst them men adapted to every want of society as it exists in a newly-forming community.

"The advantage of this diversity in the capacities and qualifications of the settlers became very evident when the people were reduced to their lowest state. Nearly the whole body of mechanics soon found very profitable employment in the town; and when that seemed to be overstocked, many of them removed to Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, Somerset, Graaff Reinett, and other towns or villages in the eastern districts of the colony. Those who did not possess mechanical skill, but who, having come from the cities and towns of England, understood trade, obtained small supplies of goods, and travelled, at first as hawkers, among the Dutch farmers, selling goods at rates that were held to be mutually advantageous. Notwithstanding very stringent laws to prevent all traffic with the native tribes, a smuggling trade was also commenced by some of the settlers. It is among my earliest pleasant reminiscences that I availed myself of an opportunity to write a long communication to the Government to show how much better it would be to legalise this trade, and to appoint fairs at which the settlers and Kaffirs might meet for the purpose of barter. In 1823 the first attempt of this kind was made by authority of the Government; and it afterwards grew into a system which continued for some years, till at length the trade was released from all restrictions, and greatly extended. Into these openings for trade, both among the Dutch farmers and the native tribes, many of the settlers entered with much skill and energy; and thus not a few individuals, who hardly seemed likely to succeed as cultivators of the ground, commenced traffick-ing with the investment of only a few pounds sterling, or, in some cases, with goods obtained entirely on credit, in reliance on their known good character. And this was the foundation of a long course of successful trade, which has in almost every case supplied them with ample means of support for their families in comfort and respectability, and, in some instances, led to the realisation of very handsome fortunes. As a further evidence that a full proportion of well-educated and intelligent persons were included in the number of the emigrants of 1820, I may mention that, in the course of years, the Colonial Government was glad to avail itself of the services of some of them, who have been engaged in the civil service of the colony as Civil Commissioners, Magistrates, Justices of the Peace, or in other prominent and responsible offices; while, as will soon appear, others, became teachers in academies and ministers of religion.

"Thus many of the very individuals whom some would have thought unsuitable to people a new country proved most valuable members of the community, and, by their skill and general intelligence, have developed the resources of the colony; while, by

drawing off from their locations, they left more scope for the class of agriculturists, for whom by their mercantile energy they provided markets which have gradually stimulated and rewarded their industry in the cultivation of the soil and the care of cattle and sheep."—*Idem*, pp. 56—60.

One cannot but reverently acknowledge the striking Providence which first assigned to Barnabas Shaw the Western, and afterwards to William Shaw (who was not a relative, though of the same name) the Eastern Province of South Africa, as a field of labour. Either of the two would have been a comparative failure in the other's district. The younger man could have effected little in a territory where Dutch conservatism has only of late years yielded to external impulses. What was there wanted was single and chivalrous deeds of Christian enterprise, the contemplation of which, as they were repeated from year to year, should elicit the latent but genuine powers of a sluggish race, capable of great things when once fairly aroused. Such has been the history of mission work in the Western District of the Cape Colony, in which, amid peculiar difficulties arising from the degrading influences which slavery leaves behind, from the weakness which characterises the mixed coloured people, and from the want of interest in their religious welfare on the part of most of their employers, Christianity has but slowly advanced. The Rhenish and London Societies and the Moravians have done great things in the way of personal effort, and perhaps still more toward the formation of a healthy missionary sentiment; and Wesleyan labour, if on a less extensive scale, has contributed a valuable and appreciated quota in the same direction, with something of the heroic element in its Namaqua Missions, one of which still flourishes at Khamiesberg, the best monument to the memory of Barnabas Shaw. In the Eastern Province a mind of a different stamp was needed, one endowed with the rare powers of organisation which were bestowed on William Shaw. Here a young country had to be supplied with Christian ordinances, scattered over a widely extended and thinly peopled region, whilst on its borders lay one of the noblest savage races that the world has produced, with a rude but distinctive nationality, which offered a splendid stock on which to graft a Christian civilisation. Mr. Shaw has always appeared to us to have handled the difficult problem which lay before him with a

wisdom and courage which were simply marvellous, and the secret of which can be found only in special Divine grace operating through remarkable natural and acquired endowments. He never yielded to the temptation—though enforced by the opinions and practice of such eminent missionaries as Barnabas Shaw and the lamented Threlfall, who was his junior colleague for a time—to leave the European settlers unprovided for, in order to enter on the more romantic enterprise of work amongst the heathen beyond the border. Yet he proved his missionary zeal and won his title as the Apostle of the Kaffirs, by entering on his work among that savage people little more than three years after his arrival in the colony, as soon as he could be relieved by brother labourers sent from home. The wisdom of the brief delay has been amply vindicated by the happy results; but Mr. Shaw's statement of his views is so valuable, that we will let him be his own spokesman. He writes:—

"I am fully satisfied by our past experience, that, wherever there is a British colony in juxtaposition with heathen tribes or natives, it will be our wisdom to provide for the spiritual wants of the colonists, while at the same time we ought not to neglect taking earnest measures for the conversion of the heathen.

"This view of the matter is in strict accordance with the original intentions of the founders of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as may be seen by the second article of its 'Laws and Regulations,' which declares its object to be to systematise and give full effect to the exertions of all 'who are friends to the conversion of the heathen world, and to the preaching of the Gospel generally in foreign lands.' In point of fact, at the time when the Society was founded, the Methodist Missions had been in operation for many years, and already included several important stations among British colonists; while the formation of the Society, as declared in the same article, was for the purpose of promoting 'the support and enlargement of the foreign missions, which were first established by the REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., the REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D., and others, and which are now, or shall be from year to year, carried on under the sanction and direction of the Conference of the people called Methodists.' In this respect the Wesleyan Missionary Society differs from most of the other modern missionary societies, whose efforts are limited to the extension of Christianity among the heathen. I think it a subject of gratulation and thankfulness that, by providential circumstances, the Methodist Missions have been left entirely unfettered in the range of their operations; and the missionaries

rejoice that they have a message from God to all men. Whether to white or black, to bond or free, to European or Asiatic, American or African, they are alike at liberty to proclaim to all within their reach 'a free, full, and present salvation.' By a judicious administration of its affairs, the Society, however, expends only a limited portion of its funds for the support of missions amongst European colonists; and the grants in aid of missions among them are merely continued so long as may be needed to afford opportunity for the colonial congregations to provide for the sustentation of their own ministers and religious establishments.

"It is a great charity to take the Gospel to our emigrant population in the colonies in their early struggles. How many professed Christians and their children are thereby saved from degenerating into heathenism! And surely this is no less an appropriate work for a missionary society than its unquestionable duty to strive to convert the heathen to Christianity. What glorious results may be expected from these efforts, as the colonies grow and expand into numerous peoples and nations! These colonial missions have already been greatly owned of God; and the Society is even now reaping immense benefits, and enjoying extended facilities for the prosecution of its noble enterprises, from its having adopted the plan of sustaining missions among the colonists. From this portion of our missionary operations more than one analogy may be found in the New Testament. Our Saviour commanded His Apostles to go *first* to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and, while they afterwards joyfully acted on their extended commission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, yet we learn from the sacred record of their labours, that in every city their ordinary custom was first to address themselves to the resident Jews or Jewish proselytes. In like manner our colonial missions aim *first* at promoting the spiritual welfare of the colonists, already possessing some knowledge of revealed religion, and with the hope that, by awakening an earnest piety among them, they will, as a natural consequence, in due season furnish both men and means to aid in the vigorous prosecution of the work of evangelising the heathen around them."—*Story of My Mission*, pp. 123—126.

We have no hesitation in saying that the moral effect of Mr. Shaw's personal advance into Kaffirland was simply incalculable. He had been sent out as the minister of the settlers, and had shared their initial hardships; so that no one could have taken exception to his declining at so early a period to enter upon fresh ones and upon greater perils amongst a nation of bloodthirsty barbarians, whose whole trade was war, and who were steeped in savage vice

and filth. But the step which he took called out all the moral heroism of which his coadjutors were capable. With such an example as their leader had given them in these six consecutive years of hard work among the heathen, who could sigh for the amenities of colonial life? An *esprit de corps* was thus created, with an affectionate loyalty to their chief, which produced the happiest results, so that the ablest men were emulous of pushing to the front, and such names as Shrewsbury, Boyce, Cameron, Dugmore, Shepstone, Davis, Pearse and others have indefinitely enriched the annals of missionary literature, whilst those who have worn them have quickened the pulse of Christian interest at home, and been the instruments of saving multitudes who must otherwise have perished. One by one they fall in the ranks, and "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The commencement of Mr. Shaw's direct missionary work among the heathen beautifully illustrates his own spirit and that of his wife and companion. He says:—

"It will not surprise the reader that a happy connection with the settlers of Salem, which had lasted for nearly four years—reckoning from my first introduction to them as their pastor in London, before we migrated to Southern Africa—could not be severed without mutual pain and regret. But I was satisfied as to the path of duty; and the people who were thus to be deprived for a season of the residence of a minister in the midst of them, believing that it was better they should submit to this temporary disadvantage, rather than the opportunity for establishing a mission should be lost, kindly acquiesced in the arrangement and sent us away with many tears, offering, at the same time, many prayers for our safety and success. Thus the little Society at Salem became a mother Church not only to the other Methodist Churches within the colony, but likewise attained the honour of standing in that relation to many native Churches which have since been formed 'in the regions beyond.' . . . At length all things seemed to be ready; the wagons were already partially loaded, and our departure was near at hand, when suddenly there was an alarming rumour of a Kaffir inroad. Parties of the natives had, within a few days, carried off many cattle from some frontier farms, and murdered two or more herdsmen; going off with the cattle with such rapidity to their fastnesses in the mountains, that the small body of troops in the neighbourhood had no chance of overtaking them, or recovering the plundered property. This report naturally produced much excitement in the country; and some of our kind-hearted friends, who had often expostulated

with me on the folly of going to live among these native tribes, now resolved to offer a final remonstrance on the subject. They represented to me that the mission was, as yet, too hazardous; that time and the course of events, bringing the Kaffirs more into intercourse with the English, would be likely to smooth, if not entirely remove, many existing difficulties; that it was doubtful whether I ought to leave the various congregations which had been gathered in Albany to the care of one missionary, even for a few months, supposing that the Missionary Committee should send another missionary within a year, which they regarded as doubtful; and, above all, it was urged that recent events showed the untamed and ferocious character of the Kaffirs, and that nothing could be expected to result from this rash procedure, but that myself, and wife, and children, with all who accompanied us, would be robbed and murdered, since even the Government regarded the Dhlambi and Congo, or Coast tribes, as the most audacious of the whole Kaffir nation, they having actually stormed and nearly captured Graham's Town only five years before that time!

"I cannot say that these suggestions and remonstrances produced no effect on me. I felt my mind burdened and oppressed with a load of care and anxiety. But happy is the missionary who has a good and faithful wife, that sympathises in his objects and aims, and who, in addition to an affectionate heart that affords solace in sorrow, likewise possesses a sound judgment, qualifying her to offer counsel in time of difficulty. Many missionaries have been so favoured, and can understand my feelings, while I acknowledge how much benefit I derived from the self-sacrificing spirit and noble bearing of my wife at this trying crisis. When I repeated to her what our friends had urged upon me, and asked what she thought we ought to do, entering into the whole case with calmness and clearness, she gave utterance to several pertinent remarks, saying in substance, and nearly in the following words: 'You have long sought and prayed for this opening; Divine Providence has now evidently set the door open before us; expenses have been incurred in the purchase of outfit; you stand pledged to the chiefs; and the character and conduct of the Kaffirs only show how much they need the Gospel. We shall be under Divine protection;' closing all with these emphatic words, '*Let us go in the name of the Lord.*' With a full heart and streaming eyes, I answered, 'That reply has settled the matter, and we will start as soon as I hear that the Great Fish River is likely to be practicable for the wagons to pass.' I now felt that I could almost have addressed our kind friends in the words which Paul spake to the disciples at more than one place, when going on a mission which portended danger: 'What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?' 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy,

and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.' But when our friends heard my final resolve, they 'ceased' from further importunity, and said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'—*Story*, pp. 348—351.

A little further on Mr. Shaw adds :—

"At the period to which I am referring (1823), for Europeans to go with their wives and children among the Dhlambi tribes, or coast country Kaffirs, was considered to be an almost certain course to destruction. The amazing difference which time and the changes produced by missionary labour, commercial intercourse, and political events, now present in this respect, is only a part of the manifold evidence which is patent to all men, proving the steady progress and improvement which has taken place in that country."—*Story*, p. 353.

We may here appropriately devote part of the space at our disposal to a description of the native races of South Africa. Of the Hottentots we need say but little. They were found by the earliest European visitors in South West Africa, and are, generally speaking, short and slight, "with yellow or white olive skins and hair in little woolly tufts, and speak various dialects of a language articulated with clicks, and distinct from any other known." They are of negro affinities, and include several branches, the pure line being well-nigh extinct in the colony. As the compiler of *Statistics of Protestant Missionary Societies* observes :—

"These Aborigines, no doubt, by the occupation of their territory, became subject to restraints and even oppressions which cannot be justified. But, as a race, they were saved, first by the Dutch, and then by the English power, from extinction by the more warlike and powerful Kaffir tribes, who, in the sixteenth century, advanced from the north-east, and first came in contact with the Hottentot races."

With the exception of the Kat River Settlement, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert, and the Griquas, a bastard race of mixed blood, of Dutch fathers and Hottentot mothers, dwelling under independent chiefs, along the north bank of the Orange River, the Hottentots are still confined to the south-western part of South Africa, and are dispersed, as the labouring class, of more or less mixed descent, throughout the western districts of the Cape Colony.

The history of the Kaffir tribes is much more defined and interesting. To the careful and persevering investiga-

tions of the Rev. W. C. Holden, a Wesleyan missionary of now thirty-six years' standing, who has also compiled a valuable history of Natal, we are indebted for a comprehensive volume, published nine years ago, on *The Past and Future of the Kaffir Races*. It is possible that, had Mr. Holden been content with a less faithful delineation of the heathenism amid which he has so long laboured, his book would have secured more extensive diffusion. If any one wished to discover a *raison d'être* for missions in Kaffirland, he need but peruse some of the chapters of the central portion of Mr. Holden's book, "On Manners and Customs." But however essential it may be for those who are labouring to eradicate evil to be acquainted with its nature, its details, as disclosed in this volume, must be acknowledged to be scarcely adapted for ordinary English readers. Appalling disclosures are made of the depths of degradation into which long-continued heathenism has plunged this fine race, and many less repulsive but deeply interesting particulars are supplied as to their social life. At a time when so much attention is directed to this people, it is well that so full a repertory of valuable information is available, supplied by a thoroughly competent witness. Mr. Holden's style is at times somewhat rough and unpolished; but his plea for consideration, on the ground of incessant ministerial toil amongst the heathen, disarms criticism, whilst his hope is justified "that clearness, correctness, and completeness have been attained." He has four introductory chapters on the history of the Kaffir races, which display great research; and his concluding chapters, under the general head of "Improvement," on "The Native Land Question," the "Province and Responsibility of the Government," and the "Province and Duty of the Colonists," and "of the Church," are alike creditable to his head and heart. There are passages in this last part in which, under the enthusiasm of conviction, Mr. Holden attains to a simple, nervous eloquence. We shall freely avail ourselves of the stores which he has so industriously accumulated.

Livingstone's experiences in Central and Northern Africa appear to go far to justify the late Rev. J. W. Appleyard's theory that the parent of the Kaffir varieties of dialect is likely to be found, if found at all, among the numerous tribes to the south of Abyssinia. He expresses his opinion that "on many accounts there are good

grounds for supposing that they are of Ishmaelitic descent, and consequently they are of the same origin as many of the tribes of Arabia." Should this very plausible opinion be entertained, the warlike predatory character of the Kaffirs is certainly what one might expect from such an ancestry. For, split up into various families, their history has remarkably answered to the predictive description of Holy Writ: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him: and he shall dwell in the presence of his brethren" (Gen. xvi. 12). "The Kaffirs are a fine tall race of men, many being jet black, and some of a dark copper colour. Their features are often fine, with the forehead well developed, and the whole of their physical and mental character standing out in broad contrast against the Hottentot race, and apparently having no affinity with the negro." The Rev. H. H. Dugmore has devoted much time to the preparation of genealogical tables, for which his lengthened experience, and richly cultured mind, have eminently fitted him. The result of his investigations, as indicated and authenticated by Mr. Holden, is unfavourable to the supposition that the Kaffirs reached South-Eastern Africa at a comparatively recent date, but may be accepted as demonstrating that "they descended from the north at a very early period, before any civilised nation whatever could take any distinct account of them." "The great divisions of these Kaffir races," according to Mr. Dugmore, "consist of the Abatembu, Amampondumisi, Amampondo, and Amaxosa; besides which there are the Amambaca of more recent origin," the last being "formed out of the remnants of several tribes after the wars of Utshaka" (Holden). The Amaxosa have been "the powerful tribe with whom most of the desolating wars have been waged on the eastern frontier, and often with such sad results. Their power is now greatly reduced." Careful calculations, based on regular and reliable historical tradition, enable investigators to "trace the history of the Kaffirs back to about A.D. 1800 or 1400," which is a period "quite sufficient to secure to them the undisputed right to the occupancy of the country they now possess."

The operation of the Kaffir law of succession has ever been to diminish the strength of the nation by perpetual sub-divisions, as will be evident from the following description of Mr. Dugmore's, quoted by Mr. Holden:—

"At some specific period, the chief of a tribe, who, it is assumed, has a plurality of wives, assembles his relatives, with his principal officers and councillors, to decide as to the investment of two of his wives with the respective dignities of 'the great one' (*omkulu*) and 'the one of the right hand' (*owasekunene*). These two wives rank superior to all the rest. The eldest son of the 'great' wife is presumptive heir to his father's dignity, and succeeds him in his general government. The 'right-hand wife,' however, lays the foundation of a new 'house,' as her eldest son is constituted the head of a certain allotted portion of the tribe, and assumes, on the death of his father, the separate jurisdiction of that portion. He thus becomes the originator of a new tribe, acknowledging 'precedency of rank on the part of his brother, 'the great,' but independent of him, except in matters involving the general relations of the tribes at large. The sons of the inferior wives possess no distinct authority, excepting among such retainers as their personal influence may gather around them; unless, indeed, the 'king' be 'a child,' in which case one of them is invested with a kind of regency until the period of minority has expired. They are, however, attached to the *courts* of their 'great' brothers, enjoying their share of the exclusive privileges of the 'blood royal,' and constituting the aristocracy of the nation. As their immunities extend to all their descendants through successive generations, this class now forms a considerable portion of the population. The subdividing system above explained has been in operation amongst the Kafir tribes from the earliest known period of their political existence. An additional element of subdivision was introduced by the chief of Gaika (*Ngqika*), who was an innovator, in several respects, upon the customs of his forefathers. He originated the custom of investing *three* of the chief's sons with distinct authority, instead of *two*, as had previously been the case. The third son thus invested was made the representative of his grandfather, and the families of his grandfather's councillors were attached to him, as standing in the place of their own deceased chief. As these families were naturally among the most influential of the tribe, the young chief, who was constituted their head, assumed at once a high relative position amongst his brethren. The introduction of this new custom has greatly accelerated the geometrical ratio of subdivision into separate tribes, and its effect, if undisturbed, would be to break the nation up into fragmentary clans in the course of a very few generations. The only existing check to its influence is that its operation is not uniform. Some of the branches *wither*. The unpopularity of the head of a particular 'house' will gradually lessen the number of his adherents, and reduce his tribe to insignificance, while it increases the power of others. The

relative inferiority of the tribes in point of rank increases in proportion to the distance of the period of their separation from the original stock. The people share in a sense of this inferiority, and as they have not the privileges of 'blood' to compensate for it, they relieve their feeling of humiliation by joining the more modern and influential 'houses,' and leaving the representatives of their ancient chiefs 'alone in their glory' of aristocratic descent and immunity. The predominating influence of the principal divisions of the ruling family overpowers that of the inferior branches, and, the moral gravitation following the analogy of the physical, the greatest body exerts the most powerful attraction. Despite of this, however, the number of distinct tribes is rapidly increasing, and their various relations are becoming increasingly complicated and embarrassing. This is especially the case since the institution of the *Owasezibeni* (as the representative of the grandfather is called); for, the institution being a modern one, the relative rank of this third participator in hereditary dignity is not yet fully adjusted; and the disputes for priority serve to show that the desire for pre-eminence is a vice of human nature not confined to civilised nations."—Holden, pp. 148—150.

It will be observed that the tendency of this principle of subdivision has been indefinitely to diminish the formidable aggressive power of a race, whose warlike energies must otherwise have long ago led to the utter extirpation of every other native people in the southern part of Africa. The history of the Kaffirs indicates a process of subdivision attended by a rapid increase of population, until the rivalries of adjacent hostile tribes have led to devastating internecine conflicts, which have ultimately resulted in the creation of some barbaric sway that has built its supremacy on the ruins of more limited powers. And thus the centuries have presented a dreary alternation of tribal disintegration with augmented aggregate population and despotic unification of empire, involving prodigious sacrifices of human life. The process, alas! is not very different from that which has been discernible throughout a large part of the record of civilised history.

The most tremendous illustrations of savage conquest and empire in South Africa have been those of the ferocious Utshaka and his defaulting general, the almost equally sanguinary Umzilikazi. May we not recognise the Providence of God in the manner in which, at the birth of the Anglo-Dutch power at the southernmost extremity of the continent, the unnumbered hosts of this warlike people

were permitted to work out their own destruction, whilst their numerous tribal chieftaincies made way for two compact native dominions, the one in the south, and the next in the north, so that these again, gradually weakened by a process of intestine disintegration and by external pressure, might present a more favourable field for the introduction of Christianity and civilisation? Had Utshaka come into collision with European antagonists, there is little doubt that the progress of his arms would have been at least less continuously successful. But this mighty warrior, whose name, signifying "Break of Day," marks a distinctive era in the modern history of his people, never encountered any but African foes, though he received a friendly visit, with responsive cordiality, from a party of English, when Lord Charles Somerset was Governor at the Cape. Mr. Holden's description of Utshaka's great final series of military achievements may be taken as vividly illustrating the nature of those terrific tempests of war which have from time to time desolated extensive regions of the African continent.

"That part," says our author, "of South-Eastern Africa now included in the Natal Colony was peopled by numerous and powerful tribes, some of whom could trace their pedigree many generations backwards: they were rich in cattle, and dwelt in security. The aged men, when describing the state of the country, represented the people as being 'numerous as the blades of grass, spreading over the hills and filling the valleys,'—they literally covered the land. But their days were numbered, their glory was about to depart for ever, unless in the under-working providence of God it should rise again in a new and more enduring form under the fostering care of Christian Britain. About the years 1816 to 1820, Utshaka, crossing the Tugela river, swept all before him, filling the land with a deluge of blood, the victims of his merciless wrath thickly strewing the ground, and their bones left to bleach beneath the fire of many suns. As the raging volcano vomits forth from its fiery crater smoke, and ashes, and burning lava, entombing villages and cities at its feet, spreading dismay, destruction, and death around, so, from the mouth of this despot a stream of fire was vomited forth, which 'burned up the land round about,' leaving scarcely a vestige behind in its scorching, desolating course. Battle succeeded battle, victory crowned victory, nation fell after nation, until the stream of fire was only interrupted by the Umzimvoobo, instead of the Tugela. But to attempt any description of these scenes of misery and death would be vain. The heart sickens at the bare

statement of the facts. The feet of the writer have trod many parts of the country where the heavens have been rent by the yells of these savage hordes, and the echoes have reverberated from rock to rock, and from dell to dell, whilst the piercing wail of death died away upon the tremulous foliage of the trees. Before them it was the animation of thickly-peopled busy life; behind them it was the awful silence of universal death: before them it was a beautiful country covered with gardens, corn, grass, and cattle; behind them it was one vast graveyard, with the unburied masses sinking to corruption. . . . The following boasting lines, sung by his exultant warriors and crouching sycophants, fitly celebrated the completeness of his conquests, and the vastness of his domains:—

“Thou didst finish, finish nations,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Yea, whither wilt thou send to battle?
Thou didst conquer kings,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Thou didst finish, finish nations,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Yea! yea! yea!

Whither wilt thou send to battle.”—*Holden*, pp. 25—27.

We shall not detail the peculiar principles and plans by which this bloodthirsty African conqueror raised himself from obscurity to such widespread power. Suffice it to say that at the height of his supremacy, when there was not a warlike enemy within reach, he was suddenly assassinated, pleading for mercy, and promising if spared to be a servant for ever. The tragedy was enacted at noon in his own kraal, at the instance of his younger brother Udingaan, who had been, however, the rightful heir to the Amazulu throne according to Kaffir law, as the son of their common father's “great wife.” Utshaka's successor inherited his ferocity, but not his genius; and he it was whose cruel treachery exposed him to the successful attacks of the infuriated Dutch boors, who espoused in turn the cause of his younger brother, Umpanda. A civil contest ensued, in which the elder brother was defeated, and subsequently also assassinated. The last days of Umpanda were again embittered by the rebellion of his sons, Umbulazi and Kechwayo, who first fought with one another, and then the latter with his father. These constant conflicts have greatly abridged the Zulu power, though it is still sufficiently formidable to need careful watching; and hence the importance of Langalibalele's case, and Sir Garnet Wolseley's mission to the adjacent colony, in and near which vast numbers of these warlike barbarians abound. Mr. Holden's opinion is

strongly expressed in favour of the abolition of Kaffir chieftainship, the establishment of the authority of English law, and the assignment of lands to the natives, with legalised titles, which he urges should be entailed, in order that they may not be alienated before their possessors have become sufficiently civilised to know their value. We are bound to say that he enforces his views by very weighty reasons, both social and moral, and conceived in the interests alike of the white and the coloured inhabitants of South Africa.

It is a very pleasing circumstance in connection with Mr. Shaw's career, that, at a comparatively early stage of his mission among the Amagonakwaybi, he was made instrumental in the conversion of Pato's younger brother Kama, an event which saved his people from the destruction which overtook more powerful ones. Mr. Holden observes that the history of Kama

"is not only full of instruction, but stands out in broad contrast to the downward desolating course of his compeers. In the list of Kaffir chiefs, his name is the last but one in dignity, being next to Pato. . . . When the Wesleyan mission-station at Wesleyville was established by the Rev. W. Shaw, Pato, Kama, and Kobi were there. At an early stage of missionary operations, Kama, a young man of gentle disposition, embraced Christianity, and was baptized. Pato did not; for, although favourably disposed, he still adhered to heathenism, and in process of time, if he did not actually persecute his brother, made him so uncomfortable, and his situation so dangerous, as to induce Kama to seek a place of refuge in the colony. He was accordingly located about twenty miles from Queen's Town, and the Rev. William Shepstone became his missionary; the station being named Kamastone, to perpetuate the names of Kama the chief and Shepstone the missionary. After the war of 1850—2, Kama, on account of his fidelity to the British Government, was brought down from Kamastone, and placed along the western border of the Keiskama river, below the present town of Alice, to act as a safeguard against those beyond, where he has since remained, and is now an old man. When the slaughtering of cattle and the destruction of corn took place among the other tribes, Kama, being an enlightened Christian man, and loyal to the Government, refused to take part in it; only a few of his people did so without his consent. Hence, when the famine came, and thousands around were dying of want, his people had 'corn in their holes,' 'cattle in their kraals,' and 'milk in their sacks,' and were preserved alive. They have been increasing in numbers and strength

until this day. How, then, did matters stand in the census returns of December, 1857? Why, he who before was lowest, took the first place, and figured away with 9,350 people, whilst Pato and Stock (another chief) had only 650. Kama lost 3,588; Pato and Stock, 8,246; Sandilli, the great Amangqika chief, had 3,738 left, having lost 27,282 by this dire calamity, and leaving the former despised little chief 5,612 ahead of him. Truly, according to the saying of a great Book, 'The first is last, and the last first.' 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' Yea, profitable for a Kafir chief, and profitable for a Kaffir nation."—*Holden*, pp. 161, 162.

Whilst Mr. Shaw resided in Kaffirland, he was made instrumental in bringing about an amicable settlement between the chiefs of the coast tribes and Major (afterwards Sir Henry) Somerset, the result of which was, to use Mr. Shaw's own words, "a period of almost unexampled peace and tranquillity on the lower part of the Kaffir border, which lasted without the slightest interruption for about ten years." During the six years spent among the Amagonakwaybi, four important missions were established among the Kaffirs, and much spiritual success was achieved. In 1830 the Rev. Samuel Young succeeded Mr. Shaw, who was recalled to Graham's Town, where it was rightly judged that he would be most useful as the resident minister and chairman of the rapidly extending district. Here he remained three years, at the end of which time he visited England, being succeeded by Mr. Shrewsbury, and having now been thirteen years abroad. The measure of prosperity which had been accorded during that period is indicated by the following extract from a report with which Mr. Shaw supplied the general secretaries of the Missionary Society after his return:—

"A second chapel has been built in Graham's Town by the Wesleyan Society. It was opened on the 16th of December last, and is a very handsome and substantial building, capable of accommodating about 800 hearers. The original chapel, which affords room for upwards of 400 persons, is now used as a school-house, and also as a place of worship for the black and coloured population, for whose benefit it is requisite to hold separate services, as they do not generally understand the English language. Within a period of thirteen years, no less than thirteen substantial chapels have been erected in various parts of the settlement by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. In several parts of the district, were it not for these chapels, the settlers

would have no facilities whatever for regularly attending public worship. Sunday-schools have been established in connection with these places of worship ; and, in the Wesleyan schools alone, about 800 children and adults, including white and black, bond and free, are taught to read the word of God, and instructed in the principles and morals of the Christian religion. By these means not only has the English population been preserved from moral degeneracy, but the tone of moral and religious feeling now existing amongst them would not suffer by a comparison with the high standard which prevails in the most enlightened districts of Great Britain. At the same time the aborigines have not been neglected ; many of those who reside within the British settlement have been brought under the influence of Christianity ; a very encouraging number have received baptism, and are now consistent members of the Christian Church."—*Story*, pp. 131, 132.

Mr. Shaw's biographer gives us an interesting picture, at the beginning of his fifth chapter, of the social features of the Albany District, before the melancholy outbreak of the first Kaffir war. This took place during Mr. Shaw's residence in England, his absence from the colony lasting exactly four years, three of which were spent in the then Leeds Western Circuit. His advocacy was valuable at home for the support which it lent to the Missionary Society, then suffering from the attacks of the agitators in the Warrenite controversy. But his influence was still more prominently exerted on behalf of the friends whom he had left behind him in Africa.

"On the news," his memoir informs us, "of the Kaffir outbreak reaching England, accompanied by lavish and unjust reflections upon the British colonists, as having brought the evil upon themselves by their rapacious and unjust aggressions on the Kaffir tribes, Mr. Shaw in a long statement in the *Watchman*, and in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, vindicated the British colonists from the wild and wholesale attacks made upon them. Into this controversy it is our privilege not to enter. Those curious in South African history may, generations hence, find in the British Museum, *A Defence of the Wesleyan Missions in South Africa*, by William Shaw, 1839, and *Notes on South African Affairs*, by W. B. Boyce, 1839. Our opponents, Mr. Fairbairn, the chief editor of the *South African Courier*, and Dr. Philip, the General Superintendent of the London Society's missionaries, with such of the missionaries of that Society as agreed with them, honestly believed what they asserted, advocating, however, the most philanthropic principles of action, in which we were at one with them ; but they blamed the wrong parties, the colonists, instead of the vacillating

policy of the Colonial Government. *Now*, there is no difference of opinion as to the injustice done in the excitement of the moment, and in the blindness of party zeal, to the British colonists."—*Memoir*, p. 148.

Mr. Shaw, whilst approving of the motives which actuated Sir Andries Stockenstrom, the Commissioner-General, in locating some 4,000 Hottentots on the vacant lands which now form the Kat River Settlement, attributes the evil consequences which ensued first to the exasperation created among the neighbouring Kaffirs, under Macomo; secondly, to the isolation from their white fellow-colonists of an armed body of natives, smarting under the sense of wrongs supposed to have been incurred at the hands of the Dutch, who had possession of their former territory; and lastly to the intercourse thus opened with the Kaffirs, against whom it was supposed they would act as a frontier guard. The issue was that, though, during the wars of 1834 and 1846,

"the great body of the Kat River people rendered valuable service in the defence of the country, yet, at the very commencement of the last war (1850), there arose a fierce rebellion among the natives of that settlement, which speedily involved a large proportion of its population, who became most dangerous enemies of the colony; and, by their alliance with the Kaffirs, for a time placed the colonial border, with its scattered population of British settlers, in the most extreme peril and danger. Indeed, it is undeniable that the greatest atrocities committed during that period were perpetrated by these people and other natives, with whom they were unhappily induced to connect themselves."—*Story*, pp. 146, 147.

Into the melancholy narrative of the three Kaffir wars, we do not propose to enter. They cost this country much blood, and millions of money, and they inflicted incalculable injury on the unfortunate colonists, who were goaded almost to desperation, when taunted with occasioning inroads, which well-nigh beggared them, and which clearly resulted to a large extent from mistakes of Government policy, against which they had all along protested with the utmost earnestness. The losses of the white colonists in the war of 1834 alone were officially estimated at £288,625 4s. 9d., and in 1846-8, at half-a-million, whilst the war of 1850-2 was most fatal of all to life and property. After the first struggle, Sir Harry Smith, in January, 1835, wrote to the Governor at Cape Town:—

"Already are seven thousand persons dependent upon the Government for the necessaries of life. The land is filled with the lamentations of the widow and the fatherless. The indelible impressions already made upon myself, by the horrors of an irruption of savages upon a scattered population, almost exclusively engaged in the peaceful occupation of husbandry, are such as to make me look on those I have witnessed in a service of thirty years—ten of which in the most eventful period of the war—as trifles to what I have now witnessed ; and compel me to bring under consideration, as forcibly as I am able, the heart-rending position in which a very large portion of the inhabitants of this frontier are at present placed, as well as their intense anxiety respecting their future condition."—*Story*, p. 158.

The cardinal error which occasioned such untold suffering lay in a defective estimate of the national characteristics of a savage people like the Kaffirs. Without attempting to palliate the enormities of which they were guilty, we would ask what more could be expected of those who had inherited the traditions and propensities of bloodthirsty barbarians, and who had not come under the constraining influence of Christian principle? The history of our own borders at no very remote period should have taught our rulers that a nation of heathen robbers could not be trusted to behold with equanimity the upgrowth, within easy reach, of thriving agricultural industries. The short-sighted economy, therefore, that grudged the protection of an adequate military force to the threatened colony, proved itself to be equally as cruel, in the greater suffering which it ultimately occasioned, as its folly was demonstrated in the subsequent enormous outlay which was demanded to terminate a struggle entered upon at the greatest disadvantage. True mercy to the natives, as well as justice to the colonists, called for a firm and watchful preparedness, which should never give the opportunity to treacherous foes to break a treaty with impunity. As it is, the Kaffir power has in the long run been more completely prostrated by the opposite course of sentimental benevolence, which was utterly wasted on men incapable of distinguishing it from conscious weakness.

But that which crowned the political extinction of the Kaffirs was the tragedy of 1857, resulting in the deaths of from 50,000 to 70,000 by starvation :—

"The probability was, that the ulterior design of the border chiefs was to bring about a war with the colony, but the mode of

effecting it was most extraordinary. It was, to induce the people to destroy their corn and cattle, the means of subsistence; supposing that under the pressure of want they would be easily induced to make an inroad into the colony, to supply the cravings of hunger; and probably Umhlakaza was only a willing tool in the hands of the chiefs."—*Holden*, p. 293.

We need not enter into the details of this extraordinary transaction, which is doubtless familiar to our readers. It broke the Kaffir power, probably averted a fourth war, and will ultimately prove, we trust, to have been one of those "terrible things in righteousness," whereby God brings to naught the wickedness of the wicked, and evolves the purposes of His far-seeing wisdom and love. Taking all things into account, it is wonderful what a vitality and elasticity the Kaffir stock has displayed. Let but suitable measures be adopted to curb the power of the chiefs, to grant allotments of land under suitable conditions, to check the spread of that deadliest foe to native tribes, the *fire-water*, which is already extending its pernicious influence, and, above all, vigorously to support and extend evangelistic effort, and this noble people may yet be saved to contribute no mean quota to the glory of Messiah's kingdom, and the welfare of the great family of man.

The space at our disposal now warns us to be brief. Mr. Shaw returned to the Cape in 1837, and finally left it in 1856, only when protracted labours, followed by the lamented removal of his beloved wife, had seriously impaired his health. It would be impossible to overrate the value of his presence during the calamities which war brought on South African society. His sympathy with the suffering colonists was as true as his perseverance in efforts to benefit the natives was unwearied. On his return from England, he found the country in a state of the most excited discontent at the unfortunate policy pursued, under unjust prejudice, by the Home authorities. "Sir Benjamin D'Urban was recalled," in the same year, 1837, and "the Kaffir tribes replaced in the strong positions from which they had been driven, and freed from all the restraints imposed upon them by the vigorous administration of Col. (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith." The biographer continues:

"Under the old system, a colonial governor was a respectable gentleman, representing a bundle of equally respectable prejudices, entirely at the mercy of the clique around him, whose policy it

was to keep him ignorant of the colony he was sent to govern, and to make him a mere partisan. The main object of such a governor seemed to be, to turn all loyal British colonists into Radicals and rebels. The 'good old times' were not better than the days in which we now live. May we be thankful, and try, by improvement of our opportunities, to leave the world better for our children than we found it in our young days !

"In this excited state of the colonial community, Mr. Shaw walked most wisely ; throwing, as far as possible, oil on the troubled waters ; putting in a word here and there to check those unreasonable, extreme views, in which men justly irritated are apt to indulge. The case of the colonists was so clear, that, in his opinion, exaggeration could only weaken the effect of its representation. Every colonial governor arrived in that colony prejudiced against the British settlers, viewing the Kaffirs as an injured people, and in due time became convinced that the converse was the case. At last, after nearly twenty years of actual or chronic war (the intervals of peace being as injurious to the colonists as the periods of war), the system of Sir Benjamin D'Urban was re-established substantially, and on the whole with more strictness, and the Kaffir tribes were deprived of a large portion of their territory, which was given to English, Dutch, and Fingoe settlers. We, who advocated the charitable and benevolent policy of Sir B. D'Urban, may take credit, not for any special forethought, but for a fair share of common sense, in foreseeing the issue of the change of that policy in 1836. After millions of English money have been spent, and thousands of lives—European, Colonial, and native—have been thrown away in the conflict, the system of Sir B. D'Urban of 1835 has been re-established, and for twenty years the frontier has enjoyed comparative peace. The Hon. R. Godlantan, the editor and proprietor of the *Graham's Town Journal*, and author of several works on South African politics, was from the first to the last the constant, uncompromising opposer of the Glenelg system of compromise ; and the ability and fairness with which he conducted this controversy tended mainly to bring it to a happy conclusion."—*Memoir*, pp. 178, 179.

To Mr. Shaw's "Story" and to his biography, we must refer our readers for the narrative of the nearly twenty years of his second sojourn in South Africa. It was one of indefatigable toil as general superintendent of Wesleyan missions, alike among the scattered colonists and the native tribes ; and we need not say that, aided by effective coadjutors, towards whom he ever extended the most generous sympathy, and who regarded him with the greatest reverence and love, he was permitted, notwithstanding

many temporary discouragements, to see abundant and constantly increasing prosperity. The writer of his memoirs observes :—

“During my residence in Africa, Mr. Shaw exercised an influence amounting to fascination over me. The more intimately I knew him, the more thoroughly I respected him. He had no weaknesses to mar the general effect of his character : there was nothing behind, which, if known, would have diminished his influence. To me he seemed to be an incarnation of conscience and judgment,—a man acting altogether wisely, and from the highest and most noble principles. Under circumstances the most trying he never lost his temper or his self-possession. No man was more enterprising, and yet no man more cautious. Like ‘Bailie Nicol Jarvie,’ in Scott’s novel, ‘he never would put forth his hand unless he was sure he could pull it back again.’ Some people cheaply earn a character for prudence and caution, by doing nothing and running no risks. Mr. Shaw’s plans for our mission in Kaffirland were from the first perfect, and needed no subsequent modification. His object was to plant a series of missions with the great chiefs and ruling tribes as far as Delagoa Bay, and to a great extent he succeeded. Before he left Africa in 1856 our missions extended from Algoa Bay to the Tugela River, which separates the Natal colony from Zululand.”—Pp. 188, 189.

The settlers of 1820 kept their first jubilee after half the usual period, when Mr. Shaw, by the common desire of the Graham’s Town community, preached the jubilee sermon in the Episcopal Church. A year later Mrs. Shaw laid the foundation stone of the “Commemoration Chapel,” a spacious and imposing edifice, which still remains as a goodly monument of the devout gratitude of its erectors to Almighty God. Its completion was retarded by the second Kaffir war till the end of 1850, the entire expenditure having swollen to more than £9,000. Mr. Shaw’s earnest, sober, informing ministry never ceased to be popular at Grahams-town; but his time was so occupied with extensive journeys amongst the colonial churches, and throughout Kaffirland, Natal, and the Free State, and with the correspondence involved in looking after such wide-spread interests, that he had but little leisure for the pastoral duties for which his cheerful intelligence and piety so eminently adapted him. What a testimony was that of the Rev. W. B. Boyce when, in connection with an address of congratulation on Mr. Shaw’s election to the Presidency of the English Conference, his old friend, referring to the eve of his removal to Eng-

land in 1833, was led to remark, "I am reminded to-day also of a fact, which is, I believe, without comparison in Methodism, either at home or abroad. As we were standing together near the burial-ground, and looking at the town, you observed, 'I have one comfort in looking at that place, and it is that there is not one house in it in which I have not prayed.'"

It is not surprising that Mr. Shaw's final departure from Africa elicited expressions of the deepest respect from various classes of the community. The addresses then presented to him anticipated his return to the colony, a step which he was prepared at a later period to take, though with somewhat impaired health, had it been deemed advisable to initiate a South African conference. But his arduous labours in the foreign fields were at length terminated, and he left the Cape in March, 1856, having accepted at Sir George Grey's hands a free passage in a Government vessel as far as Cape Town, the only personal favour which, notwithstanding many previous overtures, he was ever induced to receive from the Cape Government. This reference seems to call for the following quotation from the Memoir (pp. 387, 388):

"Mr. Shaw was eminently wise in his relations with the Colonial Government and its various authorities, from the Governor downwards to the least important official. He was frequently, by his sober and wise counsels, virtually a mediator between the often justly indignant colonists, and the ignorant, reckless, and unthinking officials, in the early periods of the settlement. His sympathies were with the colonists, but, while suffering for the mistakes of the ruling powers, he could make allowance for their difficulties, and carried his faith in their good intentions to an extent beyond my power of belief, at that time at least. It was as well that this was the case, as it is most undesirable that the head of a religious body should be committed as a party man. In due time, his high, disinterested character and candour were recognised by all classes. The commandants on the frontier generally referred to him on the many occasions of dispute with the chiefs, and by his safe and prudent advice were greatly assisted in their efforts to maintain the peace and security of the frontier. One Governor of the colony, Sir George Napier, quoted him, with complimentary remarks, in an opening address to the Legislative Council, and was induced to a great extent by his representations to take possession of Natal. His successors, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir George Cathcart, Sir Harry Smith,

and Sir George Grey, had great confidence in his judgment, and regarded him as a dispassionate and sincere friend."

The primary object of our paper being now accomplished (which has not contemplated the work done by others besides the Wesleyan Missionary Society), we shall but briefly refer to Mr. Shaw's residence at home, where all suitable honour awaited this faithful champion of Christian enterprise. His happy second marriage in 1857 "in all probability saved and prolonged his life for many years," for his health rapidly improved, and he was able to devote himself with great effectiveness to missionary deputation work. After spending three years at Croydon, during which period he revised an edition of the Kaffir New Testament, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, he meditated returning to the Cape once more. Whilst, however, the Missionary Committee were in entire sympathy with his views as to the work in South Africa, they felt that the time had not yet arrived for fully carrying them out. As, therefore, the missions were under able direction, Mr. Shaw's son-in-law, the Rev. William Impey, succeeding him in the general superintendence in South-east Africa, he wisely abstained from the needless strain to which his return would have subjected his strength, now somewhat diminished by forty years of no ordinary labour. Not the least valuable part of his biography is the letter to the late Dr. Hoole, in which he sketches his ideas relative to a South African conference. They may be safely regarded as foreshadowing the plan which is likely, in the main, to be eventually adopted. Indeed first steps have already been taken in the subdivision of the South African work into five districts, and in the arrangement whereby the first has already been held of a series of Triennial General Meetings, attended by representatives from the various districts. So greatly too, has the Divine blessing rested on the native work, that separate native conferences may eventually have to succeed the separate native district meetings already held. The arrangements thus referred to were carried out with Mr. Shaw's cordial concurrence.

Ministerial labours in England were confined to the Liverpool South, Clifton, Chelsea, and York circuits, in which he spent nine years of very happy and useful service, naturally taking his place among the leaders of his church, and winning universal respect by his great

practical wisdom, his dignified Christian bearing, and his effectiveness as a public speaker and writer in connection with every leading question. The occasion of his removal to London, after two years spent in Bristol, was his election, by a large majority, to the position of President of the Conference in 1865. On this subject his surviving friend justly remarks :—

“The election of a returned missionary to the Presidency of the Conference is an unusual event. It is true that the Rev. James Dixon, who had spent a year in Gibraltar, and was therefore by courtesy foolishly identified with the mission work, had been elected to that office in 1841 ; and that the Rev. Robert Young, who had been a missionary in Jamaica and Nova Scotia, had filled the chair in 1856, immediately after his return from the work of the Australian deputation ; but these were exceptional cases, justified and accounted for by the long familiarity of these brethren with the working of English Methodism, their missionary career forming but a short episode in the history of their lives. But Mr. Shaw had spent thirty-six years in Africa, and, except an appointment at Leeds, 1833—6, and the experience of circuit work in Liverpool and Bristol from 1860 to 1865, had had few opportunities of making himself at home in the home work. The ministers, however, knew that they ran no risk of failure from inexperience or incompetency when they placed Mr. Shaw in the chair.”—*Memoir*, pp. 307, 308.

We need scarcely say that, as in every office that William Shaw was called to fill, he fully justified the affectionate confidence of his brethren by his thoroughly efficient discharge of the presidential duties. There were many circumstances connected with that year which were peculiarly gratifying to him, but none more so than the remarkable revival of religion in South Africa, in which the Rev. William Taylor, of America, was the chief instrument. A sufficient time has elapsed, after every deduction has been made for temporary excitement and evanescent profession, to authorise the assertion that, especially among the Kaffirs, the year 1865 will ever stand out as marking a great onward step in the religious history of that part of the world. Charles Pamla—Mr. Taylor's interpreter—and many other valuable native ministers, have been raised, who are being used to do a great work among the Kaffirs. In the awakening referred to, Mr. Shaw greatly rejoiced ; and, coinciding as it did with his presidency, and with Mr. Impey's visit

to England, it attracted much interest at home, and had not a little to do with the re-opening of the Heald Town Industrial Institution, as a training seminary for native ministers and teachers, which has already done much valuable work, and is, we trust, destined to do much more hereafter.

On the death of the Rev. John Scott, Mr. Shaw, for half a year before the termination of his official connection with Chelsea, at the unanimous request of the Education Committee, occupied the onerous position of Principal of the Westminster Normal College, which he gladly vacated at the Conference of 1868 in favour of its present able head, the Rev. Dr. Rigg. We need say little more of Mr. Shaw's opinions on the National Education Question, than that it was a subject in which all his antecedents caused him to take the liveliest interest. He may be referred to, in regard to it, as a Liberal Conservative, fully approving of Mr. Forster's Education Act. In the great educational debate at the London Conference of 1872, Mr. Shaw delivered a speech in favour of his views, second in power to none that were uttered on that memorable occasion. His biography is augmented in value by the insertion of his very remarkable address, which is in itself proof sufficient that his was a mind of no ordinary power. This debate took place three years after Mr. Shaw's retirement from the active itinerancy.

His friend makes some racy remarks on the "Supernumerary" question in the *Methodist Ministry* (pp. 334, 335). Certainly Mr. Shaw was not one too many in the ministerial ranks which he adorned to the last. He retired amid the blessings of his brethren, and after a brief period settled at Brixton Rise, where he spent the chief part of the last three years of his life, full to the very end of useful, active labour in the midst of appreciative neighbours. His heart was with his South African friends, when in 1870 they celebrated their actual jubilee, with many loving references to the pastor of half a century previously. Towards the end of the same year he became chairman of the weekly rota of the *Watchman* newspaper, which position he occupied with great ability until his death. That afflictive event took place on December 4, 1872. The end was what the life had promised. It was characterised by a quiet, calm, firm trust in Christ, by thoughtful love for survivors, and by grateful recognition of his afflicted

wife's watchful attentions. And so, after a few last hours of struggling, the Christian warrior passed away to receive the guerdon of that Master's smile, whose grace had been so signally illustrated in His servant's lengthened life.

Such men are a boon to the age and the church which possess them. William Shaw was a typical specimen of the highest style of man that our race produces, an Englishman always, a Christian by God's grace, and a workman needing not to be ashamed. May many more be raised up, who shall catch his mantle and follow him in his devotion to the spread of the Gospel everywhere, especially among the heathen.

ART. II.—*Hilgenfeld's Introduction to the New Testament.*
 [Historisch-kritische Einleitung in das Neue Testament. VON DR. ADOLF HILGENFELD, Professor der Theologie in Jena.] Leipzig, Reisland. 1875.

THERE is scarcely any book more wanting than a good historical-critical Introduction to the New Testament. We have more than one translation from the German; but the works translated are either drifting out of date, or they are not adapted to the English taste. We have also some which are not professedly translated from the German, but are nevertheless mere reproductions of German speculation. The work before us will probably not be rendered into English. At least we hope that it will not, as it is written by one who is among the advanced, though not among the foremost, champions of the destructive criticism which is bent on giving a reasonable account of the construction of the New Testament without the aid of any theory of inspiration, and with no very determinate principle on the reality of supernatural revelation. Dr. Hilgenfeld is pretty well known to many of our readers. To others he will introduce himself very characteristically in the following words:—

“At the outset of our century, J. G. Eichhorn began his *Introduction to the New Testament* with the remark that the lower criticism of the New Testament had already advanced so far, that it was no longer a hopeless expectation that a tolerably perfect edition of its text was not far off. ‘On the other hand, the higher criticism has hitherto hardly tried its strength on the New Testament; she must in many cases undertake the most toilsome labours in order to win anything like a firm foundation; and only after repeated efforts will she be able to measure herself with her humbler sister. These repeated efforts have not been wanting since. The higher criticism of the New Testament has become one of the most favourite domains of theological investigation. Not only have theologians at home and abroad taken part in it, but also the cultivated in general have everywhere shown a lively interest. For the higher criticism has entered into a chronic warfare with the ecclesiastical traditions. Amidst many unfavourable conditions in Germany itself, it has maintained this more

than Thirty Years' War, and the educated of all classes want to know what the result of all this critical warfare is. It may be hoped that in this campaign there is not another Peace of Westphalia to be apprehended as the close. Theological investigation has been sometimes so entirely lost in details, and, moreover, as to general issues has been so lacking in unanimity, that a systematic exhibition of the collective results is a thing in any case very desirable. The higher criticism has in fact reached such a point, that it has in some things even gone beyond the lower criticism of the text. An Introduction to the New Testament satisfying the needs of the age, is more likely to be attained than a perfectly satisfactory edition of the text.

"For twenty-five years the author has taken his place in the higher criticism, and wrought out before the world one topic after another. The individual fragments of his work, I hope, may now take an unforced unity, and take a form that may be a certain conclusion to my New Testament investigations. How far I may have attained to bring the New Testament investigation of our time to a certain conclusion I must leave to others. This work is the fruit of annual lectures which I have delivered since 1857. Old hearers near and distant will find that my inquiries have in no one year been at a standstill."

Dr. Hilgenfeld is not a textual critic; and what is called the "lower criticism" has no great value in his eyes. He is a "higher critic," that is, he regards himself as among the foremost in the criticism that determines what the Bible is worth, when its text has been secured,—and he thinks everything should give place to this branch of sacred knowledge. We respect both departments, but do not share the author's enthusiasm about the latter. It seems to us that the lower criticism is really the higher; certainly it is the more important. We are unscientific enough to think that the canon of Scripture was surely and conclusively decided for us by the early Church, not without the special agency and influence of the Holy Spirit; and that every age renders us less able to review and reverse the results of their decisions; while, on the other hand, every age renders us more skilful in the determination of the text of the books they have handed down to us. Moreover, we cannot by any means accept the author's estimate of the relative success which has attended the two criticisms. The settlement of the text has steadily advanced during the last hundred years. There has been an unfailing succession of critics, whose agreement on the whole has been most remarkable, whose researches have been rewarded by

the most wonderful discoveries,—some of them, as the Codex Sinaiticus, almost indicating the very special hand of Providence,—and whose results are most certainly, in the judgment of men of all creeds and parties, bringing the text of the Greek Testament constantly nearer to its lost originals. Perhaps there is no department of Biblical introduction which the general mass of cultivated Christians may take such delight in as this. But it is not so in the other department. The history of the Canon is the battlefield of some of the most fierce encounters, and of campaigns the most fluctuating and resultless, that even Christian literature knows. We shall show, by the evidence of this book itself, that theory follows theory with the regularity and displacement with which wave follows wave. But, before doing so, we have only to take the words that follow the foregoing quotation: the author supposes himself to be, for the present age, the representative of three-quarters of a century of progress, and yet must use such language as this about the very theory which is to present the final and accepted results of the past:—

“In no case can I suppose myself to have done anything superfluous in thoroughly revising my *History of the Origin of the New Testament Canon*, published in 1863. The heart of the work, however, is the process of the origination of the individual writings. . . . That I make the Gnosticism of the second century play an important part is always accounted my chief critical delinquency. But the grounds on which I rely have never yet been invalidated. The primitive spirit, which did actually inspire the New Testament, came with manifold sounds from heaven, and spoke in manifold tongues. With the standpoint of such as Hofmann of Erlangen, who aims with the semblance of rigorous science to establish the genuineness of all the writings of the New Testament, and even to support the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews—thus striking a direct blow at the primitive history of the New Testament Canon, as well as at Luther himself—a scientific theologian cannot otherwise deal than in unsparing detection of his sophistry. But on the critical side also there is evident a tendency to accept at once the theory that asks least, which cries, whenever a well-attested tradition is contended against, exultingly: ‘Another gap in tradition!’ That such zeal for destruction in critical investigation can do no good service, will be also shown during the course of this work.”

It is obvious that the writer is not very complacent with regard to the results of so many years’ restless and never-

weary investigation. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. The process of modern inquiry is ruthless in its onward course. No sooner is a theory set up, than many at once set to work deliberately to overturn it; or, at any rate, so to modify it as to make it their own in another form. The most consummate historical critic must grow old, and his hypothesis will certainly grow old with him. Our author is a remarkable illustration of this. Some thirty years ago he began to throw a few interesting sidelights on the Baurian theory, and was the foremost among the secondaries of the Tübingen school. But he has been not exactly supplanted, but outstripped, by others, and now has, as we see, to vindicate for himself one or two points of originality, in the hope that they will not be wrested from his memory. The double protest of this quotation is impressive and suggestive. We shall not dwell on the caustic severity with which the noble labours of Hofmann are handled, nor on the similar disrespect shown to the work of our departed Tischendorf, saving to indicate that all this is the sign of a bad cause. However, the severity is not all reserved for the orthodox. There are many of Dr. Hilgenfeld's coadjutors who seemed to excite his disgust by the recklessness with which they espouse an hypothesis for its own sake. He does not mention their names here in the preface; but we have reason to know that they give him almost as much trouble as his orthodox opponents. He is too clear-sighted not to perceive that working on the principle to the establishment of which he has given his life is equivalent to renouncing altogether the little residue of authority which the New Testament writings possess. The mediating school to which our author finds himself belonging—to his great astonishment—will never be able to hold its ground. We must have either a Divinely-ordered volume of religion, or a mere collection of spiritual legends and "tendencies."

These extracts from the preface will give us a few topics for our present brief notice of this work. It would be impossible, and it would be undesirable, to commit ourselves to an examination of the entire volume. It is in the nature of things an encyclopædia in itself; and such an examination would range over the whole field of modern criticism. Some questions, however, may be usefully handled, and Dr. Hilgenfeld's opening remarks suggest them. They are such as these: the uncertainty of the present destruc-

tive criticism of the Canon; the favourite theory of the opposition between St. Paul and the original Judaic Christianity; the undervaluation of early tradition, and the suppression of every kind of inspiration doctrine; the theory of Gnostic influence on the later books of the New Testament. Under each of these heads we shall have some remarks to make, possibly of much wider significance than as concerns the present volume, which, however pretentiously announced, is but, comparatively speaking, a straw on the stream, indicating the tendency of the current.

Known by many names, the Tübingen school of criticism, founded by Baur, has been by far the most influential and lasting among the developments of this century. Instead of giving our own account of it, which would not be impartial, we will translate our author's, abridging, however, and omitting some of the references.

"Into this feverish excitement F. C. Baur, who died in 1860, entered with his historical criticism. The celebrated Tübingen theologian took his start from the Pauline epistles, and not from the gospels. Following in the footsteps of Marcion and Semler (whose priority has not been enough noticed in connection with Baur), he first pointed out in the Corinthian epistles and also in the Romans the profound and penetrating antithesis between the primitive apostolical Jewish Christianity and the Pauline Gentile Christianity. Further, he indicated that the pastoral epistles must be relegated to a later time of catholic mediation and reconciliation of these opposites. He further sought to establish the exclusive genuineness of the four main epistles, the Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans (this last without chapters xv. and xvi.,) and to assign to the Acts the position of a conciliatory reconstruction of the true history of the apostolic age. In this view of the primitive opposition between Judaic Christianity and Pauline-Gentile, and its removal in the Catholic church, Baur thought he had found the key also to the four gospels. The gospels, which Strauss treated as indifferent creations of early Christian legend, and Wilke as reflective productions of literary authorship, appeared now as the results of those oppositions in the primitive Christendom which were solved and reconciled in Catholic Christianity. In strong opposition to the predominant theology, he made John's gospel an altogether ideal composition and tendency-document of the later transition time between the early conflicting views of original Christianity and the final blending of differences in Catholicism. He did not, like some, refer the difference between Matthew and Luke to the personal

opposition of the apostles Peter and Paul, but to the opposition between Petrinism and Paulinism: the gospel of Luke in its original form existing in Marcion presented pure Paulinism opposed to Matthew's Jewish Christianity, and in its canonical reproduction gave token of the coming effort at conciliation in the Acts. After Schweigler had carried out this Tübingen theory of accounting for all the writings by the original opposition between Jewish Christianity or Ebionism and Paulinism free of the law as reconciled in the Catholic church, Baur appeared again with a criticism of the individual works. The gospels he regarded not as histories, but as writings giving expression to certain tendencies: especially John's and Luke's. Mark was only an extract from the other synoptics without any specific Petrine character, only Matthew remained as the oldest and most original gospel in which the primitive Jewish view of Christianity remains, yet affected by its connection with the primitive gospel of the Hebrews or Peter. In its canonical form this gospel was supposed to belong to the second Jewish war (130—134): the canonical gospels generally to the period from 130 to 170."

This extract will give a general notion of the Tübingen school of destructive criticism: a school which has absorbed into itself almost all the tendencies—to use its own term—of modern sceptical criticism. It is essentially both a destructive and a constructive school: it is also most certainly an unsettled school of very contradictory and constantly changing opinions. It has influenced to a great extent the criticism of other lands; and the fruits of its teaching appear and are still appearing in England under various forms.

As to the first point, its destructiveness: the "'destructive' criticism of a Marcion returned, and where possible seemed to have been surpassed." This is the remark of Hilgenfeld himself, whom we have heard complaining of the undue haste of some of his confederates to annihilate the traditional authority of the New Testament scriptures. The destructive work began by dissipating the last trace of the old faith in a supernatural influence in the production of the New Testament, and control of its gradual formation into the Canon. If the question of the spirit in Jesus, the centre of all these wonderful narratives and histories, was introduced, it was immediately answered by being relegated to dogmatics. The historical-critical investigation had nothing to do with that. Then the details of the destruction went on: sometimes noiselessly, sometimes with great

tumult, always with increasing vigour. The gospels were denied any historical character; they were "tendency writings," which, like the Acts, were written in the second century by representatives of "tendencies." The epistles as a whole were swept away—at least out of the holy land of authenticity—all save the four main epistles of Paul, which were strangely suffered to remain: a quaternion, we venture to say, or quadrilateral, sufficient for the defence of Christianity. The only document of an original disciple of Jesus was the Apocalypse of John: the only genuine product of his pen, but that not worth much. We must, however, do our author the justice to say that he was one of the earliest to make a decided stand against the recklessness of the school to which he nevertheless adhered. Our author's relation to the hyper-destructivism of the Tübingen criticism he takes care to let us know himself. "It cannot be denied that the Baurian criticism went beyond the due limits, and inflicted on ecclesiastical faith altogether too deep wounds. But the declared opponents cannot by any means take to themselves the credit of having introduced the necessary modification. In countless contests the post-apostolical origin of the fourth gospel was asserted and maintained." This singular avowal admits that "ecclesiastical faith" was too severely dealt with; but is anxious to prove that the modification of the attack must not be attributed to the learning or zeal of the orthodox. This is exceedingly ungenerous. The writings of Baur evoked a multitude of the most learned, exhaustive, and, in our judgment, convincing works on the construction of the canon. Concessions were extorted of the most important kind; and not least was that which allowed in many quarters the higher age and authority even of St. John's gospel, notwithstanding this assertion to the contrary.

It would be very interesting as a *reductio ad absurdum* to trace the inner history of the workings of this law of destruction. Whether all held fast the fundamental principle that the New Testament was simply the production of men with "views" differing concerning the new teacher and his teachings and its relation to the old law, every new student began for himself the work of demolition. The temple was not brought down to the dust by concert or united action. Every man undertook his own department: some laboured prematurely at the foundations, others began at the highest pinnacles, others cleared their favourite portions of the

wall for attack: their witness—to drop the figure—did not agree together. Yet it did so far agree as to accept the conviction that the number of the original documents of the first century, or the apostolical age, must be enlarged. "The critical school itself found clear evidences in the New Testament canon of an earlier age of the canonical gospels. That our Luke-gospel was, as a whole, in existence before Marcion, Baur himself admitted." This was seen to require an earlier age for Matthew, the earliest of them. Hilgenfeld himself then maintained, but against Baur, that Mark's gospel also was a Petrine document and preceded Luke's. But the gain to truth was not great.

The mildest view was as follows: "Matthew's gospel was an apostolical foundation of about 60, Jewish-Christian and anti-Pauline, which, after the destruction of Jerusalem, received its present form. The Petrine-Roman Mark was a mild conciliation in the spirit of Judaism. About 100 Luke's gospel arose as a Pauline reproduction of the two former; and, finally, the free Johannæan Gospel sprang up out of the whole in the heat of Gnosticism, 120—140." It will be observed, that even the destructive criticism at this time retained the very order of the four gospels. Hilgenfeld also undertook to correct his master as to the epistles of Paul. Admitting that the four epistles were the standard and test of the Pauline writings, he insisted on adding to the undoubtedly genuine the first to the Thessalonians, that to Philemon, and the Epistle to the Philipians. Meanwhile, Volkmar and others went much beyond Baur himself: the mythical theory of ideal history, didactic poesy, and imaginative reproduction of a legendary Christ then arose in the strength of Ewald, the fear and dread of this school. His general view of the New Testament is given with great fairness. To us, Ewald's theory, while much better than the Tübingen, is very faulty. But it is interesting as evidence that science and learning are not so entirely on the side of destruction as Hilgenfeld assumes. Ewald accepted the Acts, denied the discord between Paul and the original apostles, and opposed the main points of the Tübingen theory. But we have no great faith in Ewald, as former notices of him have shown. He was great in his own department, but too imperious to be very influential in other directions, and too apt to allow his pride and determinate assertion of superiority to warp his judgment.

It will be remembered by some, that Ewald secured for what was called the "Mark hypothesis" a great measure of popularity. It was thought by many to be a kind of talisman of defence against the Baur hypothesis. If Mark's was the original gospel, it was, in fact, the mediation and conciliation between the other gospels and the other writings before any discord existed. But into this question, otherwise deeply interesting, we cannot now enter. The hypothesis of the *Urmarcus* is not very mercifully dealt with by our author, who dislikes it because it has been made so weighty an argument against his own favourite theories. It gives us pleasure to direct attention to some of those very learned and thorough authors who have done most to expose the sophistries of the Baurian hypothesis.

H. W. J. Thiersch is one of them. He is alluded to by Hilgenfeld as among the earliest champions of the "retrograde theology," which refuses to make the slightest concession to the more modern criticism. He is acknowledged to have sustained his positions with genius and taste. He adopted and used for his purpose the Mark hypothesis. Mark wrote, he thought, his gospel in Rome, and James very early wrote his epistle, so that there can be no mention in his case of a contest with Paul. Paul's epistles were written afterwards; that to the Hebrews not by himself exactly, but through the instrumentality of Barnabas. In the later age of Paul, Matthew wrote his gospel. From Rome, Peter wrote his two epistles; probably at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem John wrote his Apocalypse, and later his three epistles; after the gospel and Acts of Luke he also wrote his fourth gospel. Thiersch gallantly defended also the epistle of Jude; and hence established the present New Testament as the original canon existing before the end of the first century: at the beginning of the second century it was current at least in the principal cities, if not in every particular church. The fidelity and earnestness of Thiersch expose him to something very much like ridicule; but it is far easier to despise the results of his learning than to contradict the processes of it. Of two other very eminent writers, not so well known as Thiersch, Dr. Hilgenfeld suffers himself thus to speak:—

"Like a new Magician of the North, R. F. Grau, of Königsberg, presents us with 'The Historical Development of the New Testament Books' (1871). He adopts the favourite motto of Hamann: 'Here all is Divine and all is human at once.' We may

now go to work in good earnest with an actual organic reconstruction of the New Testament. Orthodox criticism has been too much occupied with a defence of the sanctuary in its individual portions or books. The full living stream and organic life must be examined and exhibited, as in the grass and the ears and the full corn in the ears. The stalk we have in the first gospel preaching of Christianity: that is, in the three first gospels, Mark taking the lead, and the Acts of the Apostles. The ears are seen, then, in the second stage of the Pauline and Catholic epistles; and, as the earliest epistles of Paul are to be placed some years earlier than the earliest gospels, the ears seem in that case to appear before the stalk. The fruit appears to ripen in the third stage, in the prophetic writings: the Hebrews, Apocalypse, and Gospel of John. Thus the entire New Testament is disposed of in a new three-storied way; but it is a lightly-built house which could excite no confidence."

There can be no doubt that this author has fallen upon an unhappy figure or analogy. He has described very well the real process of the construction of early Christianity, composed of oral and of written teaching combined, and that is the only way to deal with the great question on his principles. There was a seed time when the Saviour and His apostles uttered their first preaching. Then arose the stalk in the establishment of the first Pentecostal churches; the ear was the series of documents communicated to the churches during the course of their formation; and the ripe fruit must be found in the writings of St. John and those epistles of St. Paul which were late and had a peculiar catholic character, such as the epistles to the Ephesians and the pastoral epistles. We steadfastly believe that this is the true order of the organic evolution of the New Testament scriptures.

Dr. Hofmann, of Erlangen, is perhaps the ablest writer who has made the defence of the New Testament against the assault of this school his especial object. Of him Hilgenfeld thus speaks:—

"With diligence and peculiar keenness has J. C. K. von Hofmann undertaken to demonstrate the genuineness of all the scriptures of the New Testament. The criticism of the moderns is fundamentally renounced; but also the tradition and criticism of the ancient church, indeed even the free judgment of Luther, are fully denied, when Paul is made to have composed in his own person the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the church to have handed it down as a Pauline document. Such a course betrays too evidently the modern character of a thorough reaction, which does not even dread contradicting the most legitimate historical tradition."

But it is hardly fair to charge it upon one who declines to receive a partial tradition that he manifests a revolutionary reaction against the undue deference to early tradition. The traditions to which orthodox writers attach much importance, and to which, indeed, too much importance cannot be attached, are such as were unanimous, or all but unanimous. Neither Hofmann, nor any other of the leading defenders of the canon, can be charged with neglecting or defying a general tradition of antiquity. Again, as to the deviation from Luther, too much ought not to be made of that. It is one of the artifices of this school to allege the authority of Luther and the early reformers on almost every contested question in which they happened to deviate from the modern acceptance of orthodoxy. Neither is that fair. Luther is no final and supreme authority. The instance, however, here alluded to is one that illustrates an important principle—that of permitting honest differences of opinion as to authorship a sufficiently wide range wherein to disport. Much harm has been done by establishing—in the case of the Epistle to the Hebrews for instance—a conventional judgment which it is made suspicious to differ from. This is an interesting question; and, as Luther and Hilgenfeld seem to be of accord, the views of the latter may be given, by way of digression, here.

If we suppose the epistle addressed to the Christian Hebrews of Alexandria, we can with tolerable precision find the author. He must have originally belonged to them (ch. xiii. 19); and that was the case with Apollos, whom Luther pitched upon. He was a Jew of Alexandria, mighty in the Scriptures. It was by the instrumentality of two persons well known to Paul that he was brought to a better knowledge of the Christian faith than the Baptist's tradition could teach. He thenceforward taught a Pauline Christianity. In Alexandria he had probably been of the school of Philo. He could speak to the Alexandrian Jewish Christians of a salvation brought to them by those who had heard the Lord (Heb. ii. 3); for probably they had heard it from the immediate hearers of Jesus. The reason why Apollos desired to be restored to them was that they might not too long remain in the midway condition in which he himself had been found at Ephesus. The "doctrine of baptism and laying on of hands" (Heb. vi. 2), beyond which the readers of this epistle had not yet gone,

agrees well with the original Christianity of Apollos, which knew only the baptism of John, and points back to a certain connection with Essenism. Formed in Alexandria, taught by St. Paul, as the author of the Hebrews approves himself, was actually Apollos; and practised in the way of demonstrating to the Jews the Messianic dignity of Jesus, as Apollos was, was actually the author of the Hebrews. In Ephesus, too, Apollos was acquainted with Timothy, whose deliverance from imprisonment Heb. xiii. 23 announces; St. Paul, 1 Cor. xvi. 12, mentions him after Timothy. In Corinth he had, as the first Corinthian epistle shows, continued the work of St. Paul, yet in a peculiar and characteristic manner, just according to the relation in which the author of the Hebrews stands to Paul generally. When St. Paul suffered death in Rome (64), and his faithful Timothy had been delivered from prison, and scattered Christians dispersed throughout Italy in consequence of the Roman persecution had come to Apollos, he found himself called upon to write to the believing Hebrews of Alexandria. The contest against unbelieving Judaism was familiar to him. That unbelieving Judaism had been encouraged already in Jerusalem to urge a complaint against the imprisoned Paul (59), and had put to death James, though a sacred personage to the people. The more Judaism gathered itself up to a war of despair against the Romans the more would the Jewish Christians within and outside of Jerusalem seek to win it over. The epistle suits all these circumstances; written, not in Rome but in some part of Italy, before the bloody persecutions in Alexandria, in the year 66, and upon the outbreak of the Jewish war.

There is something attractive in the theory that Apollos was the author. It pays a high tribute to the last and most illustrious of John's disciples; it explains very many allusions to Philo, or coincidences with his teaching; it accounts for the close resemblance to St. Paul's doctrine, and also the differences; it renders, above all, a good reason of the peculiar style, contents, and character of the epistle. To us there is something attractive also in the theory as it tends to establish the wonderful identity of doctrine in the various apostolic schools. Moreover, if Apollos was the author, it gives one more very early testimony to the grand stock of evangelical truth which so early was accepted. And, finally, it shows that the conciliation between Pauline

and Judæan Christianity was brought about long before, according to the Tübingen theory, the disparity began to exist. But, against all this is to be set the undeniable fact that no name is less mentioned in ecclesiastical antiquity as the author, or probable author, than that of Apollos. If his was the honour, it pleased the Holy Ghost, and doubtless pleased himself also, that he should not be known as such: one more illustration of the perfect humility and self-oblivion of the writers of the New Testament.

But to return: Dr. Hilgenfeld's review of the history of modern higher criticism is very interesting; though one cannot help feeling that it is the narrative of a campaign that is almost or altogether in the past. It is the peculiarity of the destructive schools that they never remain in one stage. They perpetually wage an internecine war. However united against the canonical and inspired New Testament, they are also embittered against each other. There are very evident signs that the Tübingen school, with its constant efforts to reconcile itself with orthodoxy at some points, has already passed away. There is arising a new order of critics who will show that supernatural religion is nothing in the world; that there has been an enormous fraud upon human credulity as to the New Testament scriptures; that there is no trace of their having been accepted or heard of in the first century; and, therefore, that the whole is a gigantic invention of the world's religious fantasy, in an age when it seems the spiritual instinct or disease of humanity had reached its highest point.

This, however, leads to the Constructive theory of the Tübingen school, which is as conspicuous and as industrious as the Destructive. Denying altogether the Hand of the Holy Ghost as an inspiring Spirit, it makes up for the omission by ascribing to the early church, especially to those writers mostly unknown, an untiring industry in the accumulation of loose materials, a keen insight into the bearings of Christianity as mediatory between Judaism and the world, and a wonderful skill in criticism—not a whit behind that of the nineteenth century—which evidenced itself in constructive works mainly of imagination that exhibited the various tendencies of thought and reconciled them. There is nothing in the history of literature more astonishing, nothing indeed approaching to the wonder, of these few obscure men elaborating the New Testament in the interests of dogma. It has been the fashion to speak

of the Gospel being a history, out of which doctrines grew or around which they clustered; but the Tübingen theory changes that. The entire New Testament, with a few exceptions, was the result of the intensest dogmatic earnestness, combined with polemics of an equally earnest type. This entire theory is very much hampered by the names assumed by the writers, or generally ascribed to the writings. It must therefore regard them as pious and innocent forgeries: though it deprecates that name.

Dr. Hilgenfeld states the case of supposititious writings very strongly. Here we must give an extract; for the subject is one of great importance in the whole work of modern criticism:

"That the scriptures of the New Testament were composed by apostles and apostolical men is the account given by Tradition. But we must not absolutely rely on tradition. Writings without a name were very readily assigned to definite authors of the apostolical age. Thus was it with regard to the Epistle to the Hebrews as a production of the Apostle Paul. The letter of a Gentile Christian was ascribed by tradition to the Levite Barnabas. Clement of Alexandria ascribed to Luke the dialogue of Jason and Papiscus, which probably Aristo of Pella composed. And many a book in the New Testament may have been connected with authors of the apostolical age by later tradition. Some of these writings themselves assume to be written by apostles or apostolical men. He, therefore, who will not accept these self-attributions, exposes himself to the hateful objection of charging the holy authors of Scripture with deception. But the second of Peter and Jude, the most contested of all the writings of the New Testament, proclaim themselves to have been written by Peter and Jude. In the early church they were not so narrow-minded as to suppose that no interpolated writings were to be admitted into the Canon. In the first age of Christendom it was a widespread custom to compose writings under the names of eminent men of antiquity. This kind of supposititious apostolical writings is referred to in the second of Thessalonians, where the signature with his own hand authenticates the writer. This ought not to be looked upon as a deception which could not be ascribed to the holy writers. It was indeed, as the preacher of Solomon shows in the case of the later writings of the Old Testament, only a form of authorship which was in some sense necessary in apocalyptic writings, such as the books of Daniel, Enoch and the Ezra-prophet. Antiquity had not as yet generally the notion of special authorship. The Greek translators of the Old Testament books of Ezra, Esther, Daniel, were not scrupulous about inserting additions and variations: indeed, they were so free in their operation

that we have a distinct book of Esdras, and many additions to Daniel Similarly, early Christians did not hesitate to enrich the Septuagint of the Old Testament with Christian additions, by which they sought more distinctly to express the spirit and meaning of the prophets. Some early Christian interpolated on Josephus the testimony concerning Christ to which Eusebius refers. How variously were those writings which were composed under the names of Ignatius and Clement, wrought up over and over again. Dionysius of Corinth and Origen had even in their lifetime to complain of many such falsifications of these writings."

Before proceeding with this quotation, and considering the application of the principle to the New Testament, it may be well to pause and consider whither it is tending. The design is to rob every document about which there is any internal difficulty of the sanction of the apostolical name that it may bear. In order that we may be utterly indifferent to the voice of tradition and the testimony of the document itself, we are taught to believe that authorship was matter of no moment in ancient times, and that falsifications were very common. The evidences adduced, however, are not of much value. All that the author has to allege is that there were interpolations and frauds practised upon the later writings of the Old Testament. But that fact tells against the hypothesis. The books surreptitiously brought in were never accepted as Scripture; they were apocryphal; and never accepted by the Jewish church, by the Saviour and the apostles, or by the Christian church during its best ages and in its purest communities. Granted, too, that the Apostle Paul expressly guarded against falsification by making his autograph the sign of genuineness: it only proves that this kind of forgery was hateful to the apostle, and by no means the indifferent matter which it is here said to have been. In fact, the most superficial inspection of the New Testament must convince anyone that the matter of authorship is always regarded as of great importance. In most of the epistles very express care is taken to establish the authorship and protect it. Where the name is suppressed, there is a reason for the suppression.

However, the question is not of simple forgery. It is more important than that. No amount of special pleading would avail to substantiate against any one writing of the New Testament accepted by the Christian church the

charge of having by fraud and forgery obtained its recognition. The majesty, purity, and simplicity of even the least fragment of the New Testament effectually protect it against any such imputation. No critic has ever dared to express his conviction that either of the gospels or the Acts, or any one of the epistles was a deliberate forgery as such. The honesty of scepticism forbids any such hypothesis being either thrown out or accepted. Then it is necessary to modify the idea, and disguise the charge under another form. In plain terms we are taught to believe that the genius of Christianity allowed good men, men of apostolic spirit if not of the apostolic age, to send out their productions under the patronage of the names of the holy apostles: the books thus issued being, as it happens, precisely the most influential of the Christian writings as respects both doctrine and discipline, such as the writings of the unknown man who allowed himself to be taken for the Apostle John, and the Pastoral Epistles composed under the name of Paul.

Dr. Hilgenfeld has advocated this notion for many years, and with more skill as well as good temper and good faith than most of the lesser writers who have tried to use his arguments. He has had a deep sense of the importance of his principles. It alone has accounted or seemed to account for the almost universal acceptance of the writings, for the profound piety they exhibit, for the influence they have exerted, and for the success with which they challenged for themselves a place in the Canon. In this work, however, the ground has been slightly shifted, as the following extract will show:—

“Classical antiquity presents instances of writings absolutely supposititious: such as the pseudo-Orphic and pseudo-Musæic poems, as also the spurious works of Pythagoras and Plato. This kind of falsification of authorship, which extended to Rome also, was quite indigenous in Alexandria, this region of comparatively young development, where there was special reason for clothing the new in the reverend garments of antiquity. There the Alexandrian Jews took pleasure in interpolating the confession of Jewish Monotheism into heathen authors and even the Sibyls. There was an Alexandrian Jew of the age before Christ who, under the name of the ancient Solomon, composed his well-known Book of Wisdom. No wonder that such sanctified fabrication found its way into Christianity. In this way arose the Testament of the twelve Patriarchs, the Ascension of Isaiah, the many

writings given to the world under the name of Clement, the letters of Ignatius, &c. We have been taught to mark in the history of the canon many writings which assumed the name of apostles and apostolical men. For the spread and acceptance of such writings the apostolical name had great influence. Epistles like the first of John and the first of Peter must have commended themselves to Papias by the names they bore. Without the name of the apostle John the fourth gospel would hardly have found acceptance with the pseudo-Clement of the Homilies. When so many authors desired to commend their writings by the names of apostles and apostolical men we may suppose that the thing was done by them from perfectly good motives. Their authorship under apostolical names was essentially no more than if, in the present day, anyone were to make Luther, Melancthon, Hutter, Fichte, Schleiermacher, speak by anticipation to a future age. At the ground there was always the consciousness of a spiritual union with the sanctified names of older time, and even the honest endeavour to exalt them. So in the second century there was a presbyter in Asia who wrote the Acts of Paul, and declared that he did it out of love to Paul. But this falsification was not skilful enough, because the teaching and baptising of a woman contrary to the express prescription of 1 Cor. xiv. 34 was too glaring. In the case of so palpable a forgery the church certainly showed some measure of criticism. But we have not the slightest assurance that in the case of more skilful efforts of that kind there was any such critical forethought. Seasonable interpolations found easy acceptance and swift recognition."

Against all this we have two things to say: first, that internal evidence may be derived from the contested books themselves, that there was no such pious use made of holy names, which in their case would have been, according to any decent ethical standard, certainly according to their own standard, lying in a lower degree against the Holy Ghost; and, secondly, that the critical faculty of the early church is by such an hypothesis grossly undervalued.

To take the pastoral epistles to Timothy and Titus. It is not possible to read these productions without perceiving that they are stamped everywhere with the signature of a personal relation of the writer—one writer—to the individuals addressed, and of his real relation to the various circumstances that made up the surroundings of the letters. Any reasonable person, independent of foregone conclusions, who should apply the theory to these epistles—supposing him to understand thoroughly what the theory is—would

at once, or should at once, declare it to be absolutely untenable. The writer is supposed to be a lover of Paul and of Pauline doctrine, but not acquainted with Paul, and writing long after Paul's death; he is supposed to desire above all things to promote the free Christianity of the apostle to the Gentiles, and to subserve the edification of the ministry in his age, by giving the young pastors certain epitomes of gospel doctrine, and certain instructions in the practical ethics of Christianity, and especially in the ethics of the pastoral relation, incorporating with the whole certain warnings against current error. Now, it might be supposed that such a Christian brother or father would have proceeded honestly, as Irenæus and Polycarp and Ignatius did, to write his views in his own name, appealing, where necessary for confirmation, to the authority of Paul. Instead of that he deliberately invents a situation for Paul and Timothy and Titus; with exceeding dexterity finds out a conjuncture of circumstances in each case, not to be discovered without great difficulty; dovetails all he could gather of the later events of the apostle's life into his epistles, and gives the whole the air of most perfect verisimilitude. In fact, if all had been true, it could not have been more exact, more perfect in detail, and more naturally told. Then this unknown author proceeds to refer to certain heresies not known till the second century, and deliberately describes St. Paul as condemning them in his own day. More than that he puts into the apostle's lips, or makes him write, the most touching references to the most sacred transactions between him and his Lord; makes him refer to imaginary events, imaginary determinations to winter, imaginary books and parchments, an imaginary judgment in Rome, and an imaginary expectation of the death of martyrdom. It would be very easy to show how preposterous all this is. It would be easy to show how this theory outwits itself, by representing an unknown author as succeeding in a style of imitation of St. Paul, which none of those whose names we know approached. We might also point out how wonderfully the internal evidence of these epistles belies any such theory: being infinitely superior in force and unction and all the attributes of religious writing to the best productions of the apostolical fathers. But, instead of dwelling on what needs no further enlargement, we will quote Hilgenfeld's calm statement of the origin of the three documents.

"Thus the first of Timothy represents itself as having been written by St. Paul, when, on a journey to Macedon, he had left Timothy in Ephesus, and could not at once accomplish his design of returning himself to Ephesus. 'The epistle to Titus places us in a period when Paul had been in Crete, and thought of wintering in Epirus.' The second to Timothy purports to be written from Paul imprisoned in Rome, after he had left Trophimus sick in Miletus, and in Troas his cloak and books. In Rome he had been, after the Asiatics had early forsaken him, excepting Onesiphorus, forsaken even of his nearest companions, Demas, Crescens, Titus, so that, after the sending of Tychicus, he only had Luke with him. At his first judicial answer not one of his companions was with him. Prisca and Aquila were for a time in Ephesus."

Whatever may be said as to the piety of this kind of forgery, it is utterly inconsistent with the purity, simplicity, and truth of the writers of Holy Scripture. Whatever theory may be held of inspiration, there is a human excellence in the authors of these first Christian documents which cannot endure the very hint of such dishonesty as this. The hidden man in such an epistle as the first of John is felt by all who read him to be utterly incapable of such a falsehood. So it is with the Gospel of St. John. That any private Christian of the second century should have conceived the idea of delineating the Christ of the fourth gospel; that he should have so carried out that idea as to draw the grandest picture ever drawn on human canvas, the Eternal Son made flesh; that he should have made his account perfectly independent of all the rest of the gospels, at that time well known, while in most points preserving the strictest fidelity to them; that where he seems to differ he should have given no explanation of his difference, as a forger would have done; that his artless narrative should have contained a series of discoveries and records that have from the beginning been accounted the sublimest records of Christian revelation; that he should have imposed upon the region where the apostle John had laboured his new work as the production of that apostle; and lastly, that he should have persuaded the Christian world to receive it as the apostle's;—all these are suppositions or facts which are simply irreconcilable with common sense. Those who invented the theory, and those who think they receive it, are alike among the most deluded of the victims of prejudice. There are no

triumphs of faith that surpass the triumphs of scepticism. It is necessary, in order to establish this hypothesis, to degrade the critical faculty of the early Church to the very lowest point. Ordinary depreciation is not enough. It may indeed be admitted that the progress of age, bringing with it the new instrumentality of printing and the accumulation of materials, has given criticism an enormous advantage in modern times. But it ought not to be forgotten that, in the matter before us, the early Church had its own peculiar advantages. It was very near the apostolical times: too near to be so grossly deceived as this theory requires us to believe. It had its very learned men, who went up and down the world as indefatigably in the cause of collation and comparison of documents as our modern textual critics. Its vigilance was sharpened by the dread of heresy, and by a very high theory of inspiration: a theory so high, that the idea of accepting a book not veritably and demonstrably of apostolic origin would have been most abhorrent. It would not be too much to say that for two hundred years there was a universal and most eager emulation throughout Christendom, not for the augmentation of the number of holy writings, but for their reduction to the severest limits.

Against all this it is easy to allege the credulity of our Christian forefathers, and the ease with which they surrendered themselves to impostures. We have to reply that this credulity did not extend to the ready acceptance of supposed Scriptural books: it never took that form; those who were most credulous as to other things, were most sceptical on this point. The war against apocryphal writings was as vehemently carried on as the war against heresy. Nor was there any truce or pause until the canon was expurgated from all suspicion of undue tolerance. Moreover, the charges brought against the fathers of boundless credulity have so little support, that those who allege them are almost afraid of their own words. All that Hilgenfeld, for instance, has to allege, is that the two apologies of Justin Martyr contain some spurious rescripts of the emperor: for instance, that about the *Legio fulminatrix*, the acceptance of which was a very venial offence. It is charged against them that they uncritically accepted the tradition concerning the seventy or seventy-two translators who, independently of each other, composed the Septuagint: a tradition, to receive which, was no impeach-

ment of the good sense of those who were accustomed to believe in the control of Divine providence over the Scriptures. Nor was it an eternal disgrace to Justin and the fathers who followed him, that they accepted the old statue of Semo Sancus as a token of honour having been once paid to Simon Magus. Of course Papias, with his wonderful vine, is introduced, and much is made of the fact that Irenæus shows his delusion concerning Christ's age. To us it seems remarkable that the fathers were so temperate, in an age fresh from the miracles of the apostolical age, and imbued as they were with a faith in the supernatural which the present age can hardly understand.

Nothing is more unbecoming than the levity with which the early representatives of Christian truth are charged with abject poverty of thought and learning and critical sagacity. Take, for instance, the following words of Zumpt, by which our author fortifies himself: "That entire period was without historical judgment, its studies philosophical and rhetorical. The Christian writers conducted the defence of their religion with the arms which the cultivation of those times furnished to them. They troubled themselves only about dogmatics; the historical narratives of their gospels found in them perfect faith, but neither explanation nor useful application." This is very severe. We think of the indefatigable labours of the men who hunted down the apocryphal Gnostic books; of Origen, for instance, whose critical investigations on the epistle to the Hebrews and other contested books have never been surpassed as models; of Jerome, of Dionysius of Alexandria, and many others whose theories of authorship in the case of the Apocalypse, and some other books, literally anticipated the hypothesis which our own age has introduced with such a flourish of originality. It is true that these fathers bent their attention to dogmatics. Now that is a great concession of Zumpt. Dogmatics cannot be studied without the critical faculty, and that in keen exercise. Moreover, among the dogmatics which the early fathers investigated and taught with peculiar earnestness, was the doctrine of inspiration. On no one point was early theory more full and explicit than on this. Now the very foundations of the doctrine of inspiration are laid in the settlement of the Canon. They who defined and applied that doctrine were required to exercise the keenest

vigilance as to the evidences, external and internal, of the Spirit's presence in the books that asserted their right to a place in the sacred collection. Their senses were exercised to discern the true from the false. They were sensitive, most tremulously sensitive, to the internal tokens of the Holy Ghost. They rejected at once all the writings that were originally condemned, and by degrees all those that were strongly suspected. And it is an incontestable fact that those books, so rejected, have never had a solitary champion since. Others which were for a while suspected, on account partly of style and partly of peculiar doctrine, they came to accept because of the *testimonium Spiritus sancti*, the breath of Divine influence, felt to be in them. And it is certain that the best judges of the Christian world have endorsed their views as to these Antilegomena. They were indeed more sternly critical than the Reformers themselves. For they accepted writings, such as St. James' epistle, on their external and internal evidences, which dogmatic prepossessions induced Luther and others to reject. Finally, the dogmatics which they studied included ethics, and the fathers entertained too high an estimate of the virtue of truth and fidelity to accept as Scripture what was the forgery of man, or to leave any effort unemployed which might have aided them in discovering the truth.

We are constantly reminded that they paid too much deference to the unanimity of tradition. It is admitted that, when the stream of tradition was broken or departed, they began to exercise, or to try to exercise, the critical faculty. But their offence was that they accepted too readily the traditions of the Church when they were of one accord. It is true that this is not directly charged upon them as an offence. But their adherence to general tradition is spoken of disparagingly, never with any token of respect or concession. But surely there can after all be no more valid or constraining evidence, in the matter of the Canon at least, than universal tradition. We offer to it, in every department, the homage of profound respect. As faith is essential to the life of the individual, so it is also to the life of the community. If the uninterrupted and universal tradition of our fathers is not to be depended on, there can be no history; there can be no faith either in things Divine or in things human.

The question now arises to what extent the ancient and

universal tradition of the Church is defensible, that the writings of the New Testament were composed by apostles and by apostolical men. Dr. Hilgenfeld maintains that no conscientious investigator will be content to admit that most of these writings can be brought within the limits of the apostolical age, that is, within the first century. He thinks that the whole work of the more modern criticism must be convicted of vanity if some of the New Testament writings are not the productions of the second century. But he admits that the majority of those books are of the age of the apostles. These he divides into three main masses. First, the genuine writings of the apostle Paul: the first epistle to the Thessalonians, that to the Galatians, both to the Corinthians, those to the Romans, Philemon, and the Philippians; constituting, with the epistle to the Hebrews as of the Pauline school, the normative writings of Christianity. Secondly, the original apostles, and apostolical men, with their writings: John, the writer of the Apocalypse, Matthew, Mark, and James. These represented a later school of reaction against the too free tendency of Paul's writings. Thirdly, the union-writings conceived in the spirit of Paul, the Gospel of Luke and the Acts. The writings which he assigns to a post-apostolical period are the two epistles of Peter, the second to the Thessalonians, the epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, Jude, the Pastoral epistles, and the deutero-Johannæan writings, that is, the gospel and the epistles.

Here let us pause. It is matter of considerable satisfaction to find that modern criticism is disposed to deal so favourably with the precious documents of the Christian Church. It is well that one half of the New Testament, at least, is safe in the keeping of the apostles and apostolical men under the influence of the apostles. We have nearly all the main writings of St. Paul: though it is a great loss to surrender the Ephesians and Colossians and the Pastorals, the remainder holds the very pith of the later theology of the New Testament. At any rate it may be said that no Pauline doctrine is absolutely omitted. It is indeed a frightful chasm which the sacrifice of St. John's gospel and epistles leaves; for that surrender there can be no consolation, so far, that is, as the perfection and final finish of the Christian system is concerned. But, taking a broad and general view of the whole, we cannot but feel that what this criticism leaves us is of inestimable value,

establishes the fundamentals of Christianity, is a sufficient foundation on which its theology might be upreared, and, what is of great importance, most irresistibly pleads for the restoration of the other half of the Christian writings and the integrity as a whole of the New Testament.

After all that may be said the Tübingen theory in every form of it makes St. Paul the real founder of theological Christianity, though it may leave Jesus as the historical founder. The relations of the Gentile apostle to the twelve and his relations generally to the early faith are subjects on which this school has spent an immense amount of investigation, not altogether without its results. Indeed, it may be truly said, that their concentration of all their lights upon the figure of St. Paul has done very much to impress his character and work upon the present age. All writers on this subject have been laid under great obligation to them. There is no part of the present volume more elaborately executed than the introductory matter on St. Paul and his epistles; unless indeed the treatment of St. John be made a parallel. Both will occupy our attention during the remainder of this notice. A condensed view of the sketch of the Gentile apostle will have some value.

Not specifically eloquent, St. Paul was in that all the more like Moses; only he was to be the Moses of a religion free from the law, the apostle of a people of believers. Highly endowed with keenness of thought, decision of will, depth of feeling, he was capable of moving mightily in the persuasion of men. It was not a matter of slight significance that St. Paul did not like the immediate disciples of Jesus, belonging to the lower orders, but was the son of a nobler house, dignified by the possession of Roman civic rights. Nor was it of no moment that he sprang from Tarsus, a seat of Greek cultivation (comp. Strabo xvi. 5—13). But Paul did not receive his proper training in the Greek schools, but at the high school of Jerusalem. He calls himself a Pharisee; and the tribute paid him by Festus (Acts xxvi. 34) referred only to Jewish biblical learning.

What Paul was he must be with his whole soul. He surpassed his fellows in zeal for the law and the traditions of the fathers. Christianity he at first bitterly hated. We must not conclude from 2 Cor. v. 16 that he personally knew Jesus. On the way to Damascus that great change took place through which Paul became a most zealous professor of Christianity instead of its persecutor. The

miraculous narrative of the Acts our author resolves into a vision of Christ. Like visions the apostle frequently had; but this one was permanent, inasmuch as he dated from it not only his conversion but his apostolical vocation. That the reality of this internal appearance of Christ was disputed by the Judaizers of early times had an obvious reason. The modern critics have their reason also for reducing the whole to an internal procedure. It is hinted here that the apostle himself refers to it as a spiritual vision of Christ. But this argument is not pressed; because even the epistles of St. Paul carefully examined declare that he had such communion with Jesus as cannot be brought within the range of ordinary occurrences. And so it is, that the epistles which the most destructive school accepts as genuine are those in which St. Paul most unmistakably avows his miraculous conversion and call.

It is true that he does not dwell so much on his miraculous conversion as on his miraculous call. In St. Paul's theology there could be no miraculous conversion, strictly speaking; none, that is, in any other sense than as all conversion is miraculous. The change wrought in him was a change which used his faculties and wrought in harmony with his moral nature. Hence in those epistles which dwell upon his relation to Christ as a man he does not refer to the circumstances of his first interview with his Master near Damascus. "I was apprehended" only in the most distant manner, if at all, looks that way. All the interior processes through which he passed in embracing the Redeemer were the same through which all Christians pass. But it was otherwise with the internal circumstances of his change, connected as they were with his vocation to the Gentile apostolate. Whenever his call to join the circle of the original apostles was questioned he dwelt upon the miraculous intervention. He does not allude to it in writing to the Philippians; but in writing to the Corinthians and especially to the Galatians he alludes to it again and again. Nor can anything more striking be conceived than the propriety which governs the apostle's allusions to the true aspects of his conversion respectively. Modern criticism may join with ancient Judaism in denying the reality of the wonderful post-ascension appearance of Jesus to His new apostle; but its arguments are utterly inconsistent with anything like an honest acceptance of the documents as they stand.

It would be almost a miracle itself that such a concurrence of plain straightforward testimonies to this event should have been invented; and an equal miracle that a man of the Apostle Paul's clear, practical common sense, whose Christianity was always matter of the simplest detail, as well as of the most transcendent elevation, should have been the patient in such an occurrence as the theory presents in the following quotation:—

“Paul manifestly, as Holsten has taught us, regarded Christianity at the outset as lie and deception, and regarded the crucifixion of Jesus as the Divine judgment upon a false Messiah; and the allegation of His resurrection as a worse error than the first (Matt. xxvii. 64). Therefore he gave himself to the persecution of the Christians. But the nearer contact with Christians as a persecutor tended more and more to shake his original conviction. The zealot for the righteousness of the law and of works perceived among the Christians the fresh breath of true piety, the new spirit of humility and childlike confidence towards the heavenly Father. The persecutor of a rash superstition was constrained to admit that, at least among the believers themselves, the maintenance of the reappearance of Jesus was no deception. Then came over his religious mind the anxious thought that he had, on the supposition that he was fighting for God against the lie, after all only fought against God for unbelief. Is it any miracle that to the internally excited Paul, the Messiah, whom he had often enough presented to himself under the image of Dan. vii. 13, arose before his soul as the Crucified and the Risen? As they once said, ‘Is Saul among the prophets?’ Now the persecutor Saul is to be observed among the witnesses of Christ. A Paul could do nothing by halves. As soon as he could no longer be altogether Judaist he ceased to be Judaist at all. When he could no longer regard Christianity as lie and deception he embraced it so entirely as the whole truth that his Judaist anti-Christianism turned round into a Christian anti-Judaism. Yet Paul did not become a new creature in any such sense as to require that a miracle must be introduced to meet the difficulty. The incompatibility between Christianity and Judaism, which his keen spirit from the beginning had discerned, he did not maintain less earnestly as a professor of Christianity than as its persecutor.”

It is hard to comprehend why there should be such a difference between St. Paul and the other converts from Judaism in this matter: indeed, between St. Paul, if this be he, and his other self in his writings. St. John, St. Peter, St. James, were all at first devoted Jews, they all

became devoted Christians, but there was no such diametrical opposition to their former faith. Moreover, no such diametrical opposition can be thought of as consistent or possible. Christianity did not supersede Judaism in the sense of opposing it; but in the sense of supplementing and completing it. Hence the Paul of the true history of the Acts and Epistles is a very different person from the imaginary Paul of the Tübingen theory.

"It was on that account that Paul at the outset struck out a new path. He no longer poured out the new wine of Christianity into the old bottles of Judaism, any more than he renounced the Pharisaic ideal in the name of Christ. Not called by the Christ of this earth, who belonged to the Jewish people, he did not go out, like the older apostles, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but set out at once for the highways of the Gentiles. He undertook the conversion of the heathen as his specific vocation. All the more he announced the crucified Christ to the Jews a stumbling-block, and even to the Jewish Christians a fact, the depressing influence of which required to be neutralised by faith in the resurrection, and hope in the speedy restoration of the Messiah and His coming in glory. The crucified Christ he apprehended as the revelation of a new Divine Will of salvation, which placed the righteousness of faith for all believers, without limitation to the Jewish people, in the place of the righteousness of the law and of works. The vocation of an apostle to the Gentiles, which he valued and made his own, led of necessity to the righteousness of faith, and the calling of all men to salvation without the law and its works. It is only to be asked whether Paul at the very outset saw the whole course of the new way, which departed so far from that of the original apostles, or whether he did not rather advance to his Antinomianism and his universalism step by step. To an apostle of the Gentiles, which Paul now was, there belonged, moreover, a certain familiarity with Hellenic culture, which cannot impress us in a born Hellenist and the son of an eminent Jewish house. Wherever and whenever Paul received this culture, he appears in his epistles not merely as a converted Pharisee, who passed from anti-Christianity to anti-Judaism, but betrays also an Hellenistic influence, if not actually an Alexandrine. How should it have been otherwise? The scriptures of the Old Testament he uses in the Greek-Alexandrine version, and that with the Alexandrine wisdom of Solomon. The typical-allegorical exegesis which was common among the Alexandrian Jews was not unknown to Paul, and even with Greek philosophy he has points of contact."

We must not follow the author into his discussion of the relations of St. Paul to the other apostles. Suffice to say that, as the above extract shows, it is an exaggerated statement of the difference between them. It would be easy to fill pages with evidences of the effect of theory upon a great variety of points of detail. The distinction between apostles of the circumcision and of the Gentiles seems to be supported by the New Testament; but the distinction was not what they make it. It is the Apostle Peter who first proclaims the Gospel to the uncircumcision; and not only does the Book of Acts declare this, but St. Peter's later writings prove him to have had no thought of any abiding opposition between Judaism and Gentile Christianity. The same may be said of the Apostles John and James. Nor is there any meaning in the reference to St. Paul's assumption of the Gentile apostolate from the outset, and indifference to any other. Throughout the Acts he invariably pays all honour to the ancient people, and turns to the Gentiles only when and after the Jews had put away the Gospel: not indeed that he would not have gone to the Gentiles if the Jews had received him, but the obstinacy of the Jews was the immediate occasion and gave emphasis to his departure. Very much is made of the fact that his first essays on the Gospel were put forth "only in Jewish synagogues and before Jews." The fact is, that he did not arrogate to himself as his province the whole Gentile world. Generally, not one of the apostles was more a Jew than he was to the last. Nor is it true that he made the Crucified Christ his Gentile preaching in a sense in which the other apostles did not. If any one thing was common to the whole it was the stress they all laid on the Cross as the badge of Christianity.

It has been seen that Hilgenfeld accepts some other epistles of St. Paul besides those which Baur assigned him. Moreover, he makes the apostle the head of the whole school of Pauline theology: in common, of course, with others of the same class of critics, but in a more definite manner than most. Hence more than most he sees the importance of the apostle as the founder of the freer Christian faith. It is true that it does not suit the genius of the destructive school to go so far as to destroy Jesus and to set up his last-chosen apostle. Their Christianity, such as it is, does not exactly say "I am of Paul." Their theory rather is that modern Christianity is the result of a

compromise between him and the primitive apostles: a compromise, however, brought about by the friendly agency of men who, self-moved, wrote some of the most influential documents of early Christianity, such as the gospel and epistles known by the name of John.

Now, as these latest moulders of Christian thought in the New Testament were anonymous, there is no name that can be placed by the side of Paul. And, as the primitive apostles among the writers preserved only a transitional and imperfect Christianity, they at once sink back from any competition with him. Hence the name of Paul with that of the pseudo-John must be placed at the head of theological Christianity. Of John, or rather of the Johannæan writings, we shall speak presently. Before doing so, we must pay one tribute a few moments longer to the Tübingen Paul. Wonderful as he is in the New Testament, he is still more wonderful, though after another fashion, in this theory. For his was the mind that really fashioned the new religion. Take away his epistles and there remains not much in the domain of systematic theology. The Johannæan writings would be but a poor substitute in that respect. Not only did Paul supersede the original apostles as teachers of Christianity, he also gave the later writers the pith of their doctrine. According to this theory the gospel and epistles of St. John—at least those which we so name—were written by persons deeply under the influence of Paul. It is impossible to exaggerate his influence according to this hypothesis. But the New Testament fairly interpreted knows nothing of this extravagant homage to his name. It is parallel with the superstitious devotion paid by Romanist Christendom to the name of Peter. What Peter is to Pontifical Christianity, Paul is to the Tübingen or destructive. Both apostles would recoil with abhorrence from the superfluous and irreverent honour done them. How St. Paul would denounce it we may gather from his indignant disclaimer of the place some parties in Corinth would give him, "Were ye baptised in the name of Paul?"

The name of John is in this system much dishonoured. It is sufficient for the beloved apostle that the Apocalypse came from his hands. The gospel and the first epistle—the very sanctuary or holiest of Scripture—are denied to him and given to some pious forger of his name and authority. The acceptance of this theory seems to be the

very judicial blindness of this school: protested against by all that is to be found of reverence combined with learning, whether in Germany or Christendom at large. It is curious to observe our author using the same arguments in opposing those who deny the Apocalypse to the apostle, which he laughs at when they are urged against the theory of a supposititious John writing the gospel.

"The writer calls himself John the servant of God, and describes himself as a prophet. He does not expressly use the name apostle, but evidently appears in that character. An unknown John, whose name has vanished almost without a trace left, can hardly have given commandments to seven churches in the name of Christ and of the Spirit. It is perfectly unimaginable that any one would have made the Apostle John express his injunctions to seven churches of Asia to which he had no kind of relation. That the apocalypticist was no apostle is not to be deduced from the fact that he calls himself a prophet in a prophetic document. Prophecy is here very highly exalted, and the contents of the book made that name the most obvious. That our John could not have belonged to the Twelve does not follow from the fact that he mentions the twelve foundation-stones of the walls of the new Jerusalem. The number twelve, which Paul also mentions (1 Cor. xv. 5), after the traitor was gone, was so objective that the apostle needed not to add his own personal affirmation. When the apostle proves himself by his strong Hebraism to be a born Palestine Jew; and by his anti-Pauline Jewish Christianity, which appears in the proper Apocalypse (ch. xxi. 14, comp. ii. 2) to be the pillar-apostle John, Christendom includes indeed believers out of heathenism, but yet is reputed to be the true and ideal twelve-stemmed Israel. The strong Jewish antithesis to heathenism is plain throughout the Christian Apocalypse. . . . Un-Pauline is the weight which the book attaches to works as the standard of our relation to God. There is also an Essenian colouring. With the forecourt of the temple the altar of burnt-offering is surrendered, on which the bloody offerings were brought which the Essenes abstained from. And when the elect are called virgins, we discern an Essenian overvaluation of celibacy, which John throughout his life maintained."

The defence of St. John's authorship is satisfactory, though the arguments are sometimes strange. If prejudice and an exacting theory were not in the way the same style of argument would soon, in such skilful hands, vindicate the Johannæan authorship of the gospel and the epistles. The remarkable attempt, first, to show that the

writer does not rise beyond the first-created angelship of the Lord's dignity; and, secondly, to prove that such a notion was not at all inconsistent with the views of one who had been with Christ, and was familiar with angel appearances in the Old Testament, is a curiosity of criticism.

We must linger for a while on the author's view of the epistles of St. John. The first epistle was never called in question by the early Church; only in very recent criticism has it been denied to the apostle. Dr. Hilgenfeld has spent much time on this question. The result of his studies at present takes this form: at present we say; for it is impossible to predict what may be the final issue of the researches of a man who is remarkably accessible to argument from any opponent of his views.

"The First Epistle of St. John as a Homologumenon received almost undivided recognition in the early church. The two other epistles were sometimes thrown aside only on account of their comparative insignificance. Critical investigation cannot permit the three to be separated from each other; it must refuse to attribute them to the apostle and apocalyptic John. But it is constrained to regard them as evidences of his influence, and of the respect had for his consecrated name, under cover of which an Asiatic Christian, of free and profound views, came forward to oppose Gnostic dualism and libertinism. Having used the name of the apostle John in the interests of such a tendency against Gnosticism he would seek in the same name to set aside the Jewish foundation of the genuine Johannæan Christianity, and to transform that old Christianity in the spirit of a theology as free as it was deep."

Great efforts are made to prove that the writer of these epistles introduces the thoughts and language of the advanced Gnosticism of the second century. It is true that true Christianity is regarded as the highest knowledge of God. But we cannot be persuaded that there is any sign here of an intimate familiarity with later Gnosticism. Knowledge of God is the Hebrew idea of true religion; and as such pervades both testaments. St. Paul's epistles, even the earlier of them, contain the same kind of reference to Divine knowledge, and the same distinction between the true and the false knowledge, and presenting the same undervaluation of mere knowledge in comparison with love and its works. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth:" it might with equal propriety be said that the

writer of this sentence was contending against the developed Gnosticism of the second century, and the writer's use of the term seed of God, as abiding in the believer, betrays no Gnosticism. This also is a thoroughly Biblical idea for the Divine life in the soul, whether as regards the Word as the instrument of it or the Spirit as the agent. And if some later Gnostic writers use the same expression, it is a more probable supposition that they derived it from the apostle than that he derived it from them. Moreover, the word occurs in the epistle in the most artless manner, and not in the way of controversy.

The real meaning of all this is that an unknown Asiatic Christian adopted the name of the apostle John, or, rather, without his name assumed the authority of his office and dignity, as an eye-witness to publish a document which should correct St. John in the spirit of St. Paul, and give to the world the perfect exhibition of a Christianity without the extreme characteristics of either apostle, but be a composite of their best qualities. Extraordinary as is the First Epistle of St. John, and distinct as are all its features as the last and the consummate document of Christianity, this theory assigns it a character which would make it more wonderful still, but at the expense of its simplicity and dignity and heavenly inspiration. Some modern critics dilate upon the monotony and jejune repetitions of this epistle; dwelling very emphatically upon the absence of art and study and orderly design. Others, like our author, regard it as pre-eminently original and rich in its exhibition of the subjective and intense internal life of the new religion, and as furnishing a fine specimen of the consummate result of a union of the old apostolic or Judæan and the more recent Pauline or free Christianity: which view is the more correct needs not to be considered, as both are utterly unworthy of the subject.

We shall not examine at length the points in which the unknown imitator of St. John is supposed to have written a correction of St. Paul's over-free gospel; nor consider those on which he is supposed to correct his own master, and diverge from his rigorous Judaism: a few hints as to both may be gathered from the following extracts, which we may comment upon as we go:—

“The apostle John himself, who had lived to nearly a hundred years, but only saw the first beginning of Gnosticism proper,

could not have been the author of these epistles. He declares himself to have been an eye-witness and apostle only in a very disguised manner (ch. i. 1—3, iv. 14). The address *little children* to orthodox Christians, and the passage John iii. 12, can, indeed, be only understood as one of apostolical consciousness. But the apostolical dignity is never unconditionally declared."

This little sentence is a remarkable instance of the self-deception of the destructive school. The epistle certainly betrays a measure of acquaintance with Gnostic errors; but precisely such an acquaintance as an aged apostle of Christ might have had, and would necessarily have had, supposing him to have lived when St. John lived. If this first epistle is, as we firmly believe it to be, the final document of the Christian revelation—the two small epistles being, as it were, appendages—then it gives evidence of precisely that kind of knowledge of Gnosticism which was to be expected, and deals with it in precisely the way which was to be expected. He who thinks for a moment what was the style of thought and phraseology which prevailed in the Gnosticism of Asia Minor towards the middle of the second century, will feel not the slightest hesitation in saying that this epistle could not have been written as it is with that heresy distinctly in view, whereas it is perfectly consistent with an apostle's dignified contest with the beginnings of such error. Moreover, it speaks the very language that befits a prophetic contemplation of its effects. Let this thought be carried to the interpretation of the words of the epistle, and it will at once approve its own truth. We may safely change our critic's sentence: The apostle John, who lived to a hundred years, and saw the beginnings of the Gnostic error, wrote as one who saw those beginnings, and no more.

"If the Apostle John wrote the Apocalypse, he could not have written this epistle, which differs from that book of his sixtieth year so entirely in speech and thought. The notion of a wrathful and jealous God is here glorified into the idea of a God of pure love (1 John iv. 8-16), and if faith in the near approach of the coming of Christ to judgment is here also held fast (1 John ii. 8, iv. 17), yet the victory of Christianity over the world (1 John iv. 4, v. 4) is not regarded by any means in the internal way of the Apocalyptic judgments. Instead of the Roman empire Christian heretical doctrine becomes the anti-Christian power (1 John ii. 18), from which it is in the Revelation (chap. ii. 3) still distinguished. Indeed the epistles link

themselves with the Apocalypse, which itself had the form of a letter to the seven churches of Asia, and condemned erroneous doctrine there, and also exhorted to hold fast the old (Rev. ii. 25, comp. 1 John ii. 7). All the more obvious was it, at a later time when the Pauline Antinomianism had advanced into Gnosticism, to take up again this apostolical exhortation, and to introduce the seer of the Apocalypse, whom all still regarded, even after his departure (comp. John xxi. 23), as an invisible contemporary, as warning the extra-Asiatic Christendom against the new Nicolaitanes.'

Here also is a kind of criticism which serves the cause of its adversary rather than its own. Surely the same writer may write in two different styles on two perfectly different subjects. And, supposing a considerable interval to have passed, it is not beyond the bounds of probability that the Apocalypse and the epistles proceeded from the same hand. Certainly the argument from the different presentations of God is a very weak one. The God who is love in the epistle is also a "wrathful and jealous God" there; one indeed who visits sin "unto death." And the love of God is the very note to which, after all that may be said to the contrary, the book of the Revelation is set. And what can be said of a style of argument that sets the victory of faith overcoming the world in the heart of a Christian against the victory of God's word and providence over the world without, as opposing the Christian Church? The remainder of the pleas advanced in this singular passage may be left to themselves; they serve at least to show how easily the opponents of the canon may delude themselves. Let them not be suffered to delude others.

But let us seek for a moment the traces of that peculiar difference between the unknown writer and both St. John and St. Paul upon which the theory bases its assumption that the epistle is a *tertium quid*, a compromise or composite between the two original tendencies.

We cannot see anywhere the slightest tendency to rebuke or correct that undue freedom of St. Paul, which is supposed to have degenerated into Gnostic Antinomianism. St. Paul's fundamental principle that God is just while He justifies the believer is retained in the epistle with a very interesting variation in the statement of it. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John i. 9). Like St. Paul, the writer sees in the mission and work of Christ, as well as in His person, the propitiation, on the ground

of which that forgiveness is bestowed ; and like St. Paul he makes a distinction between the propitiation and the intercession of Christ. Like St. Paul he makes love the strength and fulfilment of all obedience ; and insists upon obedience as necessary to the justified character. Once more, like St. Paul he lays great stress on brotherly love with its fruits as evidence of the regenerate state : love is the firstborn of the Spirit in the Christian life. But we fail to see any evidence of a tendency to qualify the antinomian tendency of St. Paul. He does not say a word about the necessity of good works which the apostle of justification by faith had not said with equal strength. Whatever we find of protest against licence is of the same tone and character which pervades the New Testament from beginning to end : common to all the holy writers in virtue of their common commission to announce the doctrine which is according to godliness. In short, if we only take with us the faith that the same Spirit of inspiration moved upon St. John and St. Paul, however ignorant of each other in the flesh, we shall find every word of these epistles harmonious with the doctrine of the Gentile apostle, while we shall also find precisely those divergences which the difference of their nature and education in Christ might prepare us to expect. But, on the theory of a thorough and radical difference between the two apostles we cannot understand how any one writing in the name of John could have so entirely, and at all points, agreed with Paul.

Nor can we detect any trace of the freer edition of the old catholic and apostolical gospel which is supposed to be put forth in this epistle. The theory goes on the supposition that the original apostolical testimony did not teach the abnegation of the law and did not teach the supreme deity of Jesus ; of that original Christianity there was no better representative than the evangelist John. Now Hilgenfeld is obliged to admit that this second century imitator of John has departed very considerably from his master in these points ; and supposes that the spirit of conciliation caused him to make these advances towards Paul. " That the author is beyond the limits of Jewish legality is taught by the passage, 1 John iii. 4, where opposition to the law is not sin, but sin is opposition to law. But, as faith itself is reduced back to a natural foundation in man, so is also its object defined by the doctrine of the divinity of Christ,

in which the author attaches himself to the objective development of Paulinism in the epistles to the Hebrews and the Colossians." These sentences are noteworthy as illustrative of the modern school of criticism. They deserve to be studied as showing what kind of reasoning is held to be sufficient for the annihilation of the authority of the early Biblical documents. What can the author of this criticism mean by saying that the words "sin is a transgression of law," indicate a tendency to recede from respect for the law. This surely is a most unworthy refinement. When the Greek is examined, and the context taken into account, it will appear that there is not the slightest foundation for the supposition.

Generally speaking, there is no evidence that the New Testament exhibits the development of a freer feeling as it respects the law. From the beginning to the end there is one doctrine, namely, that the law in its Mosaic edition was abolished and that its moral requirements were re-established in more spiritual forms by the Gospel. This appears in the Sermon on the Mount; it is the constant proclamation of the Acts; it is the doctrine of the Jewish apostle James, whose "perfect law of liberty" cannot be explained away; it is the doctrine of all St. John's writings. In fact, it is the doctrine of the entire New Testament.

As to that other remarkable sentence—that the notion of faith as in this epistle is carried back to the ground of nature—we may make a single remark. Though introduced in so covert a manner it means a great deal. St. John does most emphatically declare that "he that committeth sin is of the devil;" and speaks of the commission of sin as impossible to the child of God, because "His seed abideth in him." And he adds: "in this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." For a long time, and in a great variety of ways, the charge of dualism or Manichæism has been brought against the writer of the Johannæan documents on the ground of the passages here referred to, and others similar to these. It is a very grave charge; but it is entirely baseless as directed against St. John in particular. It might with equal propriety be alleged against our Lord's teaching as reported in the Synoptics; for instance, as to the seed deposited in honest and good ground. A true doctrine of preliminary grace, as brought by the redemption of Christ to all mankind, and diffused among all the descendants of the first trans-

gressors, does not fear to confront this argument. There is a certain decision for or against the truth in the very element of human nature, a decision which the appeal of Christ brings to light, at the same time that it seeks to change it. It is true that the phrase "children of the devil" is stronger than the Scripture generally employs; but it must be interpreted by those other words in the Gospel of St. John, which declare that those who are as their father the devil are such by the evidence of their works, and which describe very differently the sonship of Christians. Moreover it must be remembered that the Gospel tells us that the light of Christ enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. And the epistle assures us that our Lord came to destroy the works of the devil. There is no Manichæism in these words.

But this leads to the concluding point. It is easy to say that the writer of the epistle has adopted the later development of Pauline doctrine into the belief of Christ's divinity, as shown in the epistles to the Hebrews and Colossians. In reply to this we would ask if it is possible to find any assertion of our Lord's divinity more absolute than that of the first chapter of the Apocalypse, written by the Apostle John in that earlier school which preceded every later development. Again, does not St. James's epistle most expressly term Jesus the Lord of glory? And—what is of importance here—does not St. Paul in those epistles which are admitted to be genuine declare in almost the same terms as are used in the Colossians and Hebrews that Christ was in the form of God before He came down to this earth? The epistle to the Philippians is admitted to be genuine; then it follows that the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence and divinity was not the development of a germ added to the Pauline doctrine.

We shall add no more by way of illustration. A reflection may fitly close this reference to St. John. The theory to which we have very briefly alluded is most extraordinary in many senses; but in nothing does its marvellous character more appear than in the superhuman skill which it attributes to the unknown falsifier. There is nothing more remarkable in literature than this document, as connected with this account of its authorship. An unknown man of high intellectual and moral character, profoundly humble—so humble, that he effectually suppressed his name, and blotted out every trace of his individuality—conceived the

idea of publishing, for the conviction of Gnostic heresy, a treatise which should borrow some of the best elements of their system, and use them as weapons against the Gnostics themselves. In accomplishing this object, he determined to assume the authorship of an eyewitness of Christ's person and work, and contrived, without mentioning St. John's name, to connect his work throughout the Christian Church with the name of that apostle; in accordance with that plan adopting every possible expedient to give his writings verisimilitude, and so successfully, that they bear every sign of an apostle, and of an aged apostle. Living, however, in a more advanced age of Christian development, he cannot altogether consent to issue such a version of Christianity as the apostle John would have approved. Though forging apostolic authority, and the solemn sanction of eyewitness-ship of Christ, he has a conscience, and must teach a freer gospel than John's. Accordingly the cast of the epistle is very much in the fashion of St. Paul's doctrine; his watchwords being found in abundance. But St. Paul was too free, and dealt too licentiously with the obligations of the law; therefore the claims of the highest possible morality are enforced. Lastly, as during the interval a new view had been taken of the dignity of Christ, this unknown writer determines to embellish that new theory, and give it to the world with all the splendour that Gnostic phraseology could impart, without the accompaniment of Gnostic error. Hence the grandeur of the Son of God as the Word of life, the Logos, the true God and eternal life; a name which another, perhaps himself, was to take up and make the preamble of a fourth Gospel. Thus this obscure, or rather this absolutely unknown individual, achieved the most remarkable feat in literature: reconciling St. Paul and St. John, the old Judaic and the Gentile Christianities, and adding new elements which have affected Christian theology ever since. His epistle was really the first note of the Logos doctrine; the consummate treatise of the perfected Christianity into which Judaic and universal doctrine had swelled, and the most important tract in the New Testament. Now, remembering all, we might expect that the epistle would be highly extolled by the school of critics who assign it such an origin; at any rate, that they would do justice to its skill as a work of literary art. But Baur, the founder of the school, speaks of its childish and weak repetitions, and want of energy; while

Hilgenfeld himself limits his praises to its rich exhibition of the subjective religious life.

After all that has been lately written on the Gospel of St. John, we turn with interest to the latest deliverances of the Tübingen school on that important subject. We are disappointed at finding nothing new, and still more at finding no retractations, no modifications, and no sign of the dawn of the day that is surely coming for the vindication of that supreme document of the New Testament. Into the details of the investigation we shall not enter: almost every step has been made familiar, or at least accessible, by the industrious labours of Englishmen. Suffice that it is very positively declared to have been the composition of a supposititious apostle John in the fourth decade of the second century, whose doctrine, as well as his speech, betrayeth him. This unknown writer of one of the most important and influential works in human literature used up the materials of three evangelists, interweaving with them traditions gathered by his own industry, and making the whole subordinate to a revised edition of Christianity. He, by this work, placed himself side by side with Paul as the second of the two pillars of perfect Christianity; but, unlike Paul, he gave the honours of his labour to another.

The doctrine of this second, or rather third, founder of Christianity, was a further development, in fact, of the free and elevated doctrines which in St. Paul's school had been carried very far. St. Paul himself is surpassed and left behind by this new adherent, who cannot be called exactly a disciple of the Gentile apostle, simply because his style and theory are decidedly original. He runs not indeed in the same track, but towards the same goal: perfect freedom from the Judaic restriction and the supreme Divinity of the name of Jesus. But, as the later imitator of St. Paul had been betrayed into Gnostic errors, so was it with the later imitator of St. John. In fact all the writers of the deutero-canonical or spurious New Testament were decidedly infected by Gnostic influences, and, in fact, allowed their views of Christianity to be tainted at all points, certainly at all the most important points, by the very enemy whom they were supposed to be writing against. This is itself a reduction of the whole scheme and theory of these men to absurdity. Gnosticism was a compound of Oriental mysticism with Jewish and Christian doctrines which,

towards the close of the second century and the beginning of the third, assumed characters so fantastic and wild as to lose all pretence either to philosophy or to religion. Gnosticism did at a later period intermeddle much with the current writings of the apostles; especially with those of St. Paul. It also created many Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelations of its own, some of which survive to tell us what kind of Christian writing the Gnostics delighted in; some so vile that time would not preserve them; others so curiously absurd and incomprehensible that they are preserved as curiosities of literature. Now the theory of the composition here advocated requires us to believe that three or four of the most important, most sacred, most intensely spiritual and ethical, of the books of the New Testament were written by men half Gnostics, who borrowed from the system most abhorrent to themselves and their Christianity, the most important terms of their theology. This theory demands a little illustration, and we shall make our only references to the Gospel of St. John, as treated in the book, furnish that illustration: observing only that the Colossians, the Hebrews in part, the Ephesian and Pastoral Epistles come into the same category.

The Gnosticism of the writer of the Fourth Gospel appears in many ways. Generally, his opposition to Judaism is so keen that it seems to surpass even that of St. Paul, and goes a long way in company with the extremest Gnostics. Here we have most earnestly to protest. Many writers have of late dwelt on the strange notion; having persuaded themselves that the Fourth Gospel was written by an enemy of Judaism they have displayed the most indefatigable industry in detecting evidences of it. One of the evidences found by Hilgenfeld we give as he gives it: thankful for it in our own application:—"In the Divinity of Christ as the incarnate *logos* the evangelist sums up the supremacy of the Christian faith over the legal religion of Judaism." It would require a long article to examine all the evidences that follow; we pass them by, and that more readily because they have been discussed in a review of Scholten's work. Suffice that we once more record our conviction that the supposed peculiarly inveterate antipathy of the Fourth Gospel to Judaism is a pure invention. The writer is perfectly at one with the whole body of the New Testament—St. James included—as to the

grounds of the superiority of the Gospel to the Law, and as to the reasons why the economy of Moses was superseded and the ancient people cast off. We are weary of finding the same never-varied allegations, which our writer takes up from his predecessor with the most abject monotony.

"The keenness of the deutero-Johannæan anti-Judaism is combined with a certain Dualism, not indeed of the coarsest type, but still decidedly Gnostic. There is immediately opposed to the light of the Divine Logos, and that essentially, an original darkness (ch. i. 5), and according to every unbiassed explanation the devil appears, as in 1 John iii. 8, so also in John viii. 44, evil from his very origin. There runs through the Johannæan theology a genuine Gnostic division of humanity. The antithesis of an essential worship to God and an equally essential worship to the devil is in the epistles of John carried over to the antithesis of true Christians and Christian false teachers, while in the gospel it is made to apply to the antithesis between Christianity and Judaism. On the one side are those who are begotten of God and through Christ have only the power to realise their essential sonship to God (ch. i. 12, 13), who, born from above, alone have a spiritual eye for the kingdom of God (ch. iii. 3), and through the birth of baptism actually enter it (ch. iii. 5). Only he who is of God can hear God's words (ch. viii. 47); he belongs already before his faith to the fold of Christ (ch. x. 26), and to the scattered children of God who are merely gathered together through the Christian faith (ch. xi. 52), and belong to God already before they are given to the Son (ch. xvii. 6, 9). Only he who is of the truth heareth the voice of Christ (ch. xviii. 37). But he who is born of the Spirit is spirit; on the other hand, he who is born of the flesh is flesh (ch. iii. 6). To those who are of God are opposed those who are of the world, who cannot hear the word of Christ, because they are not of God. The same cannot believe, because they belong not to the Lord, because a demoniac power has blinded and hardened them. The saving design of God and Christ is indeed universal (ch. i. 7, iii. 17), but is in its realisation hindered by the unconquerable power of evil (ch. xii. 40). And the judgment which came with the entrance of light into the world is no other than the separation of the children of light from the children of darkness (ch. iii. 16).

"Even when the eagle-evangelist rises to the highest and the most spiritual elevation of Christianity he does not lose the traces of his connection with Gnosticism. In order to bring the knowledge of the true God to the Cosmos, the only-begotten Son Himself who is in the bosom of the Father, and enjoys the immediate contemplation of Him, must descend into the Cosmos.

The Logos is the Sent of God to the Cosmos in so exclusive a sense that only His own forerunner can be also regarded as Sent of God: He is the only mediator between God and the world (ch. xiv. 6). We have always the same fundamental distinction between the purely spiritual world and this Cosmos in which Gnosticism moved. What the incarnate Logos announces is also in the Johannæan theology a new knowledge of God, consisting in the notion that God is pure spirit, therefore not in a particular place but everywhere, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; that He uninterruptedly creates, and not therefore like the God of the Old Testament rested on a Sabbath after the creation. Also the manifestation of His name (ch. xvii. 6, 26) can signify nothing else but the unveiling of the most secret essence of His Godhead; thus it was a new knowledge of God, just as Gnosticism regarded Christ as having introduced it. Certainly the fourth gospel is not absolutely Gnostic; but it is such in as far as, following the lead of the Epistle to the Colossians, it condenses into the one Logos, as the only mediation between God and the Cosmos, the entire elaborate *Æon-heaven* of the Gnostics, that Pleroma which John i. 16 touches upon: thus retaining that principle of a unity in the view of the universe which contains the germ of a victory over the Gnostic Dualism."

If Gnosticism is to be fairly understood, and its relations to Christianity exactly appreciated, it must be remembered that it was, in all its manifestations, a composite of truth and error which sprang from the contact between revelation and heathenism. Our critics write as if the author of the Johannæan writings had lighted upon a system of theological thought entirely independent of the Old Testament, and brought its new speculations into the final construction of the New Testament, whereas nothing is more certain than that Gnosticism was perfectly familiar with the more mystical wisdom-books of the Old Testament, and also with the very writings of the New Testament which they are supposed to have moulded. Very much truth was retained in almost all the Gnostic errors. Those systems exhibit the severe wrestling of the human intellect with some of the most awful problems of God's relations with men. St. John's writings must be read as their corrective. In them we find what is the eternal truth underlying their evershifting errors. If this is remembered, and it is conceded, though but for the sake of argument, that St. John takes an intermediate place between the Old Testament and these Gnostic errors—the interpreter of the former and the standard of correction

for the latter—then the commentary of Dr. Hilgenfeld, a specimen of which is given above, will be found very interesting. We are bound to say, for our own part, that it has had the effect of deepening a conviction which has been for some time growing, that the great struggle of Gnosticism is one of the most profoundly interesting and pathetic in the annals of Christianity or of human thought. The style of treating Gnosticism—especially in its relations to St. John—needs to be amended. The question deserves much more respect than it commonly receives.

The following rather condensed statement of the theory of modern criticism—higher criticism—as to the origin of St. John's Gospel, will give a perfect idea, to some of our readers who may desire to know more about it, of the general principles of the school to which Hilgenfeld belongs:

"If not from the apostle John himself, it sprang from the sphere of this apostle's activity in Asia Minor. Hence the visible preference of the writer for the apostle John, whom the evangelist undeniably places above Peter. Peter has here relinquished to John the prerogative of being the first called disciple (John i. 42), and the disciple whom Jesus loved stands to Him in a much nearer relation, so that Peter himself turns to Jesus through his mediation (chap. xiii. 23). While Peter rebels against the feet-washing (begun probably with John), denies his Master three times, the beloved disciple stands so near to the Crucified that He commends to him His mother, excluding James. John precedes Peter at the sepulchre; and, though Peter enters first, John first believes in the resurrection. John needs no test of his love to Christ, while Peter receives the government of the flock, only after a thrice repeated question whether he loved Him more than others, or loved Him at all. We are reminded of Asia Minor also by the prominence given to Philip, who lived and died in Phrygian Hierapolis."

Taking up the Gospel of St. John after reading this and the like, we can hardly believe that it is of this book we have been reading. Never was there a greater mistake committed by the destructive criticism than when it bethought itself of the theory that the writer elevates St. John above St. Peter among the apostles. That St. John was the first disciple who ever called Jesus Lord is highly probable, almost certain, from the first chapter; but certainly the artless writer does nothing to suggest the fact. We know it by collation and comparison, we should not gather it from him.

And the exquisite humility of every reference to St. John in the later chapters has commanded the homage of all thoughtful minds for ages. Finally, we altogether differ from those, whether of the destructive school or otherwise, who think that Simon Peter is under a cloud in this gospel. If under a cloud it is in the synoptics, not in St. John. In St. John's account, he shines in the grandeur of his devotion—humbled, indeed, but great in his humiliation—and receives his very highest prerogative.

"The Gospel belongs to that minority in Asia Minor which had retained a certain Paulinism, had helped with the Hebrews to make it more objective in its aspect, but had, moreover, been subjected to Gnostic influences. Reference is in John iv. 38 to the Pauline conversion of the Gentiles, and in John vi. 28, 29, we have a Pauline exhibition of the one work of God as believing in the Sent of God in opposition to the Jewish idea of the works of God. So also the praise pronounced on a faith that sees not, ch. xx. 29, and the rich blessing of the Pauline Gentile conversion in ch. xxi. 6. The objectivising of justifying faith into faith in the divinity of Christ has produced a peculiar gospel, informed by the groundthought of the incarnate Logos. Gnosticism appears in the rough anti-Judaism and in a dualistic spiritualism. That this tendency gave birth to a Johannæan gospel in particular points back to the reaction against John. In the name of the sanctified John, on which the quartodecimans and the millenarians relied, two tendencies are brought forward directly opposed to both and each. In this sense the gospel of John is the spiritualised apocalypse of John. The Johannæan prophecy has here become gnosis; the Holy Ghost is no longer pre-eminently the predictor of futurity, but especially the Spirit of truth. Hence the Gospel of John had actually, though slowly, the effect of making the genuine apostolical origin of the apocalypse doubtful. So also it had the effect of opposing successfully the genuine Johannæan quartodecimanism. The Jewish obligation to keep the fourteenth day of Nisan was opposed at first by the Pauline 'not keeping the day;' until in Rome, under Sixtus (115-125), it went further to a peculiar purely Christian annual festival, entirely detached from the Jewish Passover. Independently, that is, of the Jewish days of the month, they marked out a Passion Friday after the first full moon of the Spring, and a Sunday of resurrection, and thus founded the Christian Passion week. John's gospel paved the way for this anti-quartodeciman festival in Asia, where from Apollinaris (170) it found a minority of opponents. After Luke xxii. 19, 20, had already detached the Christian Supper from the Jewish time of the Passover, the Gospel of John transposed the

farewell feast into the evening before the Passover, and thus cut-away the roots of the Jewish-Christian paschal festival."

We can hardly refrain from meeting all this with a pious effusion. How indescribably sad is it to read such garrulous absurdities about the secret history of the construction of this most wonderful of all books in human literature. The reader who takes the pains to understand all the points of the theory given above of the construction of St. John's gospel, must needs be amazed at the cunning ascribed to the writer. He writes in the name of the apostle, but purposely to undo his work. He opposes St. Paul's Christianity, and yet uses its best elements. He contrives to combine the most opposite and contradictory conditions; and produces a supreme masterpiece of cunning, of conciliation, and of godliness!

As to the time of the book it is assigned to the fourth decade of the second century. But let the reader mark distinctly the main reason here brought forward. The words of John v. 43, "If another shall come in his own name him ye will receive," are supposed to point to something beyond the mere multiplicity of Jewish false Christs (Matt. xxiv. 24), and beyond the Gentile anti-Christ of the Johannæan Apocalypse and of 2 Thess., to a single Jewish anti-Christ such as Barcochba in 132 was. Since Barcochba persecuted the Christians, we can understand how Jesus, in John xvi. 2, prophesied of such as would think the killing of a Christian an act of service to God,—this pointing rather to Jewish than to Christian persecution. That is to say, the words of our blessed Lord, spoken to encourage His disciples in all future distresses for His sake are quietly assumed to have been invented and put into His lips for the sake of affording encouragement to a few Christians who are imagined to have been persecuted while the author was compiling his imaginary records. "Now though it was composed merely in the name of the apostle John, yet it asserted for itself a quite prominent position among the writings of the New Testament in the progress of Christianity into a world religion: and this, without the prestige of apostolical authorship, through its vigorous onslaught on Chiliasm, and the Jewish-Christian paschal festival, through its vast transformation of the primitive Christian system."

We have dwelt on the general characteristics of this.

volume ; and have shown how it deals, in particular, with the two authors whose writings mainly formed Christianity, Paul and the pseudo-John. Here we take our leave of it ; and, as we suppose, most of our readers also. It is to be hoped that the volume will not be translated. It hardly deserves that honour. And it is too thoroughly mixed up with local and transitory polemics to fare well in England, if translated. Moreover, we have enough and to spare of Biblical Introduction as cast in the German semi-orthodox mould. But we close this volume with a strong wish that a good Introduction to the New Testament could be prepared, which should supersede the work of all foreign divines, emulating their exhaustive learning, and avoiding their laxity.

ART. III.—*Aristophanes' Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides: being the Last Adventure of Balaustion.* By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo-place. 1875.

It is now six years since, on the appearance of *The Ring and the Book*, we drew attention to the excellence and wide utility of the monologue form, which, created by Browning, had just been put to the astonishing use of shaping a psychological epic of more than twenty-one thousand lines; and, as far as we know, our article entitled "Robert Browning and the Epic of Psychology"* contained the first systematic exposition of the growth of this particular form in the poet's hand. We pointed out that the use of this form dated from his first youthful poem, *Pauline*, that in 1845 he had already accomplished great results in it, and that since that date he had published but three considerable pieces in other forms,—the remainder of his work consisting of various developments of the monologue. Upon this species of dramatic art we looked as best fitted to the peculiar cast of thought and strong analytical bent of the poet; and we regarded his technical mission as being none other than the creation, elaboration, and perfection of monologue. What a perfect and powerful instrument he has made of it, has been shown in a succession of considerable works following *The Ring and the Book*,—the first of which, *Balaustion's Adventure*, issued in 1871, is one of the most beautiful and enjoyable of the poet's works, showing that even a transcript from a Greek tragedy may be introduced into a single speech from a single mouth. Since *Balaustion's Adventure*, we have had from the same hand three other large poems, neither of which has been, to our thinking, so notable or so valuable, though all are full of close thought and deep insight into human motive and character: *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau*, *Saviour of Society*, dealing with the psychology of the late Napoleon III., is remarkably subtle and acute, but is perhaps the hardest exercise of mere intelligence in the range of our artistic literature: *Fifine at the Fair*,

* See *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1869.

treating a social and personal subject, is far more attractive than *Hohenstiel Schwangau*, but not so full of poetic passion as *Balaustion*; and *Red Cotton Night Cap Country*, or *Turf and Towers*, diving into the depths of a quite recent French domestic tragedy in a marvellous way, is somewhat closer reading than is compatible with high art: so that the announcement of another "adventure of Balaustion" has afforded a cheering prospect to those readers who care for culture and intellectuality in poetry, and do not object to a moderate demand being made on the reader's individual intelligence and alertness.

Nor will this "last adventure of Balaustion" bring disappointment to those who accepted her first as the thing of beauty and brightness it is. Our readers will remember (for we gave a full account of the poem*) that, in that, the *Alkestis* of Euripides was translated and worked into the self-told tale of Balaustion, concerning her flight from Rhodes with certain Rhodians whom she had persuaded to throw in their lot with Athens; and now, in *Aristophanes' Apology*, the *Herakles* is set in another monologue of Balaustion, spoken during a second flight, this time from Athens, back to Rhodes,—the point of time having been shifted from the fall of Nikias to the complete overthrow of Athens by Sparta at the end of the Peloponnesian war. The stage of this poem (for every monologue of this kind has a stage, easily deducible as one reads the piece) is the same Kaunian galley which we read of in *Balaustion's Adventure* as having conveyed the heroine to Athens; the captain, still grateful to the Wild-pomegranate-flower for saving him and his companions by reciting the *Alkestis* at Syracuse, has readily consented to take her and her husband to Rhodes, now that dismantled, maimed, and shackled Athens has become unbearable; and while she and Euthukles are on their sorrowful voyage, they beguile the time by going over again an adventure of Balaustion with no less a person than Aristophanes. This adventure she considers so well worth recording, that she gets Euthukles to take it down on his tablets from her dictation; and this is done not the less willingly because it affords the pair an opportunity of enjoying once more the tragedy of *Herakles Mainomenos*, given to Balaustion by Euripides, and preserved with the tenderest reverence.

* See *London Quarterly Review*, January, 1872.

The outline of the adventure is this. On the night of the death of Euripides, while Balaustion and Euthukles are pondering in their house over the life and work of him they have lost, Aristophanes, whose last comedy, *Thesmophoriazousai*, has that very day gained him the prize, comes "moderately drunk" from the subsequent banquet, with chorus, choragus, and all, and breaks in upon the mourners :

"There stood in person Aristophanes.
And no ignoble presence! On the bulge
Of the clear baldness,—all his head one brow,—
True, the veins swelled, blue network, and there surged
A red from cheek to temple,—then retired
As if the dark-leaved chaplet damped a flame,—
Was never nursed by temperance or health.
But huge the eyeballs rolled back native fire,
Imperiously triumphant: nostrils wide
Waited their incense: while the pursed mouth's pout
Aggressive, while the beak supreme above,
While the head, face, nay pillared throat thrown back,
Beard whitening under like a vinous foam,
These made a glory, of such insolence—
I thought,—such domineering deity
Hephaistos might have carved to cut the brine
For his gay brother's prow, imbrue that path
Which, purpling, recognised the conqueror.
Impudent and majestic: drunk, perhaps,
But that's religion; sense too plainly snuffed:
Still, sensuality was grown a rite."—Pp. 36—38.

He recounts certain incidents of the banquet, discusses the dead tragic poet, defends his own attacks on Euripides, and indeed his artistic course generally, submits to be questioned by Balaustion, and finally not only to be sermonized by her soundly both as to his own faults and the excellences of Euripides, but also, as none present are inclined to sleep, to hear her recite the whole of the *Herakles*. Here we must note, in justice to the poet's instinct for proper finish of incident, that of all the drunken comic crew, none save the regal Aristophanes has been able to endure the supreme beauty and chastity of spirit of the Wild-pomegranate-flower, so that all except the comic king have long ago slunk away when the recital takes place.

But the reading of *Herakles* is not the end of the adven-

ture;—there is a little subsequent discussion; and then Aristophanes takes the psalterion of Euripides, given also to Balaustion, and chaunts an exquisite song, which Balaustion recalls in *terza rima*, with the question, "Are these unlike the words?" After which performance, inviting them to come and here *The Frogs*, which he designs to teach next year, he takes his leave.

The rest of the monologue taken down by Euthukles relates to that next year with its disastrous events only just completed at the time of the speech:

"Whereas, next year brought harvest time!
For, next year came, and went not, but is now,
Still now, while you and I are bound for Rhodes
That's all but reached! and harvest has it brought,
Dire as the homicidal dragon-crop!
Sophokles had dismissal ere it dawned,
Happy as ever; though men mournfully
Plausible,—when only soul could triumph now,
And Iophon produced his father's play,—
Crowned the consummate song where Oidipous
Dared the descent mid earthquake, thundering—
And hardly Theseus' hands availed to guard
Eyes from the horror, as their grove disgorged
Its dread ones, while each daughter sank to ground."

Pp. 345-6.

Then Balaustion recalls how Lysander decreed that the walls should be destroyed, and how the Athenians stared aghast for three days, till the stern Spartan called a council whose decision was to raze Athens to the rocks,—a catastrophe only averted by the interposition of Euthukles, whom Browning identifies with the man of Phokis mentioned by Plutarch in the life of Lysander:

"Then did a man of Phokis rise—O heart!
Rise—when no bolt of Zeus disparted sky,
No omen-bird from Pallas scared the crew,
Rise—when mere human argument could stem
No foam-fringe of the passion surging fierce,
Baffle no wrath-wave that o'er barrier broke—
Who was the Man of Phokis rose and flung
A flower i' the way of that fierce foot's advance,
Which,—stop for?—nay, had stamped down sword's assault!
Could it be He stayed Sparté with the snatch
"Daughter of Agamemnon, late my liege,
Elektra, palaced once, a visitant
To thy poor rustic dwelling, now I come"?

Ay, facing fury of revenge, and lust
 Of hate, and malice moaning to appease
 Hunger on prey presumptuous, prostrate now—
 Full in the hideous faces—last resource,
 He flung that choric flower, my Euthukles !

And see, as through some pinhole, should the wind
 Wedgingly pierce but once, in with a rush
 Hurries the whole wild weather, rends to rags
 The weak sail stretched against the outside storm—
 So did the power of that triumphant play
 Pour in, and oversweep the assembled foe !
 Triumphant play, wherein our poet first
 Dared bring the grandeur of the Tragic Two
 Down to the level of our common life,
 Close to the beating of our common heart.
 Elektra ? 'Twas Athenai, Sparté's ice
 Thawed to, while that sad portraiture appealed—
 Agamemnonian lady, lost by fault
 Of her own kindred, cast from house and home,
 Despoiled of all the brave inheritance,
 Dowered humbly as befits a herdsman's mate,
 Partaker of his cottage, clothed in rags,
 Patient performer of the poorest chares,
 Yet mindful, all the while, of glory past
 When she walked darling of Mukenai, dear
 Beyond Orestes to the King of Men !

So, because Greeks are Greeks, though Sparté's brood
 And hearts are hearts, though in Lusandros' breast,
 And poetry is power, and Euthukles
 Had faith therein to, full-face, fling the same—
 Sudden, the ice-thaw ! the assembled foe,
 Heaving and swaying with strange friendliness,
 Cried "Reverence Elektra !"—cried "Abstain
 Like that chaste Herdsman, nor dare violate
 The sanctity of such reverse ! Let stand
 Athenai !" —Pp. 356—8.

This reminiscence, historic in the main, naturally affords
 the fugitive Balaustion much satisfaction,—that her darling
 Athens, "the whole world's treasure-house," should have
 been saved by her worshipped poet, and indirectly through
 her, whose recital of the *Alkestis* at Syracuse had gained
 for her her husband Euthukles, for Athens the "Man of
 Phokis," who stemmed the wrath of the Spartans with the
 recital from *Elektra* :

"Saved was Athenai through Euripides,
Through Euthukles, through—more than ever—me,
Balaustion, me, who, Wild-pomegranate-flower,
Felt my fruit triumph, and fade proudly so!"—P. 360.

The long dictation has by this time brought the Kaunian galley in sight of Rhodes: it only remains to set down the destruction of the walls to the sound of the fluting of the girls of the comic chorus, "with Phaps-Elaphion at their head," and to record the belief of Balaustion that her poet lives in another world, while waves and winds ring in her ears:

"There are no gods, no gods!
Glory to God—who saves Euripides!"

There are some noteworthy differences of construction between *Aristophanes' Apology* and *Balaustion's Adventure*; and the most noteworthy is in the matter of metres,—involving a somewhat paradoxical consequence. The *Alkestis* is not transcribed unbrokenly from beginning to end; but the main part of it, all rendered into blank iambic verse, is worked in bit by bit, with critical observations and luminous descriptions by Balaustion; but the *Herakles* has been transcribed from first to last, mainly also in blank iambic verse, but with the choric speeches of the chorus (as distinct from the mere conversational ones) done into rhymed metres of the author's own; and all critical matter remains outside the fabric of the tragedy, which is thus easily detachable. Now the paradoxical consequence that strikes us is this, that, instead of being more Hellenic in tone than the broken and commented *Alkestis*, this unbroken and uncommented *Herakles* is less Hellenic, and mainly from the author's attempt to give some equivalent for the Greek choric metres. The measure of the choruses in this *Herakles* is generally too exuberant for perfect dignity,—too full of what we must call, for want of a better term, Browning's intense intellectual animal spirits. Look carefully at even the last chorus,—the last words of the tragedy,—

"And we depart, with sorrow at heart,
Sobs that increase with tears that start;
The greatest of all our friends of yore,
We have lost for evermore!"—P. 327.

Good as this is, it is somewhat full as a rendering of

“ στείχομεν οἰκτροὶ καὶ πολύκλαντοι
τὰ μέγιστα φίλων ὀλέσαντές.”

and you cannot but call it deficient in dignity of movement. It is not positively undignified, as some of the others are, but there is not dignity enough for the ending of such a tragedy,—not one tithe of the dignity that there is in this :

“ Who shall contend with his lords
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who shall bind them as with cords?
Who shall tame them as with song?
Who shall smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are strong.

And hence, strange deduction as it may seem, we are led to the conviction that the English tragedy of *Atalanta in Calydon*, with all its French anti-theism, is more thoroughly Hellenic in spirit and form than is this tolerably close rendering of a veritable Greek tragedy.

Another difference in construction, again in favour of the earlier poem of the two, is involved in the situations. In the setting of the *Alkestis*, Balaustion speaks of four girl-friends, none of whom were concerned in the adventure, and to whom every word she says comes as information obvious to be given; but in this far more elaborate setting of the *Herakles*, Euthukles, the person addressed, has to listen to his wife's account of his and their own doings, with which he is perfectly familiar; and this necessitates a slight *résumé* from verisimilitude. However, the plea of dictation is a very “cleanly shift,” and we must admit the force of such a masterly touch as that which the poet has thrown in near the opening, evidently aware of the undue elaborateness of plan: Balaustion, speaking to her husband about himself, says :

“ We two were sitting silent in the house,
Yet cheerless hardly, Euthukles,—forgive!
I somehow speak to unseen auditors.
Not *you*, but—Euthukles had entered, grave,
Grand, may I say, as who brings laurel-branch
And message from the tripod: such it proved.”—P. 15.

After this apology she is able to go on reporting Euthukles in the third person without strain; and we could ill afford to lose the sayings of the "man of Phokis," whose first utterance is the report of Euripides' death:

"Good words, the best, Balaustion! He is crowned,
Gone with his Attic ivy home to feast,
Since Aischulos required companionship.
Pour a libation to Euripides!"—P. 16.

Having sketched the outline of the work, we now come to the main subject,—the discussion between Aristophanes and Balaustion. It is not altogether fair to accuse a dramatic author of partisanship; and we must admit freely that there is perfect dramatic propriety and balance in the conception and treatment of the two chief persons of this monologue-drama,—Aristophanes and Balaustion, who are admirably contrasted throughout. Still it must be said that the poet of to-day is clearly enlisted on the side of Euripides as against Aristophanes,—that he wholly approves of the innovations in dramatic art that were so hateful to the supreme comedian, and which were practised by the youngest in that "tragic triad of immortal fames" that make up the most salient glory of Hellas. And so much partisanship is perfectly consistent with dramatic unity and propriety, because Browning, loving "our Euripides the human," hating the obscenity of Aristophanes, and doubting to the point of denial his pretensions to do good service to the state by scurrility and outrageous licence, had simply to choose a character like-minded with himself, and leave that character to carry on the discussion. This Balaustion does with as close a consistency as is shown by Aristophanes himself; and, while we feel quite certain that she is Browning's mouthpiece for his own views, we find also in her a new friend: as a creation in female character, the portraiture of Balaustion in both her books of adventure is unsurpassable; like *Pompilia of The Ring and the Book* she takes rank among the great women of literature; and she is at once one of the sweetest, subtlest, most womanly, and yet most cultured of the whole host of literary heroines.

The portrait of Aristophanes, though not so purely an invention, exhibits not one whit less of creative genius: we see the *man*, not the mere shadow to be felt dimly out

in the reading of his extant comedies; and, hateful as much in his character has clearly been to the draughtsman, the king of purely comic poets is drawn with due care for the vastness of his imagination, the magic of his style, the titanic power of his creating hands, and the hugeness of his laughter. It is true this Aristophanes who confronts Balaustion is a new person to us,—not the Aristophanes that students have managed to glean, hint by hint, from his works and from contemporary references; and in this newness is included the whole of what is to be said for and against the creation: we miss a certain subtlety we have been used to associate with the real Aristophanes,—a subtlety so choice and exquisite as to be at any time hard to reconcile with the gross and filthy licence of *Lysistrata*, and which is in reality not in dramatic keeping with the worst features of the real poet. Still there that exquisitely graceful drollery is; but here, in this noble picture of the poet, it is hardly to be found: at all events it is kept quite out of prominence; and rather than assume that there is aught in Aristophanes unappreciated by so subtle a humourist as Browning, we must assume that the incongruity we mention was deemed at the same time too much for dramatic propriety, and outside the purpose of writing Euripides up and Aristophanes down. Thus, while the suppression of a certain element in the real personality leaves the work open to the charge of partisanship (not, as we conceive, a grave charge against a dramatic work), it also, we believe, helps towards the perfect consistency and splendid solidity of a creation worthy to join the ranks not only of "Karshook, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty," but also of those more elaborately thought-out characters placed before us in *The Ring and the Book*.

That the author of *Aristophanes' Apology* is perfectly familiar with the works of Aristophanes, is abundantly evident, so that whatever he omits to consider or introduce is almost certain to be left out purposely, not by inadvertence. There is scarcely a parabasis or rhesis throughout the extant comedies but makes its appearance in one shape or another in the course of the *Apology*: the lines of thought and argument adopted in his public teachings of comedy by the real Aristophanes have evidently been followed through and through by Browning, digested, condensed, overlaid with thought and imagery of his own, and brought to light again under quite new aspects; and

the whole argument and defence as they now appear form so rigidly consequent a line of thought that it is by no means easy to give any notion of it without simply transcribing the whole: to break it is scant justice; and to condense further what is already condensed by such a close thinker and analyst as Browning is almost hopeless. Still we must attempt to give some rough idea of what the apology is.

Aristophanes, then, standing half-drunk before Balaustion, pleads against the idea of a poet shutting himself up in his study, or in some solitude of nature, say Salamis, to evolve comic poetry from his inner consciousness, without human audience, while all Athens is open to him to study, with her degenerate folly to make merry withal, her hateful vices and abominations whereon to pour out the satiric vials of his wrath. He pleads that he assumed the development of comic art from the point at which the Megarians stopped; recalls the names of Kratinos, Telekleides, Hermippos, and Eupolis, and how each left him somewhat to improve on or to adopt and rival,—how his comedies were no whit behind those of Kratinos in pungent invective—those of Eupolis in elegance of style,—how Telekleides and Hermippos were also inferior to him in one point or another, and how to each and all of his predecessors he added a refinement of taste and fancy quite his own. He recalls the greatness of Hellas, when men believed in the gods with full belief, and made demigods of their heroic fellow-men,—when the Greeks found peaceful delight in the external world of nature, in building such things as the Parthenon, and found their appropriate business in such fights as Marathon. He laments—if anything in his speech can be said to savour of lamentation—the succession of Euripides to Æschylus, and of an army of sophists, quibblers, sceptics, and false moralists to the great old heroes, nature-worshippers, and Parthenon-builders. He inveighs with a wholesome hatred against the dangers of enlisting the sympathies with the woes of adulterers, looks with contempt on those who teach Athenian youth to split hairs and chop straws in futile argument, and clings pertinaciously to the cultus of nature: to take up comic arms against this “sea of troubles” he deems his pugnacious mission,—this, and to bring to an end the Peloponnesian war now raging in its twenty-sixth year; and for his method of attack, that of singling

out representative men (Euripides among the number) and heaping on them lies and scurrility, he claims the immemorial licence accorded to comic art. His fundamental quarrel with Euripides is really based, according to his own showing, in his own not unwholesome materialism; and he has a further ground of quarrel in the proud forbearance and contemptuous dignity of the tragic poet, who has never deigned so much as the mildest of retorts. He hints that he as well as Euripides might have written tragedies if such had been his disposition; but that, seeing the state of things in Athens, he chose warfare, and selected comedy as his weapon.

Balaustion hears him out through his voluminous exposition of these and other sentiments and thoughts,—her presence being dramatically attested now and again by some break of a few words from her, or some comment of his on a gesture or look of hers; and when her time has come to speak, she takes up his argument bodily, having retained the whole in her mind, and turns it inside out, so to speak. She points out the flaws in his claim to have full licence of lying and foul speech, says that such right is not an immemorial property of comic art, and that comedy itself is not a product of the good old days when Greeks had perfect freedom, but an excrescence bred of the licentious age of the present and immediate past. As to his preaching against the Peloponnesian War, she says Euripides has preached peace too, and asks with pregnant insistence what the preaching has come to,—is Athens at peace—is Sparta quieted? On the contrary, the war still rages, and Athens has refused to accept peace on the proposed cession of territory by the League. She accuses his materialistic teaching of a tendency to the opposite result,—to indolence, indulgence, and luxury—vices that are anything but likely to secure peace. She says that what he so prizes as his own divine art of comedy is really intolerable ribaldry; and she makes bold to denounce him as more sophistical than all the sophists he so hates, inasmuch as he has juggled with his own better nature, which better nature is called up to the surface by her noble and pure presence, and inasmuch as both by his preaching and by his practice he has sought to obliterate the lines that separate virtue and vice, to show that the virtues dear to Euripides are vicious, and the vices dear to him and his enthusiastic public are virtuous. She is, of course, in advance of her age; and, just as she

had a look at English art in the former book, quoting Mrs. Browning and pronouncing a picture by Mr. Leighton "worthy to set up in our Poikilé," so in the present book she takes a dip into the future and has a look at English studentship and moral sentiment. She fancies that, "though Hellas be the sole unbarbarous land," there may be other islands where, "in fresh days when no Hellas fills the world," there shall be men and women to

"behold, as we,
Blue heaven, black earth, and love, hate, hope and fear,
Over again unhelped by Attiké,"

and that haply some god may steer thither to the "lonely ignorance, islanded, say, where mist and snow mass hard to metal," and ask what they think of this statue by Phidias, that picture by Zeuxis,—“ye too feel truth, love beauty: judge of these!” She foresees the criticism of such representations of humanity as show man without a sword at his side, though evidently dressed for walking “in thronged Athenai,” and such as depict him “wrestling at the public games egregiously exposed from head to foot.” She foresees the ready answer of her supposed immortal to such criticism, that Athens first so tamed the natural fierceness of her progeny that they “discarded arms, nor feared the beast in man,” and, as regards the nudity,

“When mind had bared itself, came body’s turn,
And only irreligion grudged the gods
The naked glory of their master-work
Where all is glorious rightly understood,—
The human frame;”

but, having in her mind the incongruous obscenity of *Lysistrata* which she has been persuaded to see, she can foretell no satisfactory answer to criticisms of such unseemliness, should such be found in work of Phidias or Zeuxis,

“Unseemliness,—of no more warrant, there
And then, than now and here, whate’er the time
And place.”

Here she clearly strikes home, and represents the best school of English criticism. Again when she thinks of some future bard who shall blend tragedy with comedy,

and do each supremely, we cannot keep our thought away from England; and when, after the reading of *Herakles*, Aristophanes again takes up the word and recurs to Balaustion's imaginary bard, where can our thought fall except on Shakespeare?

"While, as to your imaginary Third
Who,—stationed (by mechanics past my guess)
So as to take in every side at once,
And not successively,—may reconcile
The High and Low in tragi-comic verse,—
He shall be hailed superior to us both
When born—in the Tin-islands!"—P. 331.

Undoubtedly he is hailed superior to them both, and rightly; for though both Euripides and Aristophanes had a sense of perfection in form that no Englishman ever had, unless, perhaps, it were Shelley, surely neither came near to Shakespeare in largeness of mind and universality of perception.

But to return to the contest between the Greek comic poet and the Greek spiritual woman: undoubtedly the poet of to-day has given the victory into the woman's hands,—has endowed her with an enthusiasm rarely if ever seen in either sex, with a prodigious memory, and with a tact and subtlety of intellect that are, to say the least, beyond what are recorded of any real woman. To this we make no objection: it is not inartistic in conception, according to our judgment of what high art is; and it is carried out with supreme power and refinement of feeling; while the whole book displays an amount of erudition that is quite astonishing when we consider the bulk of Browning's works and the invariably intellectual quality of them. Still, admitting all this, and feeling that in the main issue, reduced to its simplest terms, Balaustion is right and Aristophanes wrong, hence that the English poet is once more right in the bent of his poem,—admitting and feeling thus, we must put on record the conviction that this is not the work to go to for an accurate and unbiassed appreciation of the two lesser of the four great dramatic poets of Hellas.

The main issue we have alluded to is the simple question of choosing sides broadly, both in life and in art,—whether to side with ideal beauty and spiritual perfection, or with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Doubtless,

Euripides sided in the main, and according to his lights, with ideal beauty and spiritual perfection; and doubtless Aristophanes looked with too kindly a leer on the world and the flesh as represented in degenerate Athens. Yet an impartial student of the decline and fall of Athens will recognize in the works of both poets unmistakable factors in that decadence; for, while Aristophanes pandered to the rampant spirit of self-indulgence and gross licence, Euripides undermined, or helped to undermine, serious conviction by his extensive deliverances of a critical and sophistical character,—deliverances which are pretty nearly co-extensive with the whole wide range of contemporary thought and sentiment, and which naturally led to the spread of an unwholesome scepticism. If in Aristophanes there is much that is an offence to art as well as to morals through its abominable licence, so in Euripides there is much that is an affliction to his art through its wearisome windings and hair-splittings and shiftings. In this age of lesser things we can ill afford to give up on any plea of flaw or fault poets who stand in the foremost ranks of the singers of all time; and while we take Euripides as he is for the sake of his democratic humanity, and splendid pathos, and ideal beauty of form, take him with sophistry and straw-chopping and all, so we take Aristophanes for his grand qualities, and put up with the worst of him, turning the page, as Chaucer recommends, and choosing “another tale” when his grossness is too much for us. We can readily understand how the author of “Bishop Blougram’s Apology,” “A Death in the Desert,” and the lawyers’ monologues in *The Ring and the Book*, should readily pardon Euripides for what are currently deemed his worst sins against artistic propriety; but on the whole we should have preferred to see him more even-handed as towards the faults of Aristophanes.

We do not for one moment wish to palliate those faults, which are of a gross and most baneful kind; but Aristophanes is as clearly entitled as Euripides to the benefit of being considered in connexion with the particular phase of society in which he wrought. Obscenity is, we should say, a far worse fault than quibbling, litigiousness, shiftiness, or any other of the faults of which Euripides has been accused—even than that particular form of vulgarity which some have laid to his charge, and of the existence whereof

in his works we take leave to doubt ; but if any state of society can palliate obscenity such as that of *Lysistrata*, surely that state is the state of the demoralized Athenians who not merely tolerated Aristophanes at his worst, but received him with raptures albeit such raptures were probably somewhat vapid. Grossness such as is bred of mere openness of speech must not be regarded as absolute, but as relative to the time and civilization wherein it occurs : obscenity, on the other hand, is much more nearly absolute. Thus, we can readily suppose that much in Aristophanes, which now seems to us gross and dirty, was to him and his contemporaries merely natural and funny, and quite free from taint ; but we cannot think that such spectacles as there are in *Lysistrata*,—spectacles, expressions, thoughts, and sentiments, all alike positively obscene,—can have seemed free from taint to the degenerate men and women who flocked to be thus filthily regaled, much less to that supreme intelligence and magnificent craftsmanship that we recognize in Aristophanes. We have little doubt that Aristophanes, with no considerations of self-interest to look to, would have admitted the taint if taxed home, or that the lowliest man in Athens, set quietly face to face with a Balaustion, would have been ready to see that there was no real excuse for such things, and would have pleaded at most the *vox populi*.

Thus, whatever palliation in the peculiar circumstances, there must have been in Aristophanes, to some extent, moral obliquity ; and this is the more culpable inasmuch as an intelligence so vast should have been thoroughly a leader in the right direction, whether in matters moral or social, or in the small political dealings of Greece. Of Euripides, we do not think any taint of moral obliquity can be fairly predicated ; and hence, to an artist inheriting a long succession of moral traditions, it would be naturally far more easy to condone the faults of the tragedian than those of the comedian. By a critic, the sins of Euripides against art must be called in question equally with those of Aristophanes ; and it is because Browning's work is not in the main critical, but creative, that we do not insist on the partisanship as a matter of first importance, more especially as he has unquestionably taken the higher side in his partisanship, as we have already admitted. Doubtless the English poet has felt that there was something left to say about these two Greek poets, and has adopted the happiest method of saying it ; and, while we differ from

him, in certain points on the critical side of his work, we gladly accept the work not only as a noble piece of dramatic characterization, but as a most remarkable application of analytical psychology to the study of Greek manners, morals, art, and art-criticism, and indeed Greek thought and sentiment generally at the time of the fall of Athens.

There is not a great deal that it is necessary to say on this occasion, in addition to what we have already hinted, concerning the translation of the *Herakles Mainomenos*. It is not unlikely that this translation (or "transcript," as the poet calls it) was projected as the principal fabric of a smaller work than the present; but, however that may have been, the dimensions which *Aristophanes' Apology* assumes render the tragic transcript not greatly more than an ornamental appendage with that amount of superadded critical value that a translation by a highly original poet must have. As it stands, by itself, this version of the *Herakles* is an admirable, if not a faultless poem; but the tragedy is not so moving or so noble a one as that of *Alkestis*, notwithstanding the notorious blemish of the wrangle between father and son in the *Alkestis*, and notwithstanding the pathos and tenderness of the relations subsisting between the muscular demi-god and his putative father, Eurystheus, in the *Herakles*. Supreme tragedy there is, doubtless, but nothing that speaks so eloquently for the adorable unselfishness of a loving and perfect woman, or indeed for any other noble human virtue, as that glorious death-scene of *Alkestis*, rendered so perfectly in *Balaustion's Adventure*; and in the most tragic and pathetic passages of the *Herakles*, Browning has been as fully equal to the occasion as he was in those of the *Alkestis*—rendering the Greek for the most part in stately simple English, of great force and perspicuity. The noble scene in which Megara brings forth her children, "draped as the dead go," to meet the murderous fate decreed by Lycus, is as good an example as we can find of the fine qualities of this translation; and in the speech she pours forth to them and to their absent father, Euripides attains one of his highest points in that depicting of human nature wherein he is so great. We transcribe the speech in full.

"Be it so! Who is priest, who butcher here
Of these ill-fated ones, or stops the breath
Of me, the miserable? Ready, see,

The sacrifice—to lead where Haides lives !
 O children, we are led—no lovely team
 Of corpses—age, youth, motherhood, all mixed !
 O sad fate of myself and these my sons
 Whom with these eyes I look at, this last time !
 I, indeed, bore you : but for enemies
 I brought you up to be a laughing-stock,
 Matter for merriment, destruction-stuff !
 Woe's me !
 Strangely indeed my hopes have struck me down
 From what I used to hope about you once—
 The expectation from your father's talk !
 For thee, now, thy dead sire dealt Argos too :
 Thou wast to have Eurustheus' house one day,
 And rule Pelasgia where the fine fruits grow ;
 And for a stole of state, he wrapped about
 Thy head with that the lion-monster bore,
 That which himself went wearing armour-wise.
 And thou wast King of Thebes—such chariots there !
 Those plains I had for portion—all for thee,
 As thou hadst coaxed them out of who gave birth
 To thee, his boy : and into thy right hand
 He thrust the guardian-club of Daïdalos,—
 Poor guardian proves the gift that plays thee false !
 And upon thee he promised to bestow
 Oichalia—what, with those far-shooting shafts,
 He ravaged once ; and so, since three you were,
 With threefold kingdoms did he build you up
 To very towers, your father,—proud enough,
 Prognosticating, from your manliness
 In boyhood, what the manhood's self would be.
 For my part, I was picking out for you
 Brides, suiting each with his alliance—this
 From Athens, this from Sparté, this from Thebes—
 Whence, suited—as stern-cables steady ship—
 You might have hold on life gods bless. All gone !
 Fortune turns round and gives us—you, the Fates
 Instead of brides—me, tears for nuptial baths,
 Unhappy in my hoping ! And the sire
 Of your sire—he prepares the marriage feast
 Befitting Haides who plays father now—
 Bitter relationship ! Oh me ! which first—
 Which last of you shall I to bosom fold ?
 To whom shall I fit close, his mouth to mine ?
 Of whom shall I lay hold and ne'er let go ?
 How would I gather, like the brown-winged bee,
 The groans from all ; and gathered into one,

Give them you back again, a crowded tear !
Dearest, if any voice be heard of men
Dungeoned in Haides, thee—to thee I speak !
Here is thy father dying, and thy boys !
And I too perish, famed as fortunate
By mortals once, through thee ! Assist them ! Come !
But come ! though just a shade, appear to me !
For, coming, thy ghost-grandeur would suffice,
Such cowards are they in thy presence, these
Who kill thy children now thy back is turned.”—Pp. 239-42.

We do not see how this rendering could be bettered, either in diction or in the solemnity of the metric flow, which seems to carry the weight of the “Euripidean pathos” with a peculiar happiness of adjustment ; and there is an equal fitness of cadence and diction in the shorter and hardier speech of *Amphitryon*, which we quote, together with the passages conducting the action to the unexpected appearance of Herakles:—

“Ay, daughter, bid the powers below assist !
But I will rather, raising hand to heaven,
Call thee to help, O Zeus, if thy intent
Be, to these children, helpful anyway,
Since soon thou wilt be valueless enough !
And yet thou hast been called and called ; in vain
I labour ; for we needs must die, it seems.
Well, aged brothers—life’s a little thing !
Such as it is, then, pass life pleasantly
From day to night, nor once grieve all the while !
Since Time concerns him not about our hopes,—
To save them,—but his own work done, flies off.
Witness myself, looked up to among men,
Doing noteworthy deeds : when here comes fate
Lifts me away, like feather skyward borne,
In one day ! Riches then and glory, whom
These are found constant to, I know not. Friends,
Farewell ! the man who loved you all so much,
Now, this last time, my mates, ye look upon !

Megara.—Ha !

O father, do I see my dearest ? Speak.

Amphitruon.—No more than thou canst, daughter—dumb like thee !

Megara.—Is this he whom we heard was under ground ?

Amphitruon.—Unless at least some dream we see !

Megara.—What do I say ? what dreams insanely view ?

This is no other than thy son, old sire !

Here, children ! hang to these paternal robes,
Quick, haste, hold hard on him, since here's your true
Zeus that can save—and every whit as well !"—Pp. 243-5.

We have already noticed in passing that the choric work in *Aristophanes' Apology* is not fully up to the mark in the matter of dignity ; but it will readily be seen from the foregoing extracts that no such charge can plausibly extend to the simple blank-verse rendering of the speeches ; and indeed the scene is but a fair sample of the quality of work throughout the bulk of the drama. We shall make but one more extract, and that with the view of showing the choruses at what we deem their best :

"Youth is a pleasant burthen to me ;
But age on my head, more heavily
Than the crags of Aitna, weighs and weighs,
And darkening cloaks the lids and intercepts the rays.
Never be mine the preference
Of an Asian empire's wealth, nor yet
Of a house all gold, to youth, to youth
That's beauty, whatever the gods dispense !
Whether in wealth we joy, or fret
Paupers,—of all God's gifts most beautiful, in truth !

"But miserable murderous age I hate !
Let it go to wreck, the waves adown,
Nor ever by rights plague tower or town]
Where mortals bide, but still elate
With wings, on ether, precipitate,
Wander them round—nor wait !

"But if the gods, to man's degree,
Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
Mankind a twofold youth, to be
Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see
In those with whom life's winter thus grew spring.
For when they died, into the sun once more
Would they have traversed twice life's racecourse o'er ;
While ignobility had simply run
Existence through, nor second life begun.
And so might we discern both bad and good
As surely as the starry multitude
Is numbered by the sailors, one and one.
But now the gods by no apparent line
Limit the worthy and the base define ;
Only a certain period rounds, and so
Brings man more wealth,—but youthful vigour, no !

" Well ! I am not to pause
 Mingling together—wine and wine in cup—
 The Graces with the Muses up—
 Most dulcet marriage ; loosed from music's laws
 No life for me !
 But where the wreaths abound, there ever may I be !
 And still, an aged bard, I shout Mnemosuné—
 Still chant of Herakles the triumph-chant,
 Companioned by the seven-stringed tortoise-shell
 And Libuan flute, and Bromios' self as well,
 God of the grape, with man participant !
 Not yet will we arrest their glad advance—
 The Muses who so long have led me forth to dance !
 A paian—hymn the Delian girls indeed,
 Weaving a beauteous measure in and out
 His temple-gates, Latona's goodly seed ;
 And paians—I too, these thy domes about,
 From these grey cheeks, my king, will swan-like shout—
 Old songster ! Ay, in song it starts off brave—
 ' Zeus' son is he ! ' and yet, such grace of birth
 Surpassing far, to man his labours gave
 Existence, one calm flow without a wave,
 Having destroyed the beasts, the terrors of the earth."—
 Pp. 257-260.

In the phrase " Nor ever by rights plague tower or town,"
 one recognizes at once the hand, not of Euripides, but of
 Browning ; and in the passage,

" Well ! I am not to pause
 Mingling together—wine and wine in cup—
 The Graces with the Muses up—
 Most dulcet marriage,"

there is both inelegance and obscenity ; and the Greek
 words,

" παιᾶνας δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς μελάθροις
 κύκνος ὥς γέρων ἀοιδὸς
 πολιᾶν ἐκ γενύων
 κελαδήσω,"

though not traduced by the rendering, " And paians—I
 too," &c. (see above), are not, by any means, happily
 rendered, the present version being too grotesque. The
 picture of an " old songster " engaged in " shouting " *psans*,
 " swan-like," from " grey cheeks " is far more
 homely than the original affords any warrant for. Without
 the swan-simile *κελαδήσω* might be rendered " will shout,"

instead of by the more general verb "will sound;" but as swans do not shout, it is unfair, for the sake of a rhyme, to let Euripides have the credit of making them do so.

The one or two points of palpable defect in the chorus quoted above,—certainly one of the most dignified,—serve to illustrate what we said before of the result obtained by the attempt to differentiate the choric passages from the dialogues and monologues. When Browning is uttering his own thoughts, often quasi-comic, and often nobly grotesque, no one could possibly be a better judge than he of the lyric metres best fitted to clothe such thoughts in; and so far are we from underrating his lyric powers that we look with great pleasure to the possible day when he shall again publish a collection of dramatic-lyrical poems, which we feel sure he must by now have by him. But we do not think any impartial judge could turn first to such a chorus as that we have just quoted and criticized, and then to the chorus,—

"Harbour of many a stranger,"

rendered in blank-verse in *Balaustion's Adventure*, without coming to the conclusion that the blank-verse one is the more literal, the less mannered, the more beautiful intrinsically, and the more nearly Greek in form and spirit.

The question of propriety in the spelling of Greek proper names is in these days made so important a subject of dispute, that we must not close without taking, and examining too, the evidence of so cultured and far-seeing a witness as Browning,—especially as, since first adopting the Greek mode of spelling, he has clearly given some thought to the subject, has retracted certain points of the creed of Greek orthography implied in *Balaustion's Adventure*, while, in certain others, *Aristophanes' Apology* may be said to push to a further extreme the method introduced by Mr. Grote. In 1871, Browning submitted so far to the consequences of spelling Greek words as the Greeks spelt them, that he actually spelt thus the Greek roots of certain English words; and we had to stomach not merely such natural consequences as *Olumpos*, but such unnatural ones as *Phrugian*, *Ludian*, and *Puthian*, for *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, and *Pythian*; but Athens was still Athens, Sparta still Sparta, and Thebes not yet Thebai. Now, in 1875, so far as the *setting* of the *Herakles* is concerned, Athens has become *Athenai*, Thebes *Thebai*, and Sparta

Sparté, while the English words formed from Greek proper names have resumed their orthodoxy, so that we now have *Olympian*, *Olympiad*, *Pythian*, *Isthmian*, and so on, in all such cases except some three, *Nemeian*, *Kimmerian*, and *Stugian*. On the other hand many words which are immemorial properties of our tongue are now given us in Greek,—as *seiren* for *syren*, *choros* and *choragos* for *chorus* and *choragus*, *kuklops* and *kentaur* for *cyclops* and *centaur*, *stulos* for *stylus*, and so on.

The final rule the poet has set himself, and to it there are many exceptions, seems to be this,—to spell after the Greek fashion all proper names, and also all words that have come bodily into our language and are generally accepted in a Latinized form. In *Balaustion's Adventure*, the Greek spelling was generally only given in proper names, and adjectives compounded therefrom, and not even in proper names when the outline of the word had to be altered, as in *Athenai* for *Athens*. This rule, with some remarkable exceptions, is adopted in the version of the *Herakles*; from which fact we draw with a feeling of absolute conviction a not unimportant deduction,—namely that the translation of the *Herakles* was done soon after 1871, and before the elaborate setting was begun; that in working out *Aristophanes' Apology*, by far more important than the mere translation, what we have called the final rule was arrived at, and that, in a few instances, the translation was subsequently amended. To have substituted *Athenai* for *Athens* and *Thebai* for *Thebes* throughout, and thus have made it consistent with the bulk of the book, and to have made other kindred changes, would have involved rewriting quite a considerable portion of the Euripidean tragedy, and this would certainly not have been worth while.

Now, for our own part, we object emphatically to the alteration of such common nouns of Hellenic origin as have passed into the fabric of the language and are in common use, because, if we are to give up our choruses, our centaurs, and our syrens, and be called on to use a “*stulos*” when disposed to write with a “*manifold writer*,” we do not see how we can claim to spell any of our innumerable derivative words otherwise than as they are or were written in the living or dead languages whence they come. For the proper names, so objectionable seems to us the French system of gallicizing such words out of

all possibility of recognition, that we should be disposed to adopt the rule of preserving them intact. In many cases there is manifest gain in beauty or strength; and, hard though it be to recognize in Balaustion's Kunthia, Kuthereia, Kirké and Thoukudides, our old friends Cynthia, Cytherea, Circe and Thucydides, there is no difficulty or grotesqueness in a great number of instances. Browning has probably formed his plan with an eye to the future, when the important question of Greek *pronunciation* shall have been settled: there can be no doubt whatever that the generally adopted pronunciation is wrong; but it is premature to reckon on its being changed. We presume the poet has himself abandoned the orthodox vowel sounds, and has not thought it worth while to take into consideration that, at all events for the present, the *u* in *Olumpos* to nearly all English people is identical with the *u* in *lump*, and that the grand Greek word thus becomes hideous when spelt as originally. If, as seems more than probable, the Greeks pronounced their *ou* and *u* much as the French do, and we in reading their words adopt that pronunciation, there is a very slight difference between *Olympus* and *Olumpos*; and such words as *Thoukudides* and *Arethousa* are shorn of all their terrors,—the latter, indeed, having merely to be pronounced as nearly all seafaring people pronounce the name of Her Majesty's Ship so called.

In the vatic words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the *poet* as well as the *tyrant* (and poets are the best kind of tyrants)

"should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a God made wroth,
Against each piled injustice ;"

and if Browning assumes in the next generation the high influence over the minds of the cultivated to which his intelligence and insight would entitle him, he may come to be set up as an authority in matters of even such minor importance as orthography. If so, the mangled remains of many of our beautiful anglicized Greek words will inevitably start up from the pages of his books, and drive against the "piled injustice," not merely of asking for bread and cheese and beer instead of *breod*, *cyse* and *bir*, but of speaking and writing the main part of our language as at present. The jargon demanded by simple justice as a consequence of this overstrained Hellenism would rival the polyglot of Babel.

- ART. IV.—1. *Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* In Two Volumes. London: Longmans, Green and Co.
2. *The Supernatural in the New Testament, Possible, Credible, and Historical: or, An Examination of the Validity of some Recent Objections against Christianity as a Divine Revelation.* By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's; Author of "The Jesus of the Evangelists," "The Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration," "The Moral Teaching of the New Testament," &c. London: Frederick Norgate, 17, Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Williams and Norgate, 20, Frederick-street, Edinburgh. 1875.
3. *The Miracles of Our Lord in Relation to Modern Criticism.* By F. L. STEINMEYER, D.D., Ordinary Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated, with the permission of the Author, from the German, by L. A. Wheatley. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1875.

THE appearance of the work which heads the above list was the signal for a jubilant outburst on the part of the organs of unbelief. Semi-infidel reviewers and critics were eloquent in praise of the fearlessness and skill displayed by their new ally: the epithets "erudite," "logical," "elaborate," and the like, were lavished on the anonymous author with a profusion resembling that of some foreign universities in the bestowment of learned degrees; while sober-minded people began to be seriously alarmed lest a greater than Renan or Strauss had arisen to sweep away whatever vestiges of the ancient faith his predecessors had left to be obliterated. Surely the author of *Supernatural Religion* can now afford to qualify his complaint of the "odium which has been attached to any doubt regarding the dominant religion," and, considering the thousands of copies of his work called for by the public, will be disposed to reconsider his statement as to the "serious, though covert, discouragement of the Church to all critical examination of the title-deeds of Christianity." It may be said that this

popularity is owing to the spirit of doubt which has "of late years become too strong for repression:" but we would rather attribute it to that love of fair play which has always been a characteristic of the Englishman, and in no wise a growth of modern times. If the Church—we speak of the Protestant Church—had desired to stifle inquiry, she would have destroyed libraries and manuscripts instead of preserving them; she would have discouraged universities, with their professorships of sacred criticism and lectureships on the evidences, instead of founding them; she would have maintained an *index expurgatorius* and a public censor of the press, instead of abolishing them for ever. And as to the odium attaching to doubt, if any still lingers, it must be remembered that there are other considerations besides suspicion of motives which may lead good men to shun those whose principles appear to them subversive of moral order and social happiness. We think the reality, if not of divine revelation itself, yet of its hold upon the minds of men would be sufficiently invalidated if the day ever dawned when religious truth and religious error should be viewed by them with equal approbation, and when every warning voice lifted up to condemn false principles should be hushed in admiration of the persons who espouse and defend them. Freedom of expression for honest thought is the birthright of every man; but bland complacency in all its vagaries is a privilege not so easily conceded.

Loud as has been the chorus of praise that greeted the birth of this book, a few months have sufficed to dispel some of the myths which so rapidly gathered around it. Its loads of learned references turn out to be made up in great part of "chips from a German workshop," its trenchant logic has been found guilty of every form of fallacy, and its boasted candour shown to be flawed by a vein of disingenuousness and illiberality. The "many years of earnest and serious investigation" have not been so economised as to include either the study of the more eminent modern apologists or the contemplation of the great moral benefits conferred by Christianity on mankind; nor do they seem to have deepened in the mind of the author that sentiment of veneration for its central Personage which most men instinctively feel and find it impossible to shake off. There is a certain glitter of style and energy of movement about the book, such as will always set off what might otherwise be repulsive, and we have no doubt that some immature minds will be for a time unsettled by its specious reasonings. But as a contribution to the important

questions it discusses, its sole value can be that of a stimulus to farther research and inquiry on the part of those who may have been too easily content to receive the evidences of Christianity at second hand.

It is not our purpose here to go over all the ground occupied by these two volumes : the undertaking would be too bulky for our limits : we shall confine ourselves wholly to the first part, which treats of miracles, and shall consider how far the author is warranted in the conclusions to which he would conduct us. In doing so we are happy to avail ourselves of the aid afforded by the volume which stands next on our list. Written at the instance of the Christian Evidence Society by one who had in his former publications proved himself competent to such a task, it presents in a compact shape a series of close and well-arranged arguments on the defensive side, forming a valuable contribution to Christian apologetics apart from the occasion which has called it forth. Both the assailant and the defender of Christianity have rightly estimated the real question at issue and the nature of the discussion it involves. The main problem is the historical evidence for the supernatural events described in the New Testament. All others,—such as Old Testament difficulties and ecclesiastical pretensions,—are of subordinate importance, and must be decided in accordance with the settlement of the central controversy. If the existence of the supernatural in the New Testament can be satisfactorily proved, minor objections to revealed religion fall to the ground : if not, appeal to the merely moral elements of Christianity is useless, and the candid confession must be made that all is lost. This narrowing of the issue affords a vast advantage to the cause of truth, on whichever side that may lie. Not every mind is so constituted as to be able to grasp the full force of even a single induction, when grounded on an immense variety of particulars as is the case here ; but the chances of clear comprehension are greatly diminished when a multitude of such inductions, interlacing at every point, has to be kept before the eye, and a conclusion reached by the balancing of their respective probabilities. Confusion alone can in most cases follow from such a process, and in the wake of confusion, in those impatient of long doubting, a passive acquiescence in previous inclinations ; but the goal of enlightened conviction is not likely to be attained.

Closely connected with the question of historical proof, but yet to be distinguished from it, is that of the possibility and credibility of such phenomena as the New Testament declares

to have occurred. There are three ways in which it may be treated. It may be simply ignored, by saying that since testimony proves the facts it also demonstrates the possibility of the conceptions which correspond to them : this is not the more excellent way. It may be unwarrantably mixed up, as by Hume, with the question of the facts, by putting into the one scale the possibility of testimony being false and into the other the impossibility of the miraculous being true ; but this, as will be shown hereafter, is an unfair mode of conducting the argument, and one that would be instantly condemned in ordinary life. The true method is to weigh separately the arguments for the possibility of miracles and those for the validity of the testimony to them, taking of course the former first.

Prior, however, even to this consideration comes the necessary investigation into the meaning of the terms with which it is proposed to deal. Here Mr. Row convicts the anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* of more than one serious deficiency. Taking the correlative terms "nature" and "the supernatural," under which are we to class mankind ? Are we or are we not a part of nature and its order ? This is not so easily determined as at first sight appears. "Man is within material nature," says Mr. Row, "as far as regards his bodily organisation ; but he is outside or above it, and belongs to a different order, as far as his rational action, his volition and his moral powers are concerned." There is no objection to classing man's operations among those which are designated natural, if it be remembered that they are marked by peculiarities lacking in the rest of the class, that they are clearly discriminated from them by the characters of freedom as opposed to necessity, and consequently of contingency as opposed to invariable sequence. But this is the very point most liable to be overlooked : to give up this would be practically to give up all distinction between the natural and the supernatural, and with it the whole question at issue. A similar confusion is observable in the current use of the word "law," only that the illegitimate extension of its meaning travels in the contrary direction. In the former case, mental phenomena are cramped within limits which only apply to material : in this a certain majesty and sacredness are ascribed to the material which only appertain to the mental. Physical laws are regarded, through the ambiguity of the term denoting them, as invested with the obligatoriness of moral injunctions ; so that for a mountain to move out of its place at the behest of a force owning

no affinity with those of the volcano comes to be esteemed an offence against good taste if not something more, and to be deemed as reprehensible as the reeling to and fro of the poor victim of intemperance. But the two laws thus violated are wide as the poles asunder : in fact the phrase "violated" is in strictness only applicable to the moral one, which suffers a real discredit and indignity from the voluntary misconduct of the drunkard, whereas in the case of a mountain moved by faith there is neither violation nor suspension of law, but the counteraction of a blind and necessary force, which usually operates according to a certain rule, by a force of another order. Forces are all that work, whether in nature or upon it : laws are only modes of working, which may be observed either invariably as in the domain of matter where they depend on the original will of the Creator, or variably as in the domain of mind where they depend for their fulfilment on the decisions of intelligence either human or Divine.

The meaning of the word "miracle" also demands definition, but this is utterly neglected by the author of *Supernatural Religion*, to his own and his readers' great peril and loss. He informs us that "throughout the Old Testament the doctrine is inculcated that supernatural communications must have supernatural attestation." So far as this statement implies a definition of miracles, it is at once too narrow and too wide. Too narrow, because, as Mr. Row rightly says, it is not of the essence of a miracle that it should transcend the powers of nature ; it is only necessary that the event should take place at the bidding of the person whose mission it authenticates or be by him foreseen. Too wide, because it fails to specify the connection of the miracle with a divine mission entrusted to some particular person, and because it overlooks the moral element which must enter into the miracle as the volitional act of its author and so become a test of the divinity of its origin. The statement is otherwise faulty in not showing in what way miracles are attestations of supernatural communications ; in leaving it uncertain whether every supernatural event is a miracle, *i.e.*, an attestation of the kind referred to ; and also in overlooking the important facts that other evidence besides that of miracles is constantly appealed to as fitted to work conviction of the truth, and that some of the chief doctrines of Scripture, themselves supernatural events, are accepted by the Church altogether apart from any credentials which attesting miracles afford.

The recovery of Peter's wife's mother from her sickness is an example of an event not necessarily belonging to the supernatural order, but its occurrence at the bidding of Christ makes it miraculous. The plagues of Egypt are evidently instances of natural force working with extraordinary and concentrated energy, but which might or might not imply supernatural direction and design: their obedience to the waving of Moses' rod is the proof of the presence of the God of nature taking vengeance on the gods of Egypt. In the vast majority of the New Testament miracles, as the multiplying of the loaves, the walking upon the waters, and the raising of the dead, we see events which no mere intensification of natural force will account for: still it is their connection with the person and mission of Christ which makes them miracles. The inexplicitness of the anonymous author on the other points named, and the consequences of it, will appear more clearly as we proceed.

If we wish to give the Christian revelation a fair chance of establishing its claims, it is plain that we must go to the revelation itself and inquire in what way it seeks to establish them, and not set up an arbitrary standard of our own. There is a large class of passages whose bearing on this point has been too much neglected; and they go to show that Christ appealed in the first place to the moral and spiritual glory of His own person and character, and regarded miracles as a lower order of proof. There are certain states of mind and certain generations of men to which the one would be more convincing, and others to which the other might appear more impressive. To perceive the moral majesty of the man Christ Jesus requires a refinement and discipline of the moral sensibilities that miracles, considered as mere interferences with natural order, do not. No amount of scientific research or philosophical speculation will ever, we are persuaded, disprove the possibility, or diminish the value as evidence, of the Christian miracles; but the canons of historical criticism and the elevated moral standards of such an age as this can find no better employment than that of gauging the perfect character portrayed in the Gospels; and their verdict should rank at least as high as that of the critics who investigate the value of the miracles, considered simply as proofs of power over nature. On this point Mr. Row says:—

“In the fourteenth chapter of this Gospel we have the following remarkable declaration, which puts the whole subject in the

clearest light. Philip says to Him, 'Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' Jesus said unto Him, 'Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father: Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father which hath sent me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me, or else believe me for the very works' sake.' This passage contains several most important considerations directly bearing on this subject. I will mention them in order. First Philip asks for his complete conviction a visible miracle in the form of an appearance of God, such as was recorded in the Old Testament as having taken place at Sinai. Secondly, our Lord affirms that the manifestations of His character made in His person and work during His previous acquaintance with him, were the truest manifestations of the person, character and being of the Father. Thirdly, that the words which He spake, and His entire working, possessed an evidential character, as proving that He came from the Father; and that His moral and spiritual perfections were such as to entitle His affirmation to be received on His own word. Fourthly, that if Philip was unable to receive them on this evidence, which occupied the highest place, then He was entitled to be believed on the evidence of His supernatural works, 'If ye believe not me, believe the works.'

"This entire passage makes it clear that in the mind of our Lord the moral evidence afforded by Him constituted a most important portion of the attestation of His divine mission. Nor was its value confined to those who witnessed it during the time of His personal ministry, but He viewed it as extending to all time. This is made clear by His reply to Thomas, in reference to his demand to be allowed to handle His risen body. 'Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.'"

Indeed, Mr. Row does not overstate the evidential force of what he calls the "moral environment" of miracles, when he says that without it their value as evidence of a Divine mission must cease. For a Divine mission, concerned as it is with men's moral and spiritual interests, and exercised by a person or persons possessing a moral character, must in every phase of it be invested with qualities that display a moral significance. Every act of a moral agent partakes of the nature either of virtue or vice, and so consequently must even the miraculous operations of a messenger from God.

The fundamental position of Christianity appears to be misunderstood by the author of *Supernatural Religion*. The

relation of the miracles, like that of believers in them, is not primarily and principally to the truths proclaimed but to the persons proclaiming them. Especially is this true of the central Person, to whom all other divinely accredited messengers point. The creeds of Christendom embody, not abstract dogmas, but objective facts, in which the chief Agent is the Son of God. The miracles are wrought by Himself and His followers to attest His relationship to God and to mankind : this established, all His words are to be received and obeyed, but they are received and obeyed because He is what He is, not because He has wrought miracles to make them binding. Christianity is not a mere system of truth : it does not present itself to mankind as the advocate of certain tenets to be accepted as mere intellectual beliefs. It professes through the Person it announces to communicate a spiritual enlightenment and elevation to all who enter into relations of trust, devotion and obedience toward Him ; and it appeals quite as much to the moral changes thus effected as it does to the miracles by which it was ushered in.

The anonymous author strives to turn the edge of this argument by the assertion that it only establishes a logical see-saw between miracle and doctrine,—the miracle being first of all called in to prove the doctrine, and then the doctrine to accredit the miracle. But though it be admitted that the miracle indirectly through confirming the authority of the messenger establishes that of his message, this can only be true of doctrine undiscoverable by reason, and not of moral truths, whose foundation is laid in the very constitution of the mind. Moral truth appeals directly to the conscience, and not to miracles : it may legitimately become a test of miracles, but miracles can by no means become a test of moral truth. No miracle can make falsehood obligatory instead of truth, so long as the human mind remains what it is. If it be said that this is to make reason after all the ultimate court of appeal, we reply that this is precisely what every one does and must do. It is reason that determines whether miracles are possible or not, whether testimony is credible or not, whether doctrines are harmonious or not, whether messengers are divine or not, whether moral actions are virtuous or not. But having decided all these questions concerning the externals of a revelation, it is quite beyond the office of Reason to question its internal truth. If she has accepted the place of a learner at the feet of some divinely-accredited messenger, she cannot presume to sit in judgment on the truth he teaches

as to the trinity in unity because it transcends her comprehension. As soon as he preaches morals, he speaks of "earthly things" with which she may intermeddle, but as to "heavenly things" she can but receive in silence such communications as may be vouchsafed.

The above remarks show how absurd it is to say that miracles are both the objects and the evidences of faith. If they are the objects of faith in the sense of not being amenable to reason at all they cannot be the evidence of faith, for all evidence appeals to reason. The fact is that good men have pushed the antithesis between faith and reason to unwarrantable extremes. To a great extent there is no antithesis, but the most perfect harmony and close coincidence. Suppose the report of a miracle to be brought to our ears. It is reason that investigates the probabilities of the event having really happened: when reason is convinced of the sufficiency of the testimony, faith is exercised in the testimony, *i.e.*, the fact thus established is assented to by the understanding and laid up by it among the other facts it has accepted, whether through the evidence of the senses or for any other cause. Next, regard the supernatural event, believed to be real, as a phenomenon requiring to be accounted for. Reason demands a sufficient cause, and only finds it in God: the fact is then accepted not as a bare occurrence, but as the act of God. By a similar process the authority of the messenger is established to whom God has thus borne witness. Now let the messenger declare that the God who has thus owned him as His servant has commissioned him to declare His trinity of persons and unity of essence. Surely to accept this will be both an act of reason and an act of faith. But as this truth is an ultimate one, not to be comprehended under any higher truth, we are accustomed to say that in respect of the full comprehension of it the office of reason ceases, and that it is grasped by faith alone. At this point faith outsoars reason, yet it is reason that bids her continue her flight.

We have hitherto been discussing questions that can only be considered preliminary to the main subject, and have dwelt longer on them than we had intended. But their importance can hardly be overrated, for on their recognition and settlement hinges the whole controversy. If half of the years bestowed on the subject by the author of *Supernatural Religion* had been spent in the determination of principles, he might in the other half have produced a book more worthy

of the *furor* he has evoked : the glamour of seeming profundity might have been sacrificed, but in its place we should have had the lustre of truth.

We come now to the question of the antecedent probability of miracles. It must be clearly understood at the outset that miracles are not intended, any more than revelation, to prove the existence of God. They both assume it, as they assume the existence in us of a moral nature. A very great outcry has been raised concerning this, as if it were an unwarrantable assumption, and in fact a pure begging of the question. See, it is said, these defenders of revelation first assume that a God is known, and then assert that only a revelation can declare Him. But this is a false statement of their position. What they say is, that universal man possesses an innate and intuitive conviction of the existence of a God, to whom also as the necessary First Cause maturer reason assigns the handiwork of the Universe as an effect. But the knowledge of God thus obtained is not sufficient for man's guidance : revelation attested by miracles not only fills out the incomplete notion of a God but unfolds the relations in which He stands to His creatures, in such a way as to invite their trust or to alarm their fear. Now revelation having in its earlier stages thus enlarged the conception of a God, the same revelation in its later manifestations may appeal to the enlarged conception. But who discerns any *petitio principii* here ?

The validity of the original and innate notion of a God has however been disputed, and its very existence denied. That of course may be done ; but those who do so must be content to take their proper place as atheists or pantheists, and not presume to deck themselves in the garb of the theist while they cut away the ground beneath his feet. With barefaced atheism or pantheism it is perhaps needless to argue here : our business lies rather with those who inconsistently hold that there is a God, but one that is unknowable. A certain school of philosophers is cited with great gusto by the author of *Supernatural Religion* as occupying this to us indefensible position. Dr. Mansel has undoubtedly carried the principles of Sir William Hamilton to an extreme from which his master would probably himself have recoiled. And it is a strange reversal of ordinary probabilities that brings John Stuart Mill into the field, like another Saul among the prophets, as the champion not only of a common-sense philosophy but of a sound theology also. But in this case we must hold that the cynical sceptic has the advantage of the devout divine.

It is true that both Dr. Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton accord to revelation the whole domain of faith, but having done so, it is a serious defect that neither in the latter's treatment of the subject nor in his formal classification of the faculties of the mind has he assigned any place, office or function to the power he has so highly extolled. With Mr. Row and Mr. Calderwood, the author of the *Philosophy of the Infinite*, we regard the celebrated Law of the Conditioned as founded upon mere quibbles about a logical abstraction, and as having no bearing on the relations between the finite and infinite minds. It is not by the addition of part to part that we gain our notion of an Infinite Being, whatever may be said of infinite space. And whatever faith may be, it is equally incompetent with reason to grasp the unthinkable, and will never supply its deficiencies in this respect either in the present life or that which is to come.

The supposition made by many that personality involves limitation seems perfectly gratuitous. It is a fancy drawn from that fruitful source of error, the employment in reference to the world of mind of language first applied to the world of matter. Infinite space certainly comprehends all space and every portion of it, but it does not follow that an infinite being comprehends all beings, in the sense that no being can exist numerically distinct from it. This being admitted, personality is not a limitation: it is no derogation from the dignity of such a being to be conscious of the existence of other beings besides itself, and to use the personal pronouns which distinguish between itself and others. To suppose personality a limitation is to invest mind with the attributes of matter, and in particular to apply to mind the axiom which is only true of matter, viz., that no two portions of it can fill the same space at the same time. The puzzling problem whether the "quantum" of being was greater after the first creative act than before, is one that loses its perplexing aspect the moment it is seen that quantity is a notion that does not belong to being. To *beings* it may apply in the form of number, and then it may be allowed that after creation there were more beings in existence than before; but to ask whether there was "more being" is as absurd as to ask whether the flora of the present age be more intellectual than the flora of a former one, the adjective in this case as in the other denoting an attribute not belonging to the person or thing denoted by the noun. It seems strange that the position we have been controverting should not be recognised by thoughtful men as a virtual assumption of pantheism. Such

as it is, the author of *Supernatural Religion* has not failed to make use of this argument of the unknowable, but, as Mr. Row justly observes, he has failed to make his readers cognizant of the fact that Mr. John Stuart Mill has overturned it.

One corollary deduced by Mr. Row from the views just now set forth of the inapplicableness of quantitative measurement to spiritual substance, is that the moral attributes of the Divine Being can only by an impropriety of language be termed "infinite:" the word "perfect" should be employed instead. The bearing of this is obvious. It has been said that these attributes, being infinite, may not correspond to moral qualities as possessed by man; and the inference is apparently intended to be drawn that what may appear wrong to us may be right with God. So monstrous an impeachment of our own nature and of the constitution of the Divine government which has ordained it must be held to refute itself. And the retort made upon those who hold the identity of the moral nature in God and man, that they fashion a God out of human conceptions, may easily be met. For reason itself leads us to expect that, if there be a God, and He desires to be known by His creatures, He will constitute them capable of seeing in themselves some reflection of His glory. And revelation confirms the expectation by positively asserting that man was made in His image. The God of the Bible is, in fact, like the Being whom nature reveals, an anthropomorphic conception, in every sense compatible with His claim to be self-existent and underived.

The connexion of the above considerations with the "objection that miracles are contrary to reason" will be manifest from the following paragraph:—

"Under this head are included the whole of that class of objections which extend from the direct assertion of the impossibility of miracles to the affirmation that even if their possibility is conceded, they are so extremely improbable that it is a violation of the first principles of our reason to believe in their actual occurrence. They are alleged to be violations and contradictions of the laws of nature, and as such to be incredible, as the stability of its laws is founded on a universal experience. This unquestionably forms the most formidable difficulty in the way of the acceptance of miracles, as actual occurrences, at the present day, and therefore demands a careful consideration.

"The question of the abstract impossibility of miracles need not occupy us long. Such an affirmation can only be made on the assumption that our reason is inadequate to affirm the existence

of such a being as a personal God. If this can be established, the whole argument is ended for all practical purposes. It may be conceded that the occurrence of some anomalous event as an objective fact is quite possible, even on the principles of pantheism or atheism. But such objective fact would be no miracle in any sense in which the word can be used in this discussion. If the evidence was sufficiently strong to attest it as a fact, it would be explicable on the supposition of some unknown force in nature, or even as a purely chance occurrence. A miracle, in any sense in which it enters into the present argument, is not only an abnormal objective fact, but one which takes place at the bidding of a moral agent. It is the union of these two which imparts to a miracle any power to attest a revelation. If therefore there is no evidence of the existence of a God, miracles may be pronounced impossible for all practical purposes in this controversy, and we need not further discuss the question. The whole argument as to whether the occurrence of a miracle is or is not contrary to reason, must proceed on the assumption of the existence of a personal God. It is also a proposition so clear as to render all proof of it superfluous, that if a personal God exists who has created the universe and governs it by His Providence, miracles are possible."

Miracles have often been described as violations or suspensions of the laws of nature, but the phraseology is inappropriate, as implying that we have a knowledge of the mode of the Divine operation that none can pretend to possess; and besides this, it lends countenance to the false theory we have already alluded to, which confounds the forces of nature with the rules of their ordinary working. It may be granted that natural forces invariably observe natural laws, but that is no reason why a force not natural should not be sometimes employed to counteract them, manifesting its presence in such a way that though the natural cause be still at work the natural effect does not follow. If it be asked, where we have any example of the working of such a force, we answer, in the power of the human will, whose impulses obey no invariable rule but are themselves distinct sources of interference with the ordinary operation of natural force. The "laws of life" are by the author of *Supernatural Religion* sought to be reduced to a level with the "laws of nature," but they refuse to submit to the restraint. "Sociology" and "associational psychology" are doing their best to prove that the human will is as much bound by the principle of necessity as is the law of gravitation, and that the whole internal world is a mere product of the external.

But they have not yet succeeded in breaking down the barrier between matter and mind, and till they have done so the action of the human will in modifying the appearances of nature may be pointed to as something more than a mere illustration, as in fact an example, of the forces which built the universe and still govern its destinies. To say that man can only work by combining the forces of nature is as beside the mark as to say that he can only work through the body as an instrument. We do an injustice to the freedom of the will unless we assert that man's intentional and intelligent action on the material universe belongs to the same order as that which produced creation itself, the difference being only in degree and not in kind.

It is competent to those who admit the possibility of the Divine energy intervening to counteract its own working in the order of nature, to complain that such a course would derogate from the wisdom of the Artificer. And so it would, if He were an Artificer only. Leaving out of view the possible moral wants of the universe, the most perfect conception we could form of it would be that of a "self-acting machine, which goes on in an eternal series of evolutions."

"Such a conception may be the most worthy one that we can form of a perfect mechanist or chemist, though it may be doubtful how far the idea of having his services dispensed with for the future would be wholly satisfactory to him. It is far from clear, however, that it is the most perfect conception we can form of God. The creations of the mechanist and of the chemist are destitute alike of feeling, reason and volition, a moral nature, conscience, and spiritual affections. They may therefore when completed be left to themselves; and the more perfect the irrational machine may be, the more perfectly it will grind out its results. But many of the constructions of God possess attributes which exhibit other qualities in their maker than those of a perfect mechanist or chemist He has created not only the material universe, but a moral one. God, therefore, must be a moral being, and a person, for moral attributes can only be conceived of as belonging to a being who is possessed of personality. It follows therefore that manifestations of Himself under aspects suitable to moral beings, are as much to be expected as manifestations of His power or of His wisdom addressed to unintellectual nature. The supposition, therefore, that all His manifestations can only be made through the laws of material nature, and in an unchanging series, and that it is not a portion of His purpose to manifest Himself as a moral being, is only valid on the denial that He is one. It involves the absurdity of denying to God that freedom from the tram-

mels of necessary law which as matter of fact he has bestowed on man.

"If therefore God be a moral being and not an impersonal force, it is perfectly consistent with the highest conceptions of Him, that He should manifest Himself in the moral as in the material universe. This is the more necessary, because philosophy is never wearied with telling us that we can know little or nothing of His moral attributes from material nature. As a part of such a manifestation a miracle is addressed to our highest reason.

"It is absurd to argue on the assumption that there is a God, and then to found our reasons on principles which are inconsistent with it. If there is a God, He must be the Creator of the universe. It must, therefore, have been consistent with His perfection and immutability to create. It follows, therefore, even on the assumption of the truth of the Darwinian theory of creation, that a new order must have been introduced when God first breathed life into the lowest forms of matter. But if He introduced a new order then, that is to say, when He first deviated from the previous order of His existence, and performed His first creative act, how can it possibly be contrary to reason to affirm that He has repeated it? A miracle would be such a repetition, or, in other words, the introduction of a new series of events."

Supposing then an occasion requiring a new moral manifestation, the question arises whether the Divine Being will sacrifice the moral interests of His creatures to the mechanical order of the universe, or sacrifice the mechanical order to their moral interests? Can there be a moment's doubt about the answer? May we not go back to creation's dawn, and ask whether, when He contemplated the future of His universe, the Divine Being designed that mind should exist for the sake of matter, or matter for the sake of mind? We are verging here upon another department of the inquiry, viz., how it comes to pass that there should be any necessity for moral manifestations apart from those which may be involved in the original constitution of things. To this we will return, when we have considered the next point treated of by Mr. Row, viz., Hume's allegation that no testimony can prove a supernatural event, on the ground that "it is contrary to experience that miracles should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false."

The whole of the chapter devoted to this topic is well worthy of attention. We will endeavour to summarise Mr. Row's leading positions. First, experience consists of two kinds, that which has fallen under our own cognisance, and the general experience of all men. Secondly, in the former

sense miracles are contrary to experience, and would lose their evidential value if they were not. Thirdly, it is not true that an occurrence contrary to our experience in the more limited sense cannot be believed on adequate testimony: then every extraordinary event would be incredible. Fourthly, the experience of one age differs from that of another, and that which is outside the experience of one often becomes part of the experience of the next. Fifthly, the experience of each individual is limited by his own observation and what he has learned respecting that of others. To an inhabitant of the tropics, days of six months' duration are even in this sense beyond experience and so incredible. Sixthly, scientific experience has its limits: mysteries in nature not yet explained would therefore have to be rejected. Seventhly, miracles viewed as mere phenomena stand on the same ground as unusual occurrences or wonderful discoveries. Like these, they are events whose causes are as yet unknown. Eighthly, the moment we view an event otherwise than as a mere phenomenon, and take into consideration the causes producing it, however unusual it may be, it is impossible to affirm that it is contrary to experience. As a mere phenomenon, a miracle may be contrary to our experience, but as soon as we take into account its cause, viz., a force of some kind of which we were previously ignorant, it is no longer contrary to our experience, but simply outside it. The new force introduces a fresh condition. Ninthly, it is not true that in estimating the truth of testimony, we simply balance probability against probability as stated in Hume's argument. Our knowledge of the judgment and veracity of the informant is the essential element in judging of the truth of evidence. It is only when our means of forming this judgment are deficient that we attempt to balance abstract improbabilities. Tenthly, the question of the truth of testimony as against past experience and the alleged greater probability that testimony should be false than that past experience should be unreliable, is greatly modified by the consideration that an overwhelming amount of the sum total of past experience rests for its acceptance on testimony itself. The experience founded on testimony must be unreliable in proportion as testimony is invalid. Eleventhly, while the evidence to prove the truth of an extraordinary occurrence must be far stronger than that which is required to prove an ordinary one, it must never be forgotten that the amount of evidence necessary to prove any particular fact always varies with the amount of its an-

tedecedent probability. The question then must be considered as to the probability of moral manifestations of Himself on the part of the Creator. Twelfthly, whatever be the supposed antecedent improbability of an occurrence, it may be overcome by reasonable evidence : of this character is all historical evidence.

The above train of reasoning we hold to be conclusive. The author of *Supernatural Religion* has here signally laid himself open to the charge, either of unfairness toward the defenders of Christianity, or else—for we wish to give him the benefit of the doubt—of inability to perceive the force of logical arguments. First he asserts that “apologists find it much more convenient to evade the simple but effective arguments of Hume, and where it is possible they dismiss them with a sneer, and hasten on to less dangerous ground.” And yet the only one of their number whom he seriously attempts to controvert is Paley, whose arguments on this point are not now relied on by Christian apologists at all. He mentions also the name of Dr. Farrar, but it is only to charge him with misinterpretation and misstatement of Mill’s remarks upon Hume,—a charge which after examination recoils with tremendous effect upon himself. Mill reduces Hume’s doctrine to the “very plain and harmless proposition that whatever is contradictory to a complete induction is incredible,” and adds “that such a maxim as this should either be accounted a dangerous heresy, or mistaken for a great and recondite truth, speaks ill for the state of philosophical speculation on such subjects.” These sentences are actually quoted by the anonymous author to show that Mill substantially confirms Hume’s reasoning. In further proof, he merely sets down Mill’s subsequent remarks, and then dogmatically asserts that “this is precisely Hume’s argument weakened by the introduction of reservations which have no cogency.” And what are the reservations which are admitted to “weaken Hume’s argument” and yet declared to “have no cogency?” They may be summed up in this, that a believer in a personal Deity postulates the existence of a cause sufficient to account for the supposed incredible experience, a cause adequate to counteract the forces of Nature, and so to invalidate the “complete induction” which must otherwise be considered as established. This is all that apologists for Christianity demand. The believer in a personal God may consistently, according to Mill’s views of logic, believe also in the reality of miracles : he has wherewith to account for their

occurrence. But the author of *Supernatural Religion*, after calling in Mill to his assistance, turns round and deals him this severe rebuke for having stopped short of a desirable conclusion,—“No one knows better than Mr. Mill that the assertion of a personal Deity working miracles, upon which a miracle is allowed for a moment to come into court, cannot be proved, and, therefore, that it cannot stand in opposition to complete induction which Hume takes as his standard.” Mr. Mill knew better than to attack the belief in a personal God when that was not in question. But if we make it the question, it is plain how it must henceforward be answered by the anonymous author. His blows are professedly aimed at supernatural religion, but in order to reach it he is obliged to assail the outworks of natural religion within which it lies entrenched. He asks us to strip off the mere husk from Christianity, but in doing so he destroys the kernel. How impossible it is to accept the consolations which he offers us at the close of his work by way of compensation for the sacrifice! Having in the first volume denied the existence of a personal God, it is vain for him in the second to assure us that “we gain infinitely more than we lose in abandoning the reality of Divine Revelation,” and that “from Jewish mythology we rise to higher conceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent Being, hidden from our finite minds it is true in the impenetrable glory of Divinity, but whose laws of wondrous comprehensiveness and perfection we ever perceive in operation around us.” An infinitely wise and beneficent Being not a personal God! Who can reconcile this contradiction?

We must pass on to the question of the necessity for a moral manifestation. Here divines are charged with the same vice as before. It was alleged against their reasonings as to a personal God, that they first found the notion in Revelation and then argued from it to the necessity of Revelation. So here. They first derive from Scripture accounts of the creation and fall of man, and then prove the necessity that Scripture should be written from the fact that man is fallen. This charge may be repelled in the same method as its predecessor. Were it true that we obtain our whole knowledge of man's moral condition from Revelation, then to make use of this knowledge for the purpose of establishing the claims of Revelation would be to commit the *petitio principii* credited to divines. But will any one who believes in a personal God assert that the relations of man to such a Being are what they ought to be? Has any one in sober earnest defended even

the natural perfectibility of man, to say nothing of his actual perfection? Were not all the heathen moralists as candid in complaints of the universality and depth of man's moral malady as they were in confession of their impotence to prescribe a cure? It is not then from Revelation but from the common consciousness of mankind that we derive the conviction, as of a personal God, so also of our alienation from Him. And Revelation in the one case as in the other, though it does not implant yet enlarges the conception and deepens its hold upon the mind, and so "commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

But while the author of *Supernatural Religion* in his haste ignores the universal testimony of man to his own corruption, he errs still more egregiously in his representation of current theological views respecting the Fall. To bring them in at all is to wander from his own prescribed path. His business lies with the existence of the supernatural in the New Testament, and not with any system of belief which human intelligence, however correctly, may have founded thereupon. His identification of "Ecclesiastical Christianity" with Divine Revelation is only another indication of his utter inability to gauge the conditions of the problem he has attempted to solve. But besides this, we affirm that he is mistaken as to the views held by the great body of Christian believers either now or in any former age: his description of them is mere caricature. It is quite true that divines sometimes speak of God's purpose in man's creation as having been frustrated by his rebellion, but they never overlook God's foreknowledge of the event: consequently, redemption is never regarded by them as an afterthought, devised to repair an unforeseen mischief. On the contrary, they follow the Scriptures in speaking of the manifestation of Christ as foreordained from the foundation of the world; and as the Scriptures only state without attempting to explain the two facts of man's free agency and God's foreknowledge, they are content to leave this mystery unsolved. The fall of man was not, however, in their view the signal for supernatural manifestations to commence, it only determined the form they should assume: according to the Scriptures supernatural manifestations took place before the Fall, and we have no reason to suppose they would have had no place in a world undefiled by sin: the moral perfecting of a being already upright would have been a motive similar in nature, if not equal in urgency, to that of the recovery of a fallen one.

It may be objected that if the Fall does not impugn the omniscience of God, yet it constitutes a serious reflection either on His omnipotence or His benevolence. This is practically Mill's view, but it is one which can only be arrived at by disowning the free agency of man. It is no reflection on Omnipotence to be unable to work a contradiction, which it would do if it created beings free to stand but not free to fall. If the benevolence of God is to be impeached, it must be shown to be inconsistent with benevolence that beings invested with responsibilities so tremendous should be created at all. The line taken must be that, since the design to create myriads of holy and happy creatures, capable of knowing and loving God, can only be accomplished at the risk of their not liking to retain God in their knowledge and so becoming unholy and unhappy, then for the sake of not inflicting on those who may fall the penalty due to transgression, it is necessary that those who may stand should be mulcted of all the blessedness of being. So far as concerns self-manifestation, therefore,—since unintelligent nature can only disclose God to intelligent beings,—its very possibility is thus, not on natural but on moral grounds, destroyed; and the infinite energies of the Divine benevolence find their sole exercise in self-restraint. But it is obvious that only Omniscience can determine the fittest mode of exercise for Divine benevolence, and He who possesses both has solved the problem in another way.

We cannot further discuss theological tenets framed in the spirit of the author of *Supernatural Religion*, whether as to the existence and origin of evil, or its grand Scripture remedy. The existence of evil is a fact to be accounted for by all who believe in man's moral nature, and is no creation of Christianity. And as to the remedy God has provided in Christ, whether "the supposed satisfaction of His justice in the death of Himself incarnate, the innocent for the guilty," is, rightly understood, "degrading to the idea of His moral perfection," we leave to each man's own moral sense. One unproved assumption, however, that "the constitution of nature, so far from favouring any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression," we must take notice of. The fallacy lurking under the term "nature," here as elsewhere, will not fail to be observed: is it physical or moral nature that is meant? If the former only, the argument is not to the point: if the latter or both, the statement is not true.

"Are there nowhere indications of retrogression? Europeans generally during the last two thousand years have progressed, although even this is not universally true, for some of the fine arts attained to greater perfection in the ancient than in the modern world. But has the Hindoo race progressed during the last three thousand years? Have the Chinese? Is it not true that the progress of these two races has been one of considerable retrogression? Where is the progress made by the Negro races from the first dawns of their history? Yet these three races form more than half of the human family. Again, have the Arab races progressed since the days of Abraham? Are the Mahomedan races in a state of gradual improvement? These are questions to which a definite answer must be returned before the proposition above referred to can be esteemed a solution of all the problems of human history:

"It will perhaps be replied that nature is gradually extinguishing those unprogressive races, under the pressure of her inexorable laws. Yet they constitute an overwhelming majority of the human race, and it is strange to talk of this progressive improvement of the human race as a great law of nature, if the mode of improvement be the extinction of the great majority of mankind. But are the Hindoos, Chinese, Negro and other unprogressive races less numerous than they were three thousand years ago? The evidence is all the other way. We want present facts and not theories of the future. It has been affirmed, that 'the survival of the fittest is the stern law of nature.' The invariable action of law itself eliminates the unfit. Progress is necessary to existence. Extinction is the doom of retrogression.' These assertions may receive their fulfilment in some period of the distant future, but they certainly do not agree with the past history of man. Whatever progress the European races may be capable of, certain conditions of climate form an inexorable barrier to their supplanting the Negro, the Hindoo, or the Chinese, and we know that European blood in certain climates has actually degenerated."

So far we have been considering objections to the solution our reason gives when it encounters the problem of miracles, as events requiring to be referred to some sufficient cause. Such objections, we have seen, are founded on the supposition either that God cannot or that He will not testify His presence in any supernatural event for any end however noble, because it would be inconsistent with what we know in the one case of His natural, and in the other of His moral, perfections. There remains, however, another alternative. Even granting, it is said, that miracles may be referred to such an origin, is there no other conceivable source, is there no other possible cause? Do not the Scriptures themselves astonish

us by attributing the power of interfering with the order of nature to other beings besides its Author? Do they not emphatically declare that such power is not only possessed by evil spirits but unscrupulously wielded, and with such effect as to cast into doubt all the evidence derived from the presence of the supernatural in nature? If so, how are the credentials of a Divine Revelation to be discriminated, and how can we assure ourselves that the whole of what professes to be such is not a baseless imposture?

The existence of evil spirits presents no greater difficulty than that of good ones, or than that of the souls of men in a disembodied state. Their power to tempt men to sin, though a mystery, is a part of the same constitution of things which has ordained that men should live in society and so permitted them to become the tempters of each other. By a further application of the same principle, the liberty of action conceded to the enemies of our race may be supposed to include attempts to retain their usurped sovereignty over mankind by counterfeiting the miraculous operations of Deity. This is, of course, to be understood with limitations. All we assert is that there is good ground for believing such liberty of action to have been at certain junctures of human history accorded, not that it is a sort of natural right to be always and everywhere exercised at the pleasure of the prince of the power of the air. Here we are obliged reluctantly to dissent from Mr. Row, whose views on this point appear at variance with sound principles of Scriptural interpretation. The temptation of Christ is an *experimentum crucis*. To say that it is a unique and solitary specimen of the power possessed by Satan avails little in the face of the prominence given to the event and the straightforward prose in which it is described. It is nothing to us that there are some variations in the narrative as given by Matthew and Luke: greater discrepancies are accounted for by Mr. Row elsewhere on the ground that the Gospels are memoirs, not histories. There is no evidence of a "parabolic rendering" of the actual events: the circumstances of place and time are given with sufficient distinctness to stamp reality on the whole transaction. The carrying of Christ to a high mountain is described by the same verb employed to denote his transportation to the heights of the temple; and the showing Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time may denote some extraordinary spectacle, possibly an optical illusion, for which the exceeding high mountain would be, of course not absolutely

necessary, but a more appropriate theatre than the ravines of the wilderness. If the hypothesis of a visionary representation, necessitated by language that can only else be explained as hyperbole, be thought to invalidate the direct assertion of a bodily change of place, because "such a vision might equally well have been presented to him in a plain;" then the needlessness of the night-journey to the Mount of Transfiguration, taken in conjunction with such supernatural events as the appearance of Moses and Elias and the other wonders of that glorious scene, must be held sufficient to disprove its actual occurrence, and to justify a parabolic interpretation of one of the best attested facts in the New Testament. We regard the temptation of our Lord as an objective fact, attesting at once the power permitted to Satan and the extent of the humiliation to which the Redeemer condescended when He undertook to "destroy the works of the devil."

Any attempt to disprove interference in nature on the part of Satanic agencies must proceed on the ground of its prohibition, not of its impossibility. There is no reason in the argument from the human will to the Divine, if the wills of other spiritual beings are ignored. Good angels have had the opportunity of intervention in the ordinary course of nature, as witness their heralding of the advent of Christ, their ministration in the very theatre of the Temptation as well as in that of its last renewal, the garden of Gethsemane, and their part in the marvels of the Resurrection. We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Row when he explains allusions in Scriptural narratives to demoniacal action as a possible accommodation of language to the opinions of the times. Such accommodation was lawful enough in regard to natural events, in which appearances were all that was attempted to be described, and in which true scientific explanations were left to be discovered by the researches of mankind; but it was far otherwise with that unseen world which it was the mission of Revelation to make known. "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out?" is a question that cannot be made to refer to a natural order of events by an innocent accommodation of language: if this does not mean diabolical possession, it is sheer falsehood. At the same time we join with Mr. Row in denouncing the strain of vituperation in which the author of *Supernatural Religion* indulges respecting the superstition of the New Testament writers. If a belief in the possibility of Satanic interference in the order of nature at certain crises of the world's history

is enough to justify a charge of credulity, we must be content to share the reproach of Peter and Paul and John. We had rather bear the odium of superstition in their company, than with the author of *Supernatural Religion* go halves in the "odium of doubt."

The question then arises how such interferences are to be distinguished from the Divine operations wrought in attestation of a Divine commission? Here we think Mr. Row's own theory of a moral environment accompanying the acts of every moral agent affords the right answer. This is a safeguard whose validity Christ Himself attests. In the course of His own career of mercy, this very case occurs. He is charged with casting out devils by the prince of the devils, and His reply is in substance that a miracle of mercy cannot proceed from a Satanic source. The test to be applied is the same which He assigns for the detection of false prophets,—those that come in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravening wolves. Their specious appearance of goodness is to be brought to this touchstone,—“By their fruits ye shall know them.” The presence of counterfeits is admitted: “There shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.” But why is this reservation made, “if it were possible?” And why does Paul speak of the “working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness” as taking effect “in them that perish?” Surely because of the moral character of the lying wonders—their evident purpose if not their actual effect—tending not to establish righteousness in the earth, but to confirm the old deceiver in his possession of the human heart. This is the test which miracles themselves must undergo: if they are the works of God, they will appeal to the conscience, slumbering it may be but yet undestroyed; if not, their appeal will be to the evil propensities which enslave the will, and, when successful, their effect will be to enslave it yet more. But the heart that suffers itself to be thus lured from the truth is not deceived into the belief that it is being led into truth: every man is first “drawn away of his own lust and enticed,” and then “led captive by the devil at his will:” first he blinds his own eyes to the light, and then he is “blinded by the god of this world.” The whole economy of miracles, whether from above or from beneath, formed part of the moral probation of those who lived under it. The miracles wrought by God were designed

to be to them channels of grace and ordinances of salvation : the lying wonders formed a part of their temptations, as they did of the temptation of Christ. The belief expressed by Dr. Newman that "since, agreeably to the antecedent sentiment of reason, God has adopted miracles as the seal of a Divine message, He will never suffer them to be so counterfeited as to deceive the humble inquirer," is not to be cried down as "personal belief independent of evidence" and as "prejudice masked in the garb of Reason : " it is warranted by the authority of Christ.

If it be said that the existence of counterfeit miracles casts suspicion on the character of the genuine and in fact overturns the whole foundation of the Christian evidences, it must be answered that the same reasoning would, if admitted, destroy all moral evidence and even all moral distinctions, that is, the whole basis on which society rests. It would destroy moral evidence, for it implies that the very highest probability falling short of mathematical certainty is rendered invalid the moment a counter hypothesis, however improbable, is set on foot. And it would destroy moral distinctions, inasmuch as it assumes that the action of a volitional being cannot be morally judged at all, that its motives cannot be gathered from its tendencies, nor the cause inferred from the effects. Virtue may exist and so may vice, but neither of them can be distinguished from the other, because vice can so easily array itself in the habiliments of virtue. But this is a mode of reasoning which the common sense of mankind will be slow to adopt : civil, social, and even ecclesiastical tribunals will proceed to act in defiance of this new canon, which, if true, would render all pleadings ineffectual, all verdicts impossible, all judgments null and void. The author of *Supernatural Religion* will not enjoy the benefit of his own invention : his doings will not be judged by such a false and impracticable standard. The public may for a time be deceived, but quotations and references will not long be held to substantiate claims to solid learning, nor dogmatism be mistaken for the judicial faculty, nor specious reasonings for sound logic, nor impatience of the yoke of all religion for genuine love of truth.

The possibility and credibility of miracles may be maintained, and yet their historical evidence may be contested. It remains for us to examine the objections urged by the author of *Supernatural Religion* against the competency of the witnesses of these transactions considered in their general character. His assault upon the Canon, which occupies the

latter half of the first volume and the whole of the second, we shall not attempt to deal with in this brief paper.

The objections against the reliableness of the original witnesses for the Christian miracles are grounded on the fact that they shared the superstitions of the age in which they lived, on the identity in character of their evidence with the miraculous pretensions of later times, and on the love of the marvellous as a general characteristic of mankind. The first of these objections evidently rests on the two premisses that the first century was an exceptionally superstitious age, and that the primitive Christians were largely infected with the prevalent beliefs. Let us consider the latter point. It is necessary at the outset to define what we mean by superstition. If the term be employed to denote a belief in the existence and possible action of good and evil angels, then we must at once confess that the New Testament writers themselves plead guilty to the offence. But if it be made to include a belief in an unlimited liberty permitted to these supernatural beings, in virtue of which the ordinary forces of nature are being continually interrupted in their working, then we must as strenuously repudiate the charge.

The New Testament writers do most frankly avow their belief in Satanic agency generally, and in particular in that form of it known as demoniacal possession; and they universally attribute the same belief to our Lord. There are, as Mr. Row says, only four possible suppositions to account for this. "First, that our Lord really distinguished between mania and possession; but that the Evangelists have inaccurately reported His words and actions, through the media of their own subjective impressions, or, in short, have attributed to Him language that He did not really utter. Secondly, that our Lord knew that possession was a form of mania, and adopted the current notions of the time in speaking of it, and that the words were really uttered by Him. Thirdly, that with similar knowledge, He adopted the language in question as a part of the curative process. Fourthly, that He accepted the validity of the distinction, and that it was a real one in those times." Of the first of these explanations we need say nothing: Mr. Row only mentions it for the purpose of showing its untenableness. The second and third he defends as legitimate, while holding that the fourth cannot be disproved. We have already indicated our views on the second, with which the third substantially agrees, and in doing so have found it necessary to dissent from his exposition of

the morality of such an attitude towards the demonology of the day as he assumes our Lord to have held. He says, "Even if the principle thus laid down could be confined to religious truth (which it cannot), it would then have been necessary that whenever the current ideas, or the mode of conception of the day, contained an assumption involving an incorrect theory or endangering a religious error, our Lord ought to have corrected it in the course of His teaching." We have already expressed our belief that the principle may be "confined to religious truth," and we now add, not only that our Lord ought to have corrected, but that directly or indirectly He did correct, every religious error into which man at any time has fallen. We must maintain, therefore, that it was no superstition to believe in the reality of demoniacal possession.

Apart from these mysterious phenomena, what evidence is brought to prove the superstitious character of the New Testament writers? There are certain appearances of good angels recorded, but their intervention in human affairs is always in keeping with the lofty character assigned them. They are declared to be our fellows in the service of God and partakers in the blessedness of our redemption. The whole treatment of the doctrine of good and evil angels is in strong contrast with the revolting absurdities taught elsewhere. So far from being fostered by the New Testament writers, the spirit of superstition received from them its mortal blow. The mythologies of Paganism, including those of the most cultured nations the ancient world ever saw, enslaved multitudes of minds to the most besotting creeds and demoralising rites. Christianity swept away the whole brood of these divinities; and still, wherever her principles spread, she extricates man from this web of insane delusions, and bids him walk forth in the consciousness of his restored sovereignty over nature, assured that no malignant sprite can interpose its subtle enmity between himself and a benevolent God. The demoniacal possessions of Scripture must be acknowledged, but side by side with them must be placed the demoniacal expulsions, true tokens of the beneficent influence Christianity was to wield, and of the spiritual victories over his former tyrant that man by her aid should achieve. Let any reader of the New Testament compare the grave spirit and earnest purpose of its teachings respecting the supernatural with the inane puerilities and monstrous fictions of the Apocryphal Gospels, and it will be as easy for him to say which are reliable

records and which vile fabrications, as it was for those to whom they were submitted to discriminate between false miracles and the "wonderful works of God."

But this suggests the inquiry whether the first century was exceptionally superstitious. The question is of little import for the purposes of this argument, inasmuch as the New Testament writers can be cleared of all participation in such credulity. Though the strongest case therefore were made out against the Jews as a people, or one particular generation of them, it would only throw up into bolder relief the freedom of the companions and disciples of Christ from this degrading bondage. But the evidence brought by the author of *Supernatural Religion* is not evidence of any special credulity of the primitive age: it ranges over many centuries. Certainly, it would not be difficult to gather stories of barbarous treatment of witches that would not redound to the credit of our country, but we should be very much astonished at any historian who should include them in his account of the manners and customs of the English in the nineteenth century.

But if the New Testament writers are not to be held responsible for the beliefs of their own age, much less are they to be weighted with the burden of the so-called ecclesiastical miracles of a later date. According to the author of *Supernatural Religion*, the Gospel miracles sink in what he is pleased to term the "permanent stream of miraculous pretension." In order to prove a parallel between them, he is bound to show that the ecclesiastical miracles resemble in dignity and moral character those of the New Testament, that like them they accredit a Divine commission possessed by those who performed them, and that they are attested by equal evidence. Neither of these has he done. In the first place, it is utterly unfair that all events since the days of the Apostles professing a supernatural character should be lumped together under the common name of ecclesiastical miracles: a suspicion of priestcraft is conveyed by the title, but many events of the kind referred to, if genuine, have no connection with any particular ecclesiastical policy. Moreover, these events differ as widely among themselves in respect of dignity and moral character as they do in respect of the evidence by which they are sustained. Who would believe for instance the story told by Bede of Queen Etheldrida's body being found after sixteen years' entombment "as free from corruption as if she had died and been buried on that very day?" The dwindling of

the "gaping wound with which she had been buried" into an "extraordinarily slender scar" would have suggested to a modern representative of the "physician Cynefrid" the substitution of another body for that of the holy virgin in the "pavilion" that was prudently "spread over the grave," instead of being taken as an evidence of identity. But this is no reason for disputing Pascal's account of the cure of Marguérite Périet by the touch of the holy thorn, which as an objective fact there seems no reason to doubt, however we may be disposed to regard its explanation as an instance of the *post hoc propter hoc* principle. Then further, the events referred to are not quoted by those who relate them as evidence of some new Divine commission: hence they differ from the Christian miracles as being merely supernatural events, and not authentications of any personage entrusted with a new message to mankind. Of such supernatural events, if we are believers in Christianity at all, we can hardly doubt that there have been multitudes, or else the whole doctrine of prayer falls to the ground. But it is no business of ours to determine in what particular cases such manifestations have been made: vouchsafed to the faith of God's elect, they serve, like the Corinthian prophesyings, as a sign "not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." And in like manner we are not concerned to defend the veracity of the witnesses of any of the Mediæval miracles: our business lies with the Apostolic age.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* says that "when the knowledge of the laws of nature began to render men capable of judging of the reality of miracles, these wonders entirely ceased." We are disposed to date the cessation of miracles in the true and proper sense very much farther back, not however because men ceased to believe in them, but because, being no longer needed, the miracle-working power was withdrawn. Everybody who reads the New Testament must see, that none exerted this power of his own free volition except the Saviour Himself: holy men of God wrought, in the same manner in which they spoke, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And when its purpose was answered, the dispensation passed away. But to say that the miracles ceased when science began to flourish, because then men became capable of judging of them, is both false as a fact and false as an explanation. No amount of discipline in science was necessary to test the reality of the Gospel miracles. The bread broken to the multitudes was as manifestly proved

a genuine production by its effects upon their frames as it could have been by any chemical analysis. No advance in mechanical principles was necessary to make it incredible that man should walk the waves. Nor has animal physiology so extended its researches into the structure of the optic nerve as to detract from the forcefulness of the good man's rejoinder, "Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." But this is not all.

"It is affirmed that miracles entirely ceased when the knowledge of the laws of nature began to render men capable of judging of their reality. I conclude that by the word 'miracles' in this passage the author means ecclesiastical miracles, viz., those which have been alleged to be wrought in attestation of the established system of belief. If it is meant to be asserted that all belief in a current supernaturalism has now ceased, the affirmation is inaccurate, as the widespread belief in spiritualism abundantly testifies.

"But if the assertion is intended to be confined to ecclesiastical miracles, it involves an inaccuracy as to a matter of history. They had become thoroughly discredited long before the birth of modern physical science. . . .

"I fully admit that a belief in a current supernaturalism, as for instance in the absurdities of witchcraft, survived the Reformation. What the Reformation destroyed was a belief in a Divine order of miracles wrought in support of an ecclesiastical system. The belief in this current supernaturalism has been gradually diminishing ever since, under the combined influence of the increase of the knowledge of physical science and common sense. The objection raised is simply irrelevant to the point at issue."

The "love of the marvellous," as a characteristic of the human mind, may perhaps be regarded as opposing a final barrier to the reception of the testimony concerning miracles. The term employed is one that covers a very wide range of human experience and emotion: does it mean mere gaping curiosity, or reverence for a superior Power? It may be applied to the wild excitement that maddened the ancient Bacchanals and that still prompts howling dervishes to dance through their frantic reels, or it may be applied to the sublime raptures of Isaiah and Paul and the saintly adoration of a Madame Guyon and a Henry Martyn. But what inference is to be drawn from an examination of the manifold outgoings of the human mind toward the supernatural world? That they are all delusion and madness? This would be a strange conclusion for the believer in a personal God. For such an one a

more consistent hypothesis would be that in the principle of veneration so hard to be uprooted from the human breast there was implanted by the Creator the seed which, watered and nourished by the influences of His truth and His Spirit, was to blossom into all the variety of graces,—joy, trust, love, obedience, gratitude, hope, fear,—the appropriate sentiments of a dependent creature toward the God with whom he has to do. The grotesque forms of this sentiment are the perversions of a legitimate principle, which rather prove it indestructible than displace it from its high rank.

Into the historical evidence on which the great facts of Christianity rest we cannot now enter. We shall not give any opinion as to the mode in which the subject is treated by the author of *Supernatural Religion*: we leave it to our readers to imagine how it is likely to be handled, when the antecedent probabilities of the case are dealt with in the arbitrary and illogical manner we have here described. It will be worth while, however, to cite one or two of Mr. Row's vigorous paragraphs in illustration of his line of defence.

"What then is the position occupied by the Christian advocate? Is it requisite, in order to establish the truth of Christianity, that he should give an historical proof of every one of the miracles recorded in the New Testament? I answer this question emphatically in the negative, and for the following reason. The New Testament itself, while it affirms that many miracles have been performed, rests the truth of Christianity on one miracle alone, the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. This is the great event which, according to the Acts of the Apostles, the early missionaries urged as the distinctive proof of their Master's Divine mission. The views expressed in the Apostolic Epistles are precisely similar. In them, the entire evidence of the truth of our Lord's Divine mission is made to centre on the fact of His resurrection. Not only is the great fact referred to either directly or indirectly in almost every page, but St. Paul has distinctly rested the truth of Christianity on the reality of its occurrence. Such a statement is made respecting no other miraculous event recorded in the New Testament. It is the miracle of miracles, unique and alone, by which the seal of God was affixed to the Divine mission of Jesus Christ. It formed the *locus standi* of the Church, and the sole ground of its existence. If it was not an objective fact, those who testified to its occurrence must have been false witnesses, and the whole of Christianity either a delusion or an imposture.

"It follows, therefore, that this great miracle forms the very key of the Christian position. Everything else is an outwork, an important one it may be, but yet an outwork. If this position

can be successfully assailed, the entire fortress of Christianity must surrender at discretion. If, on the other hand, the most determined unbeliever could be convinced that there is good historical evidence that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, he would find no difficulty in accepting the Gospels as historical documents, and the whole *à priori* objection against them would disappear.

"Again: if the Resurrection of Christ is a fact, Christianity must be a Divine Revelation. The perfect historical accuracy of the Gospels in minute details may be still open to question; deep thought and careful investigation may be necessary for ascertaining the precise amount of truth communicated by that revelation; past ages may have erred in its interpretation; many questions as to the relation in which Revelation stands to science or history may be open ones—all this is both conceivable and possible—but still, if Jesus Christ rose from the dead, His entire manifestation, work, and teaching must be a communication from God to man."

In evidence of this great fact, Mr. Row points in the first instance to the establishment of the Christian Church, a society professedly founded on a belief in that fact, and whose existence must be accounted for by those who deny it. He then states the nature of the historical problem whose solution is required, and shows that the chief facts of Christianity will stand the test of the most stringent canons of historical criticism ever devised, such as those laid down by Sir G. C. Lewis in his *Credibility of Early Roman History*, which are universally admitted to be sufficiently rigid. Next he examines at length the value of the testimony of the primitive Church, whose *ratio essendi* was far more intimately bound up with the fact of the Resurrection than that of any other society ever was with the personal history of its founder. He then brings in, as contemporaneous testimony of the highest order, the Epistles of St. Paul. The chapter devoted to this subject is one of the longest and most important in the book, and opens up a line of argument which hitherto has been very imperfectly worked. The untenableness is next shown of any other hypothesis of the Resurrection than that of its actual occurrence. The greatest miracle of the Gospels being thus substantiated by the highest form of historical testimony on evidence quite independent of their contents, those Gospels retain their place in the Canon, either as the narratives of eye-witnesses embodying personal reminiscences, or else as historical memoirs faithfully transcribing the utterances of Apostles. Finally, the historical character of the Gospels, thus determined by external testimony, is further

guaranteed by their internal structure, which precludes the hypothesis of a mythical or legendary origin.

In the production of this book Mr. Row has conferred a great obligation on all those who desire to see the Christian faith defended on the principles of a sound philosophy and valid historical criticism. Taken in conjunction with his *Jesus of the Evangelists* and a work on the Fourth Gospel which is yet to appear, his book forms a repertory of arguments by which the minds of Christian youth may be thoroughly fortified against the insidious advances of a scepticism as subtle in its workings as it is deadly in its effects. Without the ostentatious parade of learning, its results appear on every page; while the strong grasp of the whole subject displayed by the writer, the orderly presentation of its multitudinous aspects, the transparent style which suffers no momentary haze to cloud his course of thought, the candour and fairness he exhibits toward his opponent, and the manifest confidence in his cause as the one hope of humanity and the faith that must win the world,—all these are in striking contrast with the corresponding features on the other side, the shifty logic, the crowding together of alien topics without the least pretence at arrangement, the flippant dogmatism, the cynical and even blasphemous depreciation of the professed aims and achieved results of Christianity, the ruthless determination to sap the foundations of religious faith, and the utter heartlessness which in mockery offers a miserable hash of the remnants of Christian morals in the place of its grand and eternal system of truth.

It is a relief to turn from controversy to exposition. On opening the book named last on our list, we stand face to face with the miracles themselves rather than with human speculations about them. Not that Dr. Steinmeyer is able to escape, or wishful to avoid, the necessity imposed on him of a critical examination of each transaction as it occurs. On the contrary, it is the very aim of this work to show, in opposition to Strauss and others, that, while the dispensation of miracles is defensible as a whole, each miracle of our Lord is also defensible on its own merits. An exceedingly valuable contingent is thus furnished to the whole body of Christian evidences. But the peculiar feature of these pages consists in this that, regarding the foundations of Christian truth as immovably established, the author proceeds to build upon them a superstructure of historical narrative whose materials he

finds ready to his hand in the New Testament. He institutes a patient and laborious inquiry into the conceivable motives of each miracle, demonstrates the coherence or accounts for the discrepancy of the different records of it, assigns it a place in the classification to which the works of Christ may be reduced, and groups the whole according to their relation to the fulfilment of His great purpose. The effect upon the mind of the reader is just that kind of conviction of the reality of the history which springs from a minute study of details and a faithful endeavour to grasp their meaning and to comprehend their bearing on the grand issues of the whole. Yet it is no mere pictorial representation that greets us: the outlines are given, but the portrait is not filled up. And herein the author displays both the fairness which, in an argument professedly addressed to the intellect, scorns to call in the aid of imagination, and the self-knowledge which declines what has hitherto proved an impossible task. When some archæologist shall have disinterred from among the relics of antiquity, or some painter shall have evoked from the workings of his fancy, a perfect portraiture of the physical Christ, then but not till then may we expect to see an adequate spiritual delineation of Him who is "fairer than the children of men."

We feel safe in following such a guide as Dr. Steinmeyer. Of the four groups into which he divides the miracles of our Lord, the first are, as works of healing, signs of the kingdom of heaven being at hand. Coming from Capernaum, where He has announced the "acceptable year of the Lord," He finds Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever, and gives proof of the fulfilment of the prophecy by rebuking the disease. The cure of the woman with the issue of blood declares His ability to save those who elsewhere have sought remedies for their woe in vain. The cure of her who had the spirit of infirmity contrasts in value the oxen who are led forth to the watering on the Sabbath with man as represented by this "daughter of Abraham," and gives man his true place in creation. This, with the case of him with the dropsy and him with the withered hand, places external observance in its true light and indicates the presence of the "Lord of the Sabbath." The second group are more specific symbols of the now unfolded treasures of the kingdom of heaven. The cure of the sick of the palsy declares the power of the Son of Man to forgive sins. The cleansing of the lepers announces the purification of the moral defilement which separates man from

man no less than from God, and clothes him with unrighteousness as with a visible garment. The healing of the centurion's servant reveals the power of that "precious faith" which is the instrument of salvation, and which even Gentiles are to partake, as well as the power of the Lord "present to heal" even when His bodily presence is wanting. By opening the blind eyes, Christ calls mankind into "His marvellous light," and by unstopping the ears of the deaf and unloosing the tongues of the dumb, He bids humanity hear and speak the high praises of God. The third group of miracles leads forth a long line of witnesses in proof that Christ has already set up His kingdom, and is no longer content to symbolise His future sovereignty, but already exerts His redeeming grace. In the liberation of those possessed with devils, He enters into conflict with the powers of darkness. Mysteriously permitted a wider range of action than they commonly enjoyed, and wreaking the violence of their rage on the very bodies as well as souls of men, Christ proclaimed His supremacy over all their host, and "having spoiled principalities and powers, made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it. In the raising of the dead, He "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and gave proof of His "power over all flesh" hereafter to be more mightily demonstrated, when He shall "give eternal life to as many as God hath given Him." The remaining group of miracles embraces prophecies of the future glory of Christ's kingdom. The two draughts of fishes declare the marvellous ingatherings of the Pentecost and of later times. The tribute money fetched from the depths of the sea and the healing of Malchus's ear show the Church's attitude toward the kingdoms of this world, an attitude of independence and yet submission. The stilling of the tempest assures the Church's safety amid the persecutions that must arise. Lastly, the turning of the water into wine, which commenced Christ's ministry, is a type of the festive joys of the celestial state; and the cursing of the fig-tree, which concluded His displays of power, foreshadows the doom of the ungodly. The marvels of the Conception of Christ, the Transfiguration and the Resurrection, as wrought upon His person, are not included within the range of Dr. Steinmeyer's plan. What need is there for myths and legends to account for works like those?

Even if our Lord's teaching had been confined to that which He has given us in His works, would it be very difficult to answer the anonymous author's question, "What after all

has Revelation taught us?" Is not the secret of the world's regeneration worth knowing? Are the actual and anticipated relations of earth to heaven and man to God so unimportant as not to need unfolding? Or are men so enamoured of annihilation that they can afford to make light of "the hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie promised before the world was?" Christianity has from the beginning been assailed by external and internal foes, but, through the might of a Divine vitality, has only grown the stronger with the trial of her strength. So long as new nations spring up into being at her beck, and old nations through her influence renew a perpetual youth, owning the charm of her pure morality and feeling the power of her heaven-breathed life, so long her strongest defences remain unchallenged, and her future, that is, the world's future, is safe.

ART. V.—*The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1875. The One Hundred and Seventh.* London: Printed by Wm. Clowes and Sons.

THE nineteenth century has run just three-quarters of its course, and performed, as may be fairly assumed, something like three-quarters of its allotted task. Let us pause for a moment, not to look back—for a retrospective review of English art, though possibly interesting, would certainly prove voluminous—but to look at the present, to endeavour to discover whence our English school of painting has sprung, what of late years are the main influences that have been at work in it, where it now stands, and what is the value of its work. This in itself is a fairly large field of inquiry. We do not flatter ourselves that we shall be able to do more than glance at it. Still less do we imagine that we can give more than an estimate of its harvesting, or unerringly divide the grain from the weeds. Our conclusions on many points—so little faith have we in our own “right reason” proving to be the “right reason” of all time—may very possibly raise a smile on the face of any antiquarian reader who happens to take up this review some five-and-twenty years hence, on the threshold of the coming century. If so, so be it. We do not begrudge him his merriment. His own contemporary art critics, in whom he trusts, will probably also be smiled at in turn. Every generation sees, no doubt, a few art truths which are unchangeable, the same from one generation to another. For the rest each must, alas! remain content with approximations.

Now in such an inquiry as we propose we are met at the very outset by a great difficulty—that of properly classifying and characterising what is, in fact, so multi-form as to be almost formless. Doubtless to our smiling friend in the future the art of to-day will appear a simple matter enough. Its general outlines will stand out clear. Its main features will be easily discernible. The rills and smaller streams will have merged into one great current. A few names of signal power and import—not, we are afraid, very many—will live in his memory. The

rest will be forgotten; and he will wonder that we should ever have paused for a moment to discuss claims that to him appear so unworthy of discussion—do not we shrug our shoulders at West's having been considered the peer of Reynolds? But for us who live perforce in the midst of our contemporaries, who see the forest, as it were, from among the tree trunks and the undergrowth, not from some overlooking point, like the Raben-Klippen in the Hartz mountains for example, and are often compelled to guess at the comparative height and magnificence of the trees—for us the simplicity of a retrospect cannot exist. We are unable to ignore the detail. It is too near to our eyes. We can but try to reduce it to some sort of imperfect and provisional order; and this, as we repeat, is no easy task when dealing with the works of so heterogeneous a body as the English painters of to-day. Let us try, notwithstanding.

If we look for the "origins" of contemporary English art, for the main influences that have gone to mould it into its present shape, we shall not, in some directions at least, or so it seems to us, have very far to seek. It has been much the fashion lately to decry the art of a generation ago, to look back at the year 1840, or thereabouts, as a kind of dark age, quite unilluminated by the first flush of any Renaissance dawn, and very uninteresting indeed. This is not, perhaps, unnatural. The affectations of that time have grown out of date and ridiculous, its mannerisms have long lost their charm; our own will do the same sooner or later. And it is undeniable that there exists at the present moment a far deeper and wider interest in art matters among the general public than existed then. But if we go through a muster roll of great names, however cursorily, we receive a very different impression. There were unmistakably giants in those days. Turner, for instance, of whom we shall have to speak again, was a very great giant. Etty, notwithstanding certain deficiencies in drawing which with all his industry he never quite overcame, was a most devoted and conscientious artist, and a colourist of singular opulence and power. So was Müller. No man ever painted a landscape with a manlier brush than David Cox, or a fresher feeling of life and motion in air and sky. One can see movement in his clouds, and almost hear the wind sighing through his trees and rippling over his meadows. If Stanfield and

Copley Fielding were lesser men than Turner, and even than Cox, that was only because they were so very great. Mulready's is a name of which any school might be proud—an excellent draftsman, as his nude studies do testify, a careful painter, a good delineator of character, a poet of the homelier idyllic kind. Whatever may have been Leslie's shortcomings in colour,—and they were after all negative rather than positive,—we are more than ready to forgive them all in view of a classic delicacy of humour and daintiness of culture that form so pleasant a relief—from M. Doré, for instance. Landseer again was, in many respects, and after making every deduction, simply the greatest animal painter that ever lived. The name of William Hunt is still good to conjure with. Nor in this very cursory enumeration—we are merely noting the figures as they rise before us, and not seeking to give a complete gallery of worthies—should we forget the two or three artists who though still, fortunately, among us, yet belong, in virtue of their age and the date of their younger victories, rather to the earlier generation than to this. Long years and honour to Linnell, whose brush—as witness the series of landscapes lately on view at a gallery in Pall Mall—retains a freshness, a youthful vigour, a Rubens-like richness, almost strangely allied with the mastery of great age! All honour, too, to Webster and Cruickshank, the latter perhaps technically the greater craftsman—a more consummate etcher than Webster is a painter—but both humorists of a high order, and Webster possessing in a far higher degree than Cruickshank the power of rendering character truthfully, and so as to raise a pleasant smile. We doubt, on the whole, whether our own contemporaries will furnish a better list of names five-and-thirty years hence.

Be that as it may—and far be it from us, except in defence of a past that can no longer speak for itself, to insist unduly on an unprofitable comparison—we are led to wonder how much of this earlier art has survived through subsequent influences, and lives in the art of to-day. At first sight, not very much, it would seem. The large grave manner of Etty and Müller, founded upon the traditions of earlier schools, has passed away, at any rate in its old forms. The pure devotion of the former to the study of the nude bears little fruit. If we look through the galleries of the present season a rather meaningless

figure of *Music* at the Dudley, and a rather mean *Andromeda* at the Royal Academy, are nearly all that reward our search, for we exclude Mr. Leighton's *Eastern Slinger Scaring Birds* as being rather a study of colour than of human anatomy. The fact is that there are very few of our painters qualified by training or spirit "to rise to the height of this great argument," in which failure is at once so easy and so conspicuous. The more are thanks due from all real art-lovers to those who can give them this high and noble pleasure. Of such is Mr. Poynter, with his classic dignity of form, equally removed from the coldly "academical" and the mere reproduction of the model (we wish, for all their great excellence, the latter especially being singularly beautiful, that he would devote himself to more important and larger work than such pictures as *The Festival* and *The Golden Age*); Mr. Watts, whose *Galatea* flushing into life was a noble picture; and Mr. Leighton, whose *Hercules Wrestling with Death* stands in our minds as his *chef-d'œuvre*; and in a less imaginative, more purely decorative form, but with exquisite accompaniments of delicate colour, and often of graceful arrangement, Mr. Moore. And we should speak in this connection of the younger Mr. Richmond, were it not that his are as yet perhaps rather promises of perfect work than actual achievements in this special sphere.

Still, on the whole, as we have said, there are but few worshippers at the shrine which Etty visited so constantly and so lovingly; and even of the painters just named only Mr. Poynter and Mr. Moore can be said to linger there habitually. Nor, though one comes every now and again in our annual exhibitions across pictures that are obviously the echo of one of the old well-known voices, can it be said, speaking broadly, that in spirit and manner of workmanship the great men of 1840 exercise any very conspicuous influence on the art of to-day. Turner has no imitators—it is true that very daring genius, and unremitting, unwearying industry are not easily imitated. Stanfield's clean, careful method is not now much in fashion. Landseer's appeal to what is pathetic in the relations between the beast world and the world of man is repeated by M. Rivière; but there the resemblance ends. Notwithstanding one or two witnesses to the contrary, yet it cannot be said that Cox's simple broad use of the brush is much in vogue among the water-colour landscapists. Mulready, Webster,

and Hunt have a few followers, more however in class of subject than skill of treatment; and Leslie has a son who has inherited all his father's refinement and grace, but has applied them hitherto to the development of a far more limited range of ideas. No, speaking broadly—and in such generalisations it must always be remembered that absolute exactitude is impossible—the best art of to-day does not show as much trace as one might expect of having received any direct influence from the best art of 1840. Between the two there is a very considerable gulf fixed. Their aims and methods are different. Beyond the bond of a common nationality, a bond often itself vague and intangible, there is little to connect them.

Except indeed in one, and that a very important matter. We have just said that Turner has no followers, and this is true; his magnificent faculty of going to the very heart of a subject; his skill in composition; his power of irradiating a knowledge of fact that was almost microscopic with the richest hues of imagination; his colour, which so habitually suggests the feeling that he must have painted with the rays of dawn and sunset for his pigments; his genius, in a word—these have found no imitators. But there was one matter in which, or so it seems to us, he left his mark upon the whole subsequent course of English art, influencing it, subject to a recent and partial reaction, quite to our day. This was his system of light. Up to his time, almost, though not quite, since the dawn of painting, it had been customary for art purposes to conventionalise light. The painter, either by the arrangement of his studio toned it down to manageable proportion, or, if the subject did not admit of such contrivance, selected some arbitrary scheme of colour, analogous to that he observed in nature, but possibly very dissimilar, and always less bright, and rested content if his relative differences and proportions remained the same throughout. He knew he could not reproduce all the gradations between pure sunlight and darkness. He therefore chose what may be called the medium gradations—the middle notes in the scale which his voice could take without straining, to borrow an illustration from a sister art—and reproduced those with great perfection. But under Turner's hand all this underwent a change. He was a perfect prodigal in the matter of light. Where his predecessors had hoarded it for special effect and emphasis he flung

it broadcast over his canvas. He would be content with nothing less than the pure white sunlight of a perfect day. He saw the old difficulty of course; but whereas before his time it had been evaded rather than met, he would grapple with it face to face. So he took white paint for the shining of the sun, and black paint for darkness, and between these two extreme points, of which one is to the light of nature as yellow is to white, he followed the gradations of nature as nearly as possible, not chosing subjects or atmospheric effects in which the tone was low, but boldly striving to rival the sun in his mid-day strength, or his dawning or setting splendour.

It was a daring attempt—a revolution in fact. And since then English art, except, as we shall presently see, when consciously turning to foreign example and guidance, has been distinguished from Continental art by a striving to paint in a brighter key of colour. It is this which so puzzles a French critic when going through an English gallery. He cannot understand it. His eyes, accustomed to the comparative gloom of pictures painted with entirely different aims, see nothing in the new objects presented to them but glare, crudity, and an inartistic apposition of gaudy hues. If he happens to possess the diffidence that comes of wide culture, he will admit that such works—to take a very striking instance—as Mr. A. W. Hunt's *Summer Days for Me*, or *When Summer Days are Fine*—may possibly be justified by canons of which he is ignorant. He will be prepared to follow you when you show how these landscapes are burning, palpitating with heat, hazy with it, positively shimmering with a light and warmth that almost annihilates perspective. "Yes," he will say, "that's a very true effect, very powerfully rendered. But where is the balance of masses, the due proportion of light and shadow, the sobriety, I have been accustomed to consider as indispensable? I am dazzled and perplexed"—we hope the suggestion of a critic ever acknowledging perplexity is not too improbable—"I don't understand it." So speaks the candid and friendly foreigner. His *confrère*, who is hasty and self-sufficient, entertains no such doubts, finds no difficulty in demonstrating, very much to his own satisfaction, that our painters like bright colours for the same reason that a savage finds pleasure in beads and bits of glass, and cotton handkerchiefs of a preposterous pattern. Nor is he altogether so entirely wrong as he deserves to be.

For it is undeniable that crude brightness has been a besetting sin among us. What he fails to see is that there is room in the great world of art for both systems—the foreign and the English; that the latter is the more difficult, but also the greater of the two, as it brings a wider range of nature's beauties within the sphere of painting; and that its difficulties are not insurmountable, inasmuch as the really great Englishmen habitually surmount them.

Right or wrong, it is, as we have said, mainly to Turner that this worship of pure sunlight is due. For the pre-Raphaelites, whose movement makes so wide a line of separation between the art of 1840 and the art of to-day, in this respect were but his followers. They did not indeed follow him in much else; and notwithstanding the eloquent praise, the masterpieces of impassioned criticism which Mr. Ruskin devoted to both; notwithstanding too the fact that in certain details of his work Turner could be as literal as the illustrator of a geological lecture—yet in the essence of their work, in their way of looking at nature, Turner and the pre-Raphaelites were in our opinion entirely dissimilar. But as regards light, they became his disciples, and did much to disseminate his principles, and popularise his practice. His system fell in with their bitter scorn of the old conventionalities, and they adopted it.

And now of the pre-Raphaelite movement itself, what shall we say? A great movement, an important movement unquestionably. One that influenced some of the very greatest among the young men who were rising into eminence five-and-twenty years ago, and through them set its mark very distinguishably upon the subsequent history of English painting. Were its works all evil, as its adversaries used to say? Was it the dawn of a bright day of artistic regeneration, nay of moral regeneration in art, as its advocates were in the habit of asserting? Alas! there are so few things in this world that can be safely ticketed as all bad or all good. Food and poison are so inextricably blended in the alchemy of life. The pre-Raphaelite movement answered to the descriptions and expectations of neither friends nor enemies. Excellent as a reaction against conventionalisms from which the life and meaning had long fled; as necessitating among its adherents a strict, patient, earnest study of actual fact; as compelling both them and those who opposed them to examine into the why and the wherefore of the old and the new canons—

there is one side of the shield that is bright enough. The other side is much darker. We may read emblazoned upon it a disregard, under the name of conventions, of some of the essential principles of art; an insensibility—not to mere prettiness, which is very little—but to beauty, which is only pardonable when allied with great power; and a disastrous belief that mere attention in fact, the mere recording of “truths,” constitutes art; that a man can produce a picture by taking a scene and simply reproducing it as a photograph would, without first melting it in the crucible of his own feeling and imagination. This pestilent heresy is responsible for many, many of the works that reappear year after year on the walls of our exhibitions, works often meritorious to a certain degree in workmanship, valuable perhaps as a reminiscence or suggestion of a pretty view or “bit,” but, in any high artistic sense, certainly not pictures.

Of the influence of pre-Raphaelitism upon two at least of the original great members of the “brotherhood,” it is very difficult for an outsider to speak. As regards the general public, M. Rossetti exists but as a name. You come across one of his pictures occasionally at a sale, or in a private house—but such stray glimpses do not furnish anything like an opportunity for forming a satisfactory opinion upon a man’s work as a whole; and with all the drawbacks attendant on a public exhibition, we must express a doubt whether the more genial atmosphere of private life is as favourable to the independence of the critical judgment. So of M. Rossetti’s works, as we know very little, we will say nothing. Similarly Mr. Maddox Brown lives habitually in a kind of shadow, a sort of Sibylline cave. The darkness thereof is not indeed so deep as that in which M. Rossetti shrouds himself. Mr. Maddox Brown did on one occasion, if we remember right, so far emerge as to collect nearly all his works for exhibition. But that was a long time ago; and we should not like to speak of them without first revising our recollections and opinions. The times change unquestionably; and we might possibly find that we had changed with them.

Nor can we here forbear to stop a moment to express regret that another painter, whose works can very ill be spared from public exhibitions, seems disposed, like M. Rossetti and Mr. Maddox Brown, to

“Leave human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life.”

Mr. Burne Jones is not indeed a pre-Raphaelite, though he used, at one time, to look at the world, and especially at the world of antiquity, through an atmosphere tinted like Mediæval glass—just as Mr. Morris re-writes the old Greek stories in the spirit of Chaucer—and thereby gave to his work an archaic character akin to that of the "brotherhood." But here the analogy ends. Into their love of detail, of natural daylight effects, he never followed them. A grave and very individual system of colour, a fine feeling, all too rare among our contemporaries, for the severer, more statuesque forms of beauty, an imagination that sets its stamp unmistakably upon all he touches—these are great, great gifts. We have never seen the picture that gave rise to his dispute with the Water Colour Society, and can, therefore, give no opinion on the merits of the quarrel. His secession was a misfortune in any case. It would be a double misfortune were it to lead him now, tardily and at the eleventh hour, to retire like Achilles to his tents. The legions of prose are strong, and gather round us on all sides. Imagination has need of all her defenders.

But to return to the pre-Raphaelite movement, from which, as we have just said, our reference to Mr. Burne Jones is a digression.

Of the original leaders of that movement, the one who undoubtedly has retained most firmly the faith of his earlier years, is Mr. Holman Hunt. As he painted in 1850, so he paints now, with the same minute attention to detail, the same almost painful accuracy as regards material fact, the same brush that seems too full of care and overstrained rectitude ever to feel much pleasure in its own work. "All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it," might be taken as his motto; and yet, all honour to such earnestness! all honour to the result! Without following his system to an aggressive conclusion—and venturing, we in our littleness, to pelt innocuously that innumerable company of great masters who held the literal fact to be as nothing, and the spirit to be all in all, and regarded our Lord as the type of a glorious manhood, apart from time and nationality—without going to this length, let us do justice to a pure-minded and reverent endeavour to set the circumstances of that Divine life before us as they actually existed. If they shock us, it is because we need to be shocked. We certainly shall not quarrel

with the signs of toil, the almost mean surroundings of the handicraftsman—nor with the scrupulous care that has been bestowed upon every possible local detail. We shall find matter for almost unreserved admiration in the figure of our Lord—that most terrible of art problems to us moderns—as the Child in the Temple, and though much less satisfied with the face in the picture of the *Shadow of Death*—which is very inferior—would be prepared to overlook that defect in view of the enormous difficulty of realising the real in race and ideal in sanctified manhood. But what we cannot accept is the attitude of our Lord as He rises from his toil, an attitude neither simply that of easing the muscles after labour, nor frankly that of adoration—too constrained for the one, too trivial for the other—altogether failing in nobility either way. And what pains us even more is the incident from which the picture derives its name, the falling of the shadow of the figure upon the wall so as to produce the image of a crucifixion, the tools on a kind of rack representing the nails. This appears to us—alas! that we should say so—to be a mere trick. [The late Mr. Bennett produced a toy-book for children on the same principles. Surely art has other means than legerdemain with shadows to show how the mother of Jesus felt through her son's life the coming of the sword that was to "pierce through her own soul also."

Are we speaking too strongly? Is our pen running away with us, as the pen is tempted to do when a glib paragraph presents itself? We could almost wish it were so, so strong is our admiration for Mr. Holman Hunt, so earnestly, for all our sakes, do we regret to see what seems to us any waste of his powers. He has done, he might do, such great things. The field of English religious art belongs to him almost exclusively. Look round the walls of the Academy this year, and of the other exhibitions—you may very easily count on your fingers the pictures that pretend to any religious significance. A not very comprehensible work by Mr. Watts, "dedicated to all the Churches;" a well-drawn picture by Mr. Armitage, neither pleasantly conceived nor pleasantly coloured, which represents *Julian the Apostate Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians*, and showing very visibly that their theological differences are to him "as the strifes of kites and crows"—really, as we come to think of it, this is about

the sum of them. It is not a full harvest by any means. To what are we to attribute so great a dearth? The English race is not an irreligious race. The Bible still lives in its thoughts and language. The histories of the Old and New Testaments are familiar to us all. There are few scenes, whether regarded realistically or ideally, better adapted to art treatment than those furnished by the sacred narratives. How does it happen, we ask again, that English art passes so persistently by on the other side? It is to us a very strange and interesting problem, and one that seems to open two or three curious vistas of speculation. Of course we are aware, for the fact is patent, that there is not the old demand for devotional pictures as adjuncts of public worship. With trifling exceptions all our art patronage is now *private*, and this has no doubt a marked influence upon the supply produced to meet the demand. But are we then to conclude that among the hundreds who buy pictures there are scarcely any who would care that their pictures should be on religious subjects? That seems unlikely. Or shall we assume that our painters are repelled by obvious difficulties? This is probably true of some; but others are bold even to rashness. Again we say, a strange problem. And if the solution is to be found in a growing feeling of estrangement between the artistic spirit, in all its manifestations, and the religious spirit—a feeling for which the artistic spirit in a new-found and baleful intolerance is mainly responsible—then the fact itself is the more to be deplored.

It is because Mr. Holman Hunt is the one English painter of real power who habitually does treat religious themes with anything like adequate earnestness that we so regret ever to see shortcomings in his work; and that those shortcomings are mainly due to a too literal adherence to the "hard-fact" theories in which he was nurtured, we think demonstrable. But there is another great leader of the pre-Raphaelites who very much more than Mr. Holman Hunt has departed from his early manner, who paints with a broad full brush of almost careless ease and power where before he painted with singular firmness and precision, and who yet also seems occasionally unable to shake himself clear of what was extreme in the old influences.

Mr. Millais is, in our opinion, and we make the statement deliberately and in full view of the general absurdity

of superlatives, the living Englishman who possesses the greatest original painter gift. He can paint anything he sees. His mastery of hand is quite superb. Sometimes he seems to soar into the higher regions of imagination and gives us work in which, together with all the habitual power of realisation, we feel stirred by the presence of poetic thought and of a deeper significance. Such pictures stand as landmarks in his career. There were *The Huguenot*, and *Autumn Leaves*, and *The Vale of Rest*, to name but a few in the past; and, in more recent years, *Chill October*, with its mournful ripple of departing hopes, and greyness of the fading year, and the impressive *Moses*, with a face on which the record of the prophet's wondrous life was written not unworthily, and again that large picture of three young ladies playing at cards, ladies not remarkable for anything beyond the good looks that come of youth and health, or dressed with greater picturesqueness than belongs to the ordinary fashion of the day, or surrounded by anything more beautiful than the common evidences of middle-class wealth—materials which in any other hands would have proved rebellious in the very highest degree, and yet which he lifted altogether out of the region of commonplace by sheer energy and power of brush, and a contagious, most poetical delight in vitality and healthy life. But following such works as these, sometimes for two or three years together, we get works in parts of which at least none can fail to recognise the skill of hand—such works as *The Fringe of the Moor*, beautiful in the rendering of foreground gorse and reeds, and turf, whether footworn or in shadow; or *Eveline* and *Gracia Lees*—whom one had better not think about in connection with Penelope Boothby and Sir Joshua Reynolds' children; or that old lady's face one or two years ago which the painter had treated with so little of tenderness and so much of rough brio; or the *Jephthah's Daughter* looking so unfortunately like a *tableau vivant*; or that nude figure of the woman tied to a tree,—so mere a nude figure unchastened by the severity of great art;—and then one is almost tempted to wonder whether the finer works were not due to some happy accident in scene or model. There are critics who have been found to make the assertion. But we hold not so. As Alfred de Musset says, in one of the most graceful of his shorter poems, there is in nearly all of us a poet, slumbering indeed, but who lives and grows not old, and

in Mr. Millais that poet has only suffered his vision to be obscured by past influences and incomplete theories. He has forgotten that fact, however skilfully rendered, is not enough for art; that it requires to be refined and transmuted in the painter's soul.

But of course the influence of pre-Raphaelitism in English art, whether for good or evil, has not been confined to the four original leaders of the movement whom we have named. Speaking broadly, its spirit still reigns in the Water Colour Societies; and its fruits are admirable in such works as those of Mr. Boyce, so full of a quiet restrained force; and of Mr. A. W. Hunt, whom we have already had occasion to name, and whose art is of a very unusually tentative and progressive character; and of Mr. Hine, who may, speaking in our present sense, be claimed as a pre-Raphaelite, and whose rendering of chalk-down scenery is quite perfect in its delicacy and tenderness. Nor need our catalogue by any means stop here, save that a mere catalogue soon becomes extremely uninteresting, and that we have not space to make it more. Among the oil-colour landscape painters too, especially of the English as opposed to the Scotch school, the spirit of pre-Raphaelitism is still very strong. Its noblest outcome this year is, as we think, to be seen in Mr. Brett's *Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands*—a semi-circular bay, surrounded by fretted rocks, and bathed in the clearest, brightest light. The water runs, as sea water will, in varicoloured lanes, here burnished, there opalescent, there absorbing the light, with hues as of the peacock's neck and the humming-bird's wing. Beyond the promontory the pale heavens and the pale sea melt into one another, so that the ships, to use Milton's image, "hang in the sky." The rocks glow in the full rays of the sun, showing their every fissure, and the granulation of their desiccated surfaces. How such breadth of general effect can have been obtained with so minute a study of detail, with so evenly-distributed a care and finish of workmanship, is very wonderful—nor less so how such intense light can have been kept from becoming crude and harsh, and destroying all sense of atmosphere. The picture in its splendour acts pitilessly towards the pictures hung round. It throws them into shadow. They look dull and gloomy, like the inside of a cottage after one has been breasting the bright hill-side.

The next great wave of influence that passed over English art, meeting, as it were, the first backward ebb of the tide of pre-Raphaelitism, and pressing forward through it, was the wave of French influence.* This is a matter quite of our own day. It stands within the ken even of memories that can go back no further than the last ten or twelve years. We can nearly all remember how little there was before that time on the walls of our exhibitions to remind one that England was not the only country in Europe with an active teeming art life, how small the interest felt among English painters and critics in what was being done on the other side of the channel. When Dickens went to Paris, French art came upon him as a revelation. Mr. Ruskin, the great teacher and prophet of the time, persistently ignored it. His influence, which was as great as it is possible for that of literature over painting to be, was exercised in a totally different direction. Unrivalled as a critic and expositor where his own sympathies are aroused, or when dealing with works that illustrate his own many-faceted theories, he is too superbly intolerant to weigh the merits of any practice that clashes with his teaching. Except M. Frère—whose simple tenderness, and “natural piety” of sentiment, and unforced sympathy with the poor and weak of the earth, has struck a responsive chord in a breast full not alone of fire and wrath, but of love and gentle pity—we do not remember to have ever heard him praise any French work. But in process of time a change came over the English art spirit. International exhibitions did much. So did travel, and that desire of a more general culture that is in all things prevailing over English insularity. In the reaction against what was hollow and conventional in the art of the ante-pre-Raphaelite period and the mannerisms of the pre-Raphaelites, our rising painters were led to look abroad. And when once they began to do this in anything like sympathy and teachableness, the result was inevitable. They found among the French and Belgians and Dutch—the Germans have as yet but few followers—a prevailing study of general effect rather than of detail, and of effects

* This influence, it is but right to add, has blended with that of Mr. Whistler, unmistakably one of the most original of modern artists. Mr. Whistler seems to us also to have been greatly influencing the French School itself latterly. Not being an Englishman, his works do not fall within the scope of this article.

perfectly realisable in painting; they perceived that admirable results were to be obtained by a looser method of handling and less of prosaic precision than they were accustomed to; they saw that the mere reproduction of a scene without some attempts at rendering also its inner sentiment, its soul, so to speak, was not accounted art; they could not but recognise the evidences, speaking broadly, of a more thorough technical training, of greater attention to such matters as the disposal of masses and of lights and shadows. And the consequence is, that the new art wave, for the moment, is French.

You see the new force springing up through the old strata everywhere. It is not merely in the works of the three or four foreign painters who have made their home amongst us—M. Tissot, so much more successful among the wharves and shipping of the East-End than in the drawing-rooms of the West; and M. Legros, whose pencil is strong, stern, and almost ascetic; and M. Alena Tadema—we are using an ascending scale—whose gifts are too great and varied to be epitomised with propriety in a parenthesis; nor yet alone in the works of those foreign painters, like M. Israels for instance, who are in the habit, and that greatly to our benefit, of contributing to our exhibitions—it is not in these works only, we say, that Englishmen can now study the influence of foreign schools. They can trace it with a little care and attention in Mr. Boughton's grays, and indefinitely suggestive manner of using his brush—his pictures this year are very good; in such works as Mr. Hennessy's *Votive Offering*; in Mr. Hemy's sobriety of colour; in Mr. H. Moore's gray and cream-white harmonies of sky and sea—his *Outside the Harbour* this year displays more energy of conception than usual; and in many other pictures which now to rehearse were tedious. They can trace it too in the peculiar streaky manner of Messrs. Orchardson and Pettie, and generally in their methods of work, save that the latter has developed a tendency to attitudinisation, often verging on caricature, from which French art is singularly free. For it is a singular thing that though in ordinary life "our lively neighbour the Gaul" is far more profuse of gesture than ourselves, yet in his pictures and on the stage he is far less given to theatricality and rant. And if this be objected to as a harsh saying with regard to Mr. Pettie, we would point to his *Scene in Hal of the Wynd's*

Smithy—which is not inappropriately called a *Scene*, seeing how evidently the highlander is “bringing down the house” with a sentiment—making in fact what is technically, we believe, called “a point”—while as for Hal, the sturdy smith, his quite ruffianly appearance explains what had always hitherto appeared to us an overstrained reluctance on the part of the Fair Maid of Perth to accept so sterling a fellow as her suitor.

The influence of France can be studied too, but here complicated by an element of Northern savagery, in what may fairly be called the Scotch school of landscape,—those “spates,” and foaming turf-discoloured waterfalls, and gloomy clumps of pine trees, and heathery hills, and large splashes of wet foaming mists, and equally splashy seas, of which the “poetic children” of “Caledonia stern and wild” have given us “Southrons” so many samples this year. Yes, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. Smart, and Mr. McWhirter, and Mr. Macallum, and Mr. McTaggart, and Mr. Colin Hunter, and Mr. Docharty have in their method of work a something of the rougher French landscapists, together with much that is all their own. We have no great quarrel with them. Their art is to that of their compeers on this side of the Tweed much what the shaggy cattle of their native hills are to the smoother kine of lowland England; and far be it from us to deny that there is ample room for both in the pasture lands of Great Britain and her dependencies. Let both increase and multiply according to their natures by all means. The better specimens of the northern work rise, we think, superior to Mr. Vicat Cole’s clayey *Loch Scavaig*. We only venture sometimes to wish that, together with certain striking and scenic qualities, and a certain pictorial boldness in the Scotch pictures, there were also less of coarseness, and splash and dash, a less obvious aim at effect, and more of tenderness and feeling. Mr. MacWhirter is our favourite in the band—though we are not really deficient in admiration for Mr. Peter Graham’s best work—and his sorrowful allegories of human life under brute form—for so we read them—have often given us a melancholy pleasure. We therefore commend our views to him. He would probably answer that we are mistaken—and perhaps we are.

Nor is French influence undiscernible in that most interesting body of painters who by various processes are dis-

tilling from the ordinary life around its poetical fragrance. The aim itself is not indeed exclusively French—though it is again noteworthy that a country so generally accused of over-refined and morbid civilisation should have produced works so full of unforced pathos and beauty, so full of sympathy with poverty and rude toil as those of M. Frère, M. Jules Breton and Millet—works which have their literary counterpart in the novel-idyls of George Sand. Still, as we have said, the aim is not exclusively French, and we may fairly claim for our own painters, Mason and Walker—to name but the chiefs—that they obeyed a general contemporary impulse, rather than followed the lead in a path already frayed and made plain. But the form, making due allowance, of course, for individuality of genius, has in it much of the French element, both in handling and in a certain cultured refinement and grace, characteristic of the really great and typical French productions in literature and art. The first of these names, that of Mason, is one that, unless we are much mistaken, will hold a permanent and high place in the history of the English school, and his death is a matter of national regret. It cannot indeed be said to have been very premature, for that fine and rare plant took long to come to the season of its rich fruitage; but who except the indifferent count the years of a man's life to be long, whatever their span? Even to the last verge of the age of those we love, would we not all say, "yet a little longer." And so we wish Mason were still at work. He has some followers indeed. There is Mr. Morris, with his *Widow's Harvest* and his *Mowers*; and Mr. F. E. Cox—a name which is new to us—with three or four pictures of apple orchard, and girls bearing pails, and cows; and there is Mr. Prinsep's *Home from Gleaning*. We have no wish to speak in disparagement; but we miss somewhat, in the first, the grace that would have been in the widow's children, and that undefinable something that would at once have separated her field from the fields of those who are light of heart; and in Mr. Cox, together with much that we like, we own we should be glad to have found a little more solidity of modelling, a little less apparent patchiness in the laying on of the colour. And as regards Mr. Prinsep, whose versatility of subject is always very noteworthy—we should have called it commendable were it not that commendation is often so near akin to imper-

tinence—we confess to thinking that his four gleaner-maidens, pacing with their burdens along the margin of the moonlit sea, suggest too forcibly a comparison which they are unable to sustain. We miss here too decidedly the rhythm of composition, the natural unforced grace of attitude, that glamour of mingled eye-light and moonlight which belonged to the dead master. Mr. Prinsep's colour too is, to our eyes at least, for we don't want to speak infallibly, often simple to slightness. It seems to have no inner life and glow of its own.

Pausing for a moment to think of Miss Starr's *Hardly Earned*, which shows us a governess who has had but the energy to remove her mudded boots after a long day's toil, and now has fallen asleep, where she first sat down, before the empty grate in her solitary room—a picture more heavily charged than M. Frère would have painted, but not trespassing beyond the bounds of artistic sobriety—pausing at this we say for a moment, we next pass on to the other great master of the poetical in common life, Mr. Walker. Less purely pastoral than Mason, it must be admitted that his art has a wider scope. He has not indeed walked through the lanes at eventide, and seen the maidens singing as they went home from their daily labour, or watched the great moon rising, with almost a flush of colour in her pale beams, over the harvest fields, lighting the lads and lasses to their homes; or caught, in this late England of ours, a distant echo of the rustic piping that shrilled through Arcadia of old, and a glimpse of English girls, in cotton-frocks and sun-bonnets, dancing as their antique sisters danced by the winding shores of the blue Ægean in the world of long ago. But he has felt, in many a picture, the poetry of glebe and furrow, of man's hard toil for his daily bread, and the earth's patient response—this year again, with exquisite windings, a stream passes through a meadow, and a ewe, bold in defence of its lamb, contests the right of way with a frightened little laddie, and a rain-cloud settles over the village, and the whole is very pretty indeed—the work of a man who can “find good in everything.” He has felt, too, that “beating out of the little lives of men” to which an almshouse clock gives audible voice, and noted how lovingly the sun kisses the old red-roofed houses by the Thames shore; and once in the hunted face of the prisoner at the bar, he touched a point of ter-

rible and poignant tragedy. More, more, Mr. Walker, we should have more.*

As coming in the wake of Mr. Walker, we may, as we think, class what is undeniably one of the two or three most notable pictures of the year, and one that promises well for the future of English art. Mr. Herkomer has painted some graceful foreign scenes before; but nothing equal in scope and importance to the *Last Muster*. The subject, to begin with, is—we were going to say a very happy one, but that seems an inappropriate epithet—we prefer for the present to say one of great and moving interest. For there is a natural pathos in the sight of any assemblage of old men, whose day's work is done, whose natural outlook is on the other world rather than on this. There is a double pathos where, as in this case, the day's work that has preceded this peaceful close has been full of fierce energy and wild passion. There, turn to the other side of the room, and see in Miss Thompson's picture by what deeds this place of rest in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital was won, through what blood these old pensioners waded to it! Look back now at these old grey-haired men. The tattered flags that were their trophies of old wave over their heads, but they speak of a time long since fled. The words of prayer, it may be for deliverance in the last solemn hour, are on their lips. They are in the presence of Him who is "the author of peace and lover of concord," and all speaks of rest and quiet, and that Sabbath of God that cometh when the six days' toil of our life is ended. Nor are these veterans themselves unworthy representatives of humanity in its autumn. They are in every stage of life's decline. One, whose face, as the best types of beauty will, retains its refined nobility to the last, is almost visibly passing beyond the verge of memory and knowledge. He may be the Colonel Newcome of the ranks. Some of the others are still hale and sturdy. But in all these are the marks of decay. It is a touching scene; the heads are full of varied character. And yet, and yet—we hesitate to say it, and yet so it is—we derive from the picture an impression of want of tenderness and gentle feeling, which we have striven against without success. Is it that the light strikes these white heads too harshly, that

* This was, of course, written before Mr. Walker's death. We leave the words as they originally stood. The loss to English art is quite irreparable.

their silver locks are used too obtrusively as points of pictorial effect? Whatever the cause, such is the result. We almost take ourselves to task for entertaining the thought, but in our more misanthropical moments we seem to think that the subject *may* have been a happy one to Mr. Herkomer.

We have just referred to Miss Thompson's *Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras* as illustrating the other extreme of military life to that dwelt upon in the *Last Muster*. This second important venture of the artist was looked forward to with great interest by those who had given more than a passing consideration to her *Roll Call* of last year. For the blaze of popularity which leapt up round that picture—Miss Thompson must have literally waked up one morning to find herself famous—was so bright and sudden, that one could not but wonder whether she had fuel enough in herself to keep such a fire alive. It was a popularity, no doubt, which, though partly explained by royal notice, was also and more legitimately due to the fact that the painter had struck what in English art at least was a new chord, and done so with force and at the same time due sobriety of touch. It was in fact a pleasure to see an unsensational work attract so much attention. And now does the *Quatre Bras* fulfil the promise of its predecessor? We think we may fairly say that it does. There is abundance of energy in the composition. The play of character under the excitement of battle,—the rage, the steady endurance, the derision, the anguish of suffering—all are well portrayed in the component parts of that human breakwater that has opposed its steady front to the inrolling tide of cavalry during the livelong day. If we wished to be hypercritical we might object that the recruits have a modern look—even "Thomas Atkins," the typical private, changes the form of his countenance in the course of four generations—but that is a mere detail. A more serious objection is the quality of the colour, which lacks solidity, and is not very pleasant. Indeed it is scarcely any disparagement to Miss Thompson to say that in all technical qualities her picture will not stand comparison with M. Philippoteau's rival battle piece of the *Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo*—no disparagement, because he is a veteran, and she is a recruit. But she is a recruit with the marshal's *bâton* in her havresack, if she will only remember how

much of patient drudgery goes to the organisation of victory. Nor should we have ventured to remind her of this had it not been for her picture at the Institute of Water Colours.

And here, as we have just noticed two of the notable works of the year, we may as well dispose of a third, Mr. Long's *Babylonian Marriage Market*, and further, as the subject is recondite, we will make no apology for transferring to our pages the explanatory extract from Mr. Swayne's *Herodotus*, quoted in the Academy Catalogue.

"Herodotus," so runs the passage, "records one of their customs, which, whether in jest or earnest, he declares to be the wisest he ever heard of. This was their wife auction, by which they managed to find husbands for all their young women. The greatest beauty was put up first, and knocked down to the highest bidder; then the next in the order of comeliness—and so on to the damsel who was equi-distant between beauty and plainness, who was given away gratis. Then the least plain was put up and knocked down to the gallant who would marry her for the smallest consideration—and so on till even the plainest was got rid of to some cynical worthy, who decidedly preferred lucre to looks. By transferring to the scale of the ill-favoured the prices paid for the fair, beauty was made to endow ugliness, and the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain."

A subject with great capabilities unmistakably.

There sit the candidates for marriage in due order of merit—an order with which individual tastes may not perhaps in every case agree, and we own that we should ourselves have assigned a higher place to number four, but which is certainly arranged with extreme cleverness. Both ends of the chain are hidden, the ugliest in that she is covering her face with her hands, the fairest in that she stands with her back to us, the real spectators, and her face to the imaginary spectators who are appraising her beauty. These imaginary purchasers are in full view, and on their countenances all the emotions which the spectacle is calculated to arouse, are written plainly—but not ignobly. One has only to think how such a subject would have been treated by M. Gérôme, what a bestial crew these buying Babylonians would have been, to thank Mr. Long for the difference. There is abundance of by-play in the picture; a fund of collateral incidents. There are the two girls who are quarrelling over the places assigned to them; the

youth whose poverty, though not his will, is on the point of consenting to take one of the ill-favoured damsels, but who evidently thinks it will be a hard bargain. It seems unjust to grudge admiration before so much evidence of care, so very much that is admirable, and yet we cannot but think that a severer type of beauty in the row of candidates for matrimony would have lifted the picture into even higher regions of art.

With the mention of Miss Thompson and Mr. Long we find that we have been drifting away from the consideration of the three or four main influences discernible in contemporary English art. Nor shall we return to the subject. For generalise as one will there are always many individualities, and these not the least sturdy and interesting, that will break through our meshes, and vindicate their right to freedom in the open sea. Doubtless we might add a good many facts and names to those which we have already attempted in a rough way to classify. We might show, for instance, how the realistic domestic school of which Mr. Faed is the undoubted master—a school fast dying out—had its roots in the art of the preceding generation. We might add the name of Mr. Sandys, that consummate draftsman who uses his pencil so much better than his brush, to our list of pre-Raphaelites, and also the name of Mr. Arthur Hughes, that delicate and refined mannerist, and of Mr. Lawson, who among the younger painters of landscape perhaps shows most disposition to vie as they did with the force of nature in his foregrounds, and yet with something of French harmony and completeness. But when we had picked up such stray threads in our skein, and many more besides, we should not be much advantaged. To what influence can we trace Mr. Leighton's art, or that of Mr. Hook? When we have said that one is as a choice exotic, an orchid of daintiest tinting, and the other as the samphire growing on our native cliffs, and nurtured among the bluff sea winds and the salt spray, we have not by any means shown their why and wherefore. Mr. Poole's weird fancies are all his own. If we seek for the ancestors of Mr. Watts we shall find them far far away among the great Venetians of old. If Mr. Leslie's grace and refinement are inherited, the form of their manifestation belongs to himself alone. Mr. Poynter's severe and beautiful self-discipline is purely individual.

So we will classify no farther ; or rather alter the form of our classification, that we may try to see, item by item, in a rough and cursory manner, what our School can do in the various departments of painting.

Of our poverty in religious art we have already spoken, and we need not return to the subject. In great historical art we are even poorer. We once had hopes, based on his *English Embassy in Paris on the Night of St. Bartholomew*, that Mr. Calderon would turn his steps in this direction ; but he has preferred more level and less difficult paths. And Mr. Wallis and one or two other men might even now do something for us. In illustrative art, the art that illustrates some scene in legend or literature, we are much richer. Here we meet, at any rate occasionally, with most of our great imaginative painters, Messrs. Watts, Leighton, Rossetti, Burne Jones, Millais, Poole,—and there are a host of lesser men who follow in their train. The more purely literary form of this branch of art—the taking a scene from a book and transferring it to canvas, as the ordinary book illustrator would transfer it to paper—is not indeed for the moment as popular as it was some fifteen or twenty years ago. Whether this is because the circulating libraries are slowly exhausting our familiar acquaintance with the classics of the English and other languages—an acquaintance which is the very vital atmosphere of such illustrations—we cannot tell. We merely throw out the suggestion. It may be that the higher class of painters prefer to re-create their story or legend for themselves, and so do not turn naturally to works in which the writer has forestalled them ; while the painter whose pictures are usually sold rather perhaps as appanages of wealth, as furniture of a costlier kind, giving to its owner a reputation for affluence and taste, and certain in case of accidents to realise its price and probably something more, and so excellent as an investment both in the present and the future—it may be that these painters are naturally led to study their public, and that their public cares little for mere old literature.

Of our landscape art, and the art that deals with the ordinary life around us, we have also already spoken somewhat. As regards the first we may be said to hold our place in Europe, perhaps ; but France runs us very hard. Still we have good men, very good men. As regards our painters of ordinary life, while Mr. Hook, and Mr.

Walker,* yes,—and, for some qualities of his work, M. Faed, remain with us—and to these we suppose we may now add, for what they prospectively will do, Mr. Herkomer, and, though more hesitatingly and hypothetically, Mr. Fildes, whose workhouse picture last year, though perhaps a little overcharged for art, was certainly not overcharged for fact, and whose buxom milkmaid in full sunlight with the daisies in her pail, raises a pleasant smile in this year's exhibition—while these remain with us we may hold our heads fairly high. In humorous art, to which the last-named picture may serve as a kind of introduction, we have, besides the veteran Mr. Webster,—Mr. Marks, who occupies quite a place of his own, and lives in these later times like a reminiscence of the antique jester with quaint quip and crank, and a merry olden smile that is very pleasant; and Mr. Nicol, in whose wrinkled faces the mother wit of Old Ireland is written in legible characters. Nor among graver matters do Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Burgess hesitate to crack a joke with us. The *Barber's Prodigy* by the latter is very good—the irate muleteer, with the lather on his face, who is being neglected while the proud father shows off the drawings of the youthful genius; the barber himself; the mother; the intelligent laddie; the condescendingly encomiastic bishop—all are excellent. We might have wished that the attendant priest had been sycophantic in a less conventional manner; but that is a detail. For animals, there are Mr. Davis, a very accomplished painter, who exhibits nothing this year; and Mr. Hardy, who deals with the wilder aspects of brute life, and does not fear to represent even the carrion feasts of the vulture tribe; and Mr. Beavis, who is equally at home among ships and horses, and is never so happy as when he can combine the two in some scene of salvage after a storm; and Mr. Rivière, who has a singular faculty for lighting on taking and interesting subjects, and who in his *War Time* has deigned to bestow more attention to landscape and accessories than usual. The latter work, we may mention parenthetically, has a motto from the poems of Sydney Dobell, which have just been republished, and are far from meriting the oblivion of later years. Finally, we come to portraiture; and here among much that is valueless—for from the very nature of the case there is no branch of art where

* See note to page 431.

the commonplace in subject and treatment are more likely to be united—there is much also that is admirable. And first, here as elsewhere, we must do honour to Mr. Watts. For gravity and power of rendering character and really artistic treatment, his portraits are unsurpassed, so far as we know, by any contemporary work. And fortunately they are, very many of them, a record of the visible appearance of men who will be found hereafter to have done much to mould the thoughts of this generation, and for whose portraits, executed by the hand of such a master, posterity will not be ungrateful. It is true that occasionally there is a want of firmness, a something that we hesitate to call slovenliness, in the modelling—but not in the best examples. Take the head of Sir Edward Sabine this year. How admirably the character is given, and the signs of age rendered—how real, how forcible it is, and how unexaggerated. The officers of the Royal Artillery were well advised when they asked an artist of this calibre for a portrait of the veteran scientific general. Or take again the sweet little sketch of *Blanche* playing on her violin. It is perhaps unfair to bring the work of a meritorious but uninspired painter like Mr. Oulless into juxtaposition with such work as this. It makes his little *Lady Rachel Wyndham Quinn* look wanting in daintiness and delicacy by contrast; and gives to his portraits of “notables” an air of being even more overcharged than they really are. For this appears to us to be Mr. Oulless’s defect, that in a laudable horror of the inane he is over-forcible and misses refinement and charm—being just the opposite in this respect of Mr. Richmond. But space fails us to go through the catalogue. We cannot linger over Mr. Millais’ portraits, or those of Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sandys, or grieve over the “might have been” in Mr. Sant.

And so we have classified again, and again much has eluded our grasp; and in order to be complete and to place in anything like order the names of all the men who, for some quality or another, deserve to be mentioned in a full muster-roll of English artists, we should have to classify yet again and again, and probably in the end with the same result. So we will attempt no more; but looking back, in conclusion, at these fields of art through which we have been passing, venture to ask, much as a casual wayfarer might do, what is it all worth, what value is to be assigned to the

produce of this other "garden of England"? "Not much," certain critics are in the habit of replying. "Not much, indeed!" most professed critics would reply. And shall we echo the answer? It seems but a sorry conclusion. When one thinks of the innumerable works that cover the walls or our exhibitions year after year, of the time and trouble, the amount of life and human effort given to their production, of the wealth spent—not perhaps, we admit, always very judiciously—in purchasing them, one hesitates to pronounce that "vanity of vanities" which falls so glibly from some lips. Is it, one is occasionally tempted to ask, that the critical stand-point is too literary—that the critic, who has an art of his own, sees in painting too habitually what is analogous to that art, and will best minister to it, what will most readily lend itself to effective verbal description? That there is a purely literary view of painting is undeniable. The interest recently shown in Botticelli is an instance of it. Botticelli was a good painter, no doubt; but his excellence in his own art is not such as to account for that interest. He has not been so studied and commented for his drawing, colouring, composition, and technical merits—though, we repeat, he was not deficient in these—but because he represented a certain phase of thought and culture in his own time. This is a legitimate ground of interest, unquestionably, but rather literary and historical than purely artistic. Now is there anything analogous in the spirit with which our professional critics regard the pictorial works of our contemporaries? Do we ourselves, in mentally going through the works of the English painters of the present, feel an undue partiality for those who seem to us to display imaginative qualities—liking the poets because we are writers—and undervaluing careful art workmanship, and the dexterous recording of fact?

Let us try to answer this question quite fairly. There is at the present moment no English art that is noxious from a moral point of view; there is very little that is positively harmful æsthetically, having regard to the public to which it is addressed. On a yet higher level comes the great mass of English art, which has its pleasing qualities, gratifies a large number of people by reminding them of beautiful scenery, or of a passage from some favourite author, or an incident in history or common life, or suggesting the image of a pretty face. It does not perhaps educate any one's taste very much. But the plea-

sure it gives is anything but ignoble. It prevents no one from looking higher. It has a full right to exist, and long may it flourish—as it most unmistakably will do to the end of time. And yet above this come the few really great painters who, at any one period and in any one country, stand upon the topmost peaks of art. These are the men by whose works any school will ultimately be judged. They are never very numerous, nor is it, in our opinion, at all to be expected that they ever will be. There are not fewer of them now in England than there ever were. There are as many as the Continental schools can show. That these men are poets is unquestionably true. They owe their pre-eminence of position to the fact. They are not, however, necessarily poets in any literary sense, creators of new stories, imaginative exponents of the thought and opinions of their times. They are artist-poets, men who see the visible objects of this world in a way at once new and beautiful, and who have skill of hand to give adequate embodiment to what they see and to the visions of their own minds. Do we limit their number, unduly, and ascribe too great an importance to their work? It may be so; we do not think that it is. The average of English art fulfils a distinct and important function, and is not valueless because there is something better. Let that suffice to prove us not illiberal.

ART. VI.—*Delaunay's Jewish Monachism.* [Moines et Sibylles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque. Par F. DELAUNAY.] Paris. 1875.

AMONG the many works which have appeared of late years in France, with the purpose to explain the origin of Christianity, those of M. Delaunay deserve to be mentioned with honour. The present volume looks at the subject in relation to the tendencies of Judaism which may be regarded as having paved the way for the Christian faith. The first part of it, with which we have to do, is devoted to the study of Jewish Monachism, its origin, and doctrines, and rites, and contains a translation of that remarkable work in which Philo gives a vivid sketch of the Alexandrian-Jewish monks, or the Therapeutæ. The second part presents a deeply interesting view of the Sibylline oracles, both Jewish and Greek. What our author's point of view is will be seen by the following extract:—

"The principal result of these researches is to show that Christianity was preceded by a slow elaboration of ideas and doctrines and institutions; that it was immediately prepared for by the skilful and persevering proselytism of the Jewish colonies in the bosom of the Græco-Roman world; that what gave its power to the Alexandrian group—the first in importance in colonial Judaism—was its expectation of the Messiah, its faith in the Divine promises which announced to the holy people that from it would issue the Liberator, the Judge and the King of humanity. Christianity appears, according to the philosopher, as a revolution of immense bearing and intent which is entitled to the gratitude of all, which has used for its accomplishment the noble efforts of a series of great intellects and the secular travail of peoples and of generations."

These words fix attention on the important question as to the part played by Jewish colonisation in preparing the way for the advent of Christ. We see in the order of Divine Providence two converging lines of great preparation: the colonies of Greece throughout the earth, and the universal diffusion of the Greek language as a vehicle made ready for the diffusion of truth; and, concurrently with this, the diffusion of Judaism among the philosophies of the East, impregnating them with the seed of the grand expect-

tation. Both these topics are discussed with more or less fulness in this little volume. But we must furnish an extract :—

"Are we, then, to conclude that Christianity issued from a necessary concurrence of men and of things ; of ideas and of facts, in which miracle, that is to say, the Divine intervention takes no part? However little we reflect, we shall perceive, on the contrary, that even on the merely human side, that which here alone occupies us, miracle shines out on all hands. The monotheism of Israel in the midst of the related polytheistic nations, its numerical weakness, its dispersion, its impatience of the yoke which it bore, and its natural tendency to idolatry, its ardour for gain, the indomitable hope which it preserved in the midst of the most incredible disasters, all bear witness that this people obeyed a superior will which guided and controlled it, all attest that the course of events was in harmony with the good pleasure of a wisdom which easily baffles our calculations and prejudices ; all unfold the realisation of a plan to which peoples and individuals lend, however unconsciously, the co-operation of all the forces which they possess.

"There are in history two actors, God and man. Man can do nothing without God ; God does nothing without man. We do not minify God when we establish that the stars, instead of being the brilliant fastenings of a vast pavilion extended over our heads, are worlds projected by the hand of the Almighty in limitless spaces. Similarly, when the better known origins of a great event reveal to us suddenly the innumerable means adopted to prepare and accomplish it, we do not minify the part of God when we disclose the secret springs which He has set in movement in man for the realisation of His designs. On the contrary, in proportion as the perspectives of history open out it seems that we find ourselves nearer to God because we are acquiring every day a more definite consciousness of His sublime providence."

These are wholesome and true words, and all the more valuable as giving a French antidote to the poison which is so largely and with so much subtilty diffused through modern English historical writing. It is a grand truth to lay hold of, that the infinite variety of means and instrumentalities taken up into the accomplishment of His designs by the Eternal do not disparage the simplicity and absoluteness of His will. The most recent principle of scepticism, that of an eternal evolution of God in nature and history, is only the wretched parody of the fact that a Personal Being is developing His designs through the infinite recurring contingencies of human affairs. When the idea is put into

what is called philosophical clothing it is accepted as the last word of thought, and applied with blind respect to the explanation of all phenomena. But when it is exhibited as the simple truth of the Christian revelation it is despised as the hallucination of enthusiasts who have exaggerated their notion of human intervention into that of an Eternal Providence. Our French philosopher is profoundly right. But we must descend to the object of his book. We shall not review it at length; but content ourselves with recommending it to those of our readers who read that kind of French combined theological and philosophical dissertation of which this volume is a deeply interesting specimen. First, we shall epitomise M. Delaunay's account of the Essenes, premising that our own account is little more than a condensation of his.

On the road from Gaza to Jerusalem, at a day's journey from the holy city, the ancient Kirjath-arba or Hebron, where tradition places the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, where God spoke to Abraham under the great oaks of Mamre, where the summits of the highest mountains of Judæa are reached, with frightful solitudes to the east and smiling valleys to the west, a colony was found established a century and a half before Christ, with most singular habits and organisations. Their name, Essenes, is an enigma; and their doctrines still more so, suggesting Buddhism, Mosaism, and Hellenism; by turns an amalgamation of all. This itself is a strange phenomenon, when we remember to what an extent the Israelite carried his horror of the superstitions of the Gentiles, with what energy Palestine defended itself from the invasion of the Græco-Roman Pantheon, and with what jealous care, after the loss of their political self-government they strove to preserve at least their religion and temple and worship from the impure contact of the stranger.

"On the surface, the Essenian doctrine might appear to be a natural development of the legislation of Sinai; looking at it more narrowly, we see that it differs in essential points. It admits as to the future life, as to the nature of the soul, as to the eternity of punishments, the data common to the sages of India and Greece, and to the evangelical teaching. That which will perhaps most astonish is to find that, where it abandons the Biblical text and the traditional interpretation, it is in harmony with the doctrine of Jesus Christ. It preached, like the Gospel, abstinence from the oath, contempt of riches, renunciation of the

world, and charity; moreover, it tends to the abolition of the religion of the temple, substituting for it the worship of prayer, which is a monstrous heresy on Judaism; it aims also to suppress the bloody sacrifice and the priesthood, which it replaces by the mystical repast and a more equitable hierarchy, founded on the equality of men in the sight of God."

Many slighter, but significant resemblances may be traced between the Essenes and the Christianity at least of the East in early times. Certain of these resemblances suggest corruptions in the Christian system, and ought not to be taken into account; and some of them suggest interpolations from Christianity into the records of Essenism. For instance, they prayed towards the east; they lived in strict community of goods, the individual being absorbed, and disappearing in the society. They transmitted a secret doctrine, which substituted for the letter of Scripture a highly allegorical interpretation. They had a certain kind of catechumenate or preliminary initiation. They enacted oaths of fidelity to the sect, to God and to man. Excommunication was somewhat similar to that in vogue among Christians. Finally, the supreme term of initiation, the participation in a mystic repast. To these we shall return in the sequel. They did not resemble Christianity, as we shall see, in their wide dissemination. They were established in many villages of Palestine; but their most important centre was in the neighbourhood of Hebron, where, to the number of four thousand, they inhabited the valleys inclining towards the Dead Sea, in the triangle comprised between the river Kedron, Hebron and Bethlehem.

"Such is the Essenian: large and half-veiled figure, symbol of the secular travail which agitates and mingles the religions, the philosophies and the races of the ancient oriental world, presage of the new order of things which this travail will bring forth. Like the luminous vapours which precede the appearance of the sun, and vanish in his rays, the historian sees it rising on the threshold of Christianity, and then disappear immediately before the triumph of the Crucified, leaving scarcely a fugitive trace in the memory of men."

Now let us turn to the Therapeutæ. At the same epoch, but in Egypt, on the borders of Lake Mœris, they served God and healed man: their name seeming to combine both meanings. Philo places the principal establishment of the Therapeutæ on the very site of the flourishing convent of Nitria at the end of the second century. They were in

many respects like the monastic institute in its best day: a school of moral science and the pursuit of perfection, engaged in incessant conflict with the flesh, and in unwearied worship of God. They condemned slavery, as being contrary to the natural law; they recognised no other distinction among each other than that of age, and no other superiority than that of virtue. They partook of a common repast, which was regarded as the religious act *par excellence*, and had strong resemblance to that which was celebrated among the first Christians. The Therapeutæ also were altogether weaned from bloody sacrifices: thus resembling the Essenes, and both resembling Christians. Moreover, the celebrations connected with the rite—the chants, the preaching, the fêtes, ablutions and choral evolutions—forecast in their numerous details the later ceremonial of the mass. Philo, their historian, gives many indications of the close affinity between their current language and that of the early Christians. A few extracts from his sketch of them will illustrate this:

"These solitaries," he says, "come to the convent of Lake Mœris to die to the world and commence a new and a blessed life. . . . In order to reach by meditation the direct contemplation of the Being (for such is the ultimate and supreme end of their desires they forsake all, country, friends, riches, wives and children. . . . Of what avail are *perishable goods and temporal affections* to him who seeks to attain sovereign fruition, and *drink of the intoxicating cup of Divine love!* . . . Shut up in their oratories and *monasteries*, they use all the day for prayer, for composing pious hymns, for commenting on the Bible, and for contemplating the infinite and ineffable perfection of Him who is. At night only do they concede to the body a few cares and slender nourishment. . . . They live on vegetables and bread; their drink is fresh water. Women are admitted to follow their rule. The greater part are aged. *All are virgins*. Very different from the priestesses condemned among the Greeks to chastity, these practise continence out of the love of wisdom. They have renounced for ever the pleasures of the body; they aspire, not to carnal generation, but to that celestial generation granted to souls taken up by God. The seed which impregnates them is the intellectual rays of the Father on high."

Two things require consideration. First, what formed this Jewish monachism to a system so foreign to the genius of Judaism? And secondly, what was its relation to Christianity?

There can be little doubt that this spirit of asceticism came originally from the East. Even before the captivity, the Semitic-Aryan civilisation of the borders of the Tigris and Euphrates had made its influence felt in Palestine. There entered more or less into the Jewish mind the conception of intermediate powers between the Creator and the universe; the anticipatory belief in a Being very near to God, who was the supreme Mediator, holding the Divine attributes as it were by delegation; the notion of a distinction between two groups of beings, good and evil, which, over man, and around him, and within him, contend for ever, and have for the symbol of their contest man's body and soul. Here was the foundation of asceticism; laid in the Rabbinical schools, but finding its expression in history among the sects to which our attention is now directed.

When the Alexandrian colony was detached from Palestinian Judaism, Mosaism, violated in its cradle, was between two influences. Already deeply influenced by the Assyrian ideas, it also had the Græco-Roman Paganism appealing to it in the most impressive manner. With what effect may be seen in the learning of the Jew Aristobulus, in the translation of the Scriptures, in the cultivation and pure style of Philo, almost a rival of Plato, and in the general philosophic cultivation of the school of Alexandria. Here we must quote a fine passage:

"The character of this Judaism, which bordered on heterodoxy, fitted it to bring about the approximation of all the doctrines and all the races of the entire world. The situation of Alexandria, on the confines of East and West, destined it to be the theatre of this approximation and combination. The condition of the Jews, dispersed throughout the provinces, from the Euphrates to the Tiber, from Babylon to Rome; that of the Alexandrian Jews in particular, who had the monopoly of the navigation of the Nile, that is of the entire traffic with the extreme East, and whose vessels furrowed in all senses the Mediterranean, made them the natural vehicle for the exchange and propagation of ideas. Their proselytism had energetic organs, long before prepared, in the numerous marts sown all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, in the little colonies which cropped up in the merchant cities of Greece, Italy, the Isles, and Asia. Finally, the great philosophical labour of the three centuries of the Alexandrian school armed this proselytism, in the event of its abandoning the straight ways of ancient Mosaism, with an elevated *Æsthetic*, a pure *Morality*, and a profound *Metaphysic*. And all took place accordingly. Christianity found in the writings of this school a Biblical exegesis

quite ready, an extensive sketch of a Theodicy, a perfect vocabulary intelligible to the Greek world. Origen and Clement, the first and perhaps the most illustrious fathers of the Greek Church, are the direct disciples of Philo."

We should prefer to say "the indirect disciples." They knew St. John and St. Paul still better than they knew Philo, as every page of their writings proves. But, leaving this, it is obvious that all that is said in the eloquent passage which we have condensed does not account for the peculiarities of the Therapeutæ. There are still other currents of influence: for instance, from Egypt itself and from India.

The Jewish colony of Egypt, so plastic to all foreign influences, was not inaccessible to the influences of its own adopted country. There are traces still extant of monastic establishments in Egypt before the Therapeutæ; especially on the Serapium or temple of Memphis. These devotees, however, had priestly functions, which of course could not be assumed by Jews far from their one and only temple. Nor is there any direct proof of any imitation, though it is obviously to be inferred that there was some affinity between the older and the later system. As to the influence of India, M. Em. Burnouf has striven hard to show that the religious and philosophical doctrines of India had very much to do with the development of the Jewish school of Alexandria.

"Although history is dumb as to the relations between India and Egypt, it is difficult, according to M. E. Burnouf, to deny these relations. Philo, he adds, names Buddha; the doctrine of the *Cramanas* was celebrated and appreciated in Alexandria and in all the eastern parts of the Roman Empire. The Veda was known in the Greek world before the coming of Jesus Christ. There are in the Orphic verses passages which were translated word for word from the hymns of the Veda.

"Be it as it may, the analogy between Jewish monachism and Buddhist monachism authorises us in asking the question whether the Essenes and the Therapeutæ did not spring from an imitation of the religious customs of India. We might perhaps mark in the rites of the two Jewish sects details very minute, completely foreign to Mosaism, the origin of which might be readily explained by the theory of a borrowing from the Hindoo rites. Let us add that the conception of God in Philo presents this remarkable circumstance, that it allies with the Mosaic monotheism a Pantheism most nearly allied to that of the religious books of India. The

influence of which we speak appears, according to many, in a yet more decisive form in the doctrines and rites of Christianity; the ritual of our churches, according to them, has been to a great extent derived from Buddhist ceremony. All this demands further and deeper investigation; up to the present time we are reduced to faint gleams which, far from dissipating uncertainty, seem to render more visible the darkness of history.

"The upshot of all is that Jewish monachism derived its character from a wide variety of influences. On the trunk of ancient Mosaic doctrine it grafted slips from almost every tree of heathen philosophy and religion. Aryan and Semitic traditions strangely blend; and the result is one of the most strange composites of ancient times: a kind of life in which contemplation, meditation, study, devotion, and practical piety unite to put on some of their loveliest, and at the same time some of their most repulsive forms."

Before considering more particularly the relation of Jewish monachism to Christianity it is necessary to consider the relation of each of its two branches to the other. The following passage will scarcely bear compression; it tells us all we need know on the subject.

"In reading Philo's *Contemplative Life*, which describes the Therapeutæ, we might think ourselves shut up in one of those hermitages of the Thebaid which have made Egyptian Christianity memorable. We see there religious saints who divide up their lives between the ardours of prayer and the calm of study; they copy and comment on Scripture, compose hymns or prayers destined to enrich the collection of the sect. Their long beards, their rough garments, their countenances sharpened by austerity, their modest and grave attitudes, all testify their contempt for the body and the devotion which they have pledged to the spirit. They are sober, chaste, and pious. God is their only thought: it is to Him they refer everything, pleasure and pain, joy and sadness. Let us follow them to the temple; there are the alternating and majestic chants, the choral evolutions, the devout harangues, the edifying lessons, the sacred banquet apparently of the Christian worship. Among them you will remark veiled virgins: mystic and tender souls, they have disdained the world to retire into the shade and solitude of the cloister for consecration to the Divine service. God has become their Spouse; from this union come to them ineffable pleasures, unknown to those who live after the flesh."

This is a clear account of the Therapeutæ, and is more than sustained by the language of Philo's treatise on the *Contemplative Life*, which is an enthusiastic tribute to their excellences. Now for the Essenes:

"Open now Josephus, or that other treatise of Philo entitled *Every Good Man Free*, and the scene changes. We are among the monks of Judæa, on the borders of the desert, in the midst of one of those cultivated valleys which incline towards the Dead Sea. A multitude of labourers meet our view : some cultivating the soil, sowing it with useful seeds or drawing from it abundant harvests, and some attending to fruit trees ; some pasturing cattle, and others caring for bees ; some weaving wool or making linen stuffs ; some, finally, attending to matters of daily necessity. Before going to work, that is, before sunrise, they pray ; labour is not interrupted save for prayer ; their meals are taken in silence and constitute a religious ceremony of the highest importance. When evening comes each of the cenobites regains the solitary grotto which gives him shelter from the inclemency of the climate."

In both alike there is a doctrine derived from asceticism : celibacy is honoured, sobriety is a law, clothing and lodging are reduced to the strictest limits of necessity, pleasure is counted the most dangerous enemy whether of body or of soul. But, on this common basis, there is a difference in the superstructure. Palestinian monasticism, more conformed to the spirit and traditions of Judaism, approached nearer to the conditions of the practical life. The Essenes did not profess for riches the same absolute contempt which the Therapeutæ exhibited. Entering the society they did not leave to their friends or to their relations, but to their community, the property they renounced. Their devotion was not so rigorous : it allied itself with occupations which tended to subserve material wants. They combated the flesh with less exasperation : marriage was tolerated in a certain part of the community. The letter of the law seemed to bind them more expressly : their ablutions were frequent, and the observance of the Sabbath strict to such a degree that they suspended, on that day, the satisfaction of their physical needs. In short, the Therapeutæ were more Græcised than their Palestinian brethren ; and their ceremonial had considerable analogy with rites which were imported from Asia into Greece about the sixth century before our era. The Pythagorean doctrine of numbers especially reappears in Egypt, but not in Palestine.

Now we must turn to the relation of this system, with its two branches, to Christianity. Our philosophical historian turns to the subject with this suggestive preliminary remark :

"We are wrong in thinking that the originality and dignity of Christianity are interested in this debate. Under peril of stifling the germs sown by them, the first evangelists could not give to Jesus as disciples ascetics and solitaries. The rising religion needed something besides delicate and subtle speculations, erudite commentaries, assiduous macerations, for conquering the world: it needed the love of the Master, faith and especially works; it needed those ardent proselytes of whom St. Paul will remain ever the immortal type."

The solution of the question as to the relation of Jewish monachism to Christianity is one of great interest and of some importance. In deciding upon it we have scarcely any light from antiquity. Josephus speaks of it only in two or three passages. Pliny barely touches it. Philo of Alexandria gives a sketch of the Essenes and a fuller description of the Therapeutæ; but by some this later work is regarded with suspicion. There are, as usual in such matters, two extreme opinions: the truth lying probably between these.

The first is that which M. Salvador has spent so much pains upon in his work on *Jésus Christ et Sa Doctrine*. He aims to establish that Christianity was the necessary product of a combination of Greek ideas with the old principles of Judaism. He lays much stress on the book of wisdom of Jesus, son of Sirach: the evangelists, he thinks, found there all the principles on which this new law was founded. He dwells much also on the writings of Philo, a philosopher whose birth was thirty years before that of Jesus Christ: his writings contained, he thinks, in an elegant form and one likely to fascinate the Greeks, all the doctrinal and ethical elements of Christianity. In regard to our two branches of Jewish monachism, M. Salvador gathers from the writings of Philo and Josephus that they realised in full the Christian institution and life before the preaching of the Gospel. In other words, Christianity had its immediate or proximate origin in Essenism and Therapeutism.

The opposite of this is the hypothesis of which M. Lenormant is the ablest representative: that Philo was probably a converted Jew, who had been a catechumen of St. Peter; that the Therapeutæ formed an early eastern church; and that the Jewish monachism was simply the early and vigorous beginning of the Christian institute, which soon afterwards flourished so wonderfully in the Thebaid. This

theory saves the originality of the Gospel. It cuts every bond that connects Christianity with the past through the mediation of the Judaism that immediately preceded the Redeemer. It has been set forth under various forms in modern times; and its defenders hold very different opinions, as it respects the testimony of Philo. But it is only fair to say that it has the early tradition of the fathers, following Eusebius, in its favour.

There can be no doubt as to the fact that there are striking analogies between Jewish Monachism and Christianity. Those who make them altogether independent of each other are as far from the truth as those who place them in relation of cause and effect. We may accept those analogies and account for them without interfering with the originality of Christianity. This Divine institute for man's redemption had its points of contact with both ancient and modern Mosaism, with Essenism, with Alexandrian monachism, with the school of Philo, and even with Greek philosophy. But it is as far as heaven above earth from being one with any of these. There is a better way of accounting for the resemblances than that of making Christianity either an elaborate and designed development or an accidental and happy variation of the Jewish society system. We may give a good explanation of the characteristics they have in common, without adopting the theory that John the Baptist was an Essene, whose relations to the community the New Testament has concealed; that, during our Lord's youth and especially during His forty days in the wilderness He Himself was instructed by the Baptist, and improved upon His instruction by reading the Essenian system of doctrine, discipline, and practice; that in His instructions He skilfully taught the ascetic principles to those who were capable of receiving them as an esoteric doctrine, while making His Gospel more free to sinners generally; that, after His pretended death and resurrection, He took refuge in an Essenian monastery, whence He occasionally issued for another mystic term of forty days, and into which he finally retired, ascending only into the secrecy of the mountains near the Dead Sea; and, finally, that His disciples were some of them ignorant of this and others purposely concealed it, thus uniting to bring about the remarkable suppression of the name whether of Essenian or of Therapeute in the early documents of Christianity.

The resemblances alluded to may be thus summarised. Many of them will strike the attention at once without being specially indicated.

The Essenian system of morals was remarkable. According to Philo it was condensed into one axiom: "to love God, to love man, and to love virtue." Our Lord reduced all religion, whether in obedience to the Law or as Christian perfection of virtue, to two things, the love of God and the love of man. He, indeed, like His apostle after Him, reduced all to one commandment of love, making the love of God the first commandment, from obedience to which, in the form of love to Himself, all other obedience would flow. Here, indeed, is a remarkable coincidence between the Essenian ethics and the Christian. But it must be observed that the resemblance is more apparent than real. Christianity knows nothing of a third love as such: the love of virtue. Such an abstract love is not in the Christian code, nor could it be. There is no virtue but in God; nor is there love but to persons. And, moreover, the precept of the love of God and the neighbour was in the Hebrew code from the beginning. The Essene did well in bringing it from its obscurity, though not well in adding to its sacred formula. Our Lord brought it out of obscurity too; but He did what the Essene did not: He gave it its profound spiritual signification, and delivered it as an injunction to love Himself, thereby keeping both commandments in one, for He is God and He is man.

The equality which Essenism laid so much stress upon has its parallel also in Christianity. Humility, self-sacrifice, simplicity of aim, submission to menial offices for the good of others, abandonment of property, renunciation of kindred, and absorption in the household of faith and obedience to God,—are all prescriptions and demands of Christianity, which were current in both branches of the Jewish monachism. A superficial glance at the collation of the two systems will produce the impression that there must have been something more than coincidence here. Some of the favourite maxims of the Essenes seem literally reproduced among the writers of the New Testament. But, when we examine more closely, we find that what in the Jewish sects was an outward and rigorous bondage to the externality of sacrifice was in Christianity the submission of the free spirit to the

yoke of a heavenly Master, "meek and lowly in heart," whose "yoke was easy, and His burden light." It is true that Christian monachism afterwards emulated the Jewish. But from the beginning it was not so. Our Saviour did not lay down the Counsels of Perfection as containing His will for the voluntary seclusion of a portion of His more elevated and ambitious disciples. Asceticism was the discipline of the imitation of His sacred character. The monastery was the pavilion of His presence in the world, and yet not of it. The community of goods was not a law of Christ. There is not a solitary hint of His will to found a cenobite institute. Jewish Monachism anticipated Christianity by bringing into prominence some invaluable characteristics of virtue. But it missed its way in their application.

The Christian system and the Essene might seem to be one in the abolition of oaths, in the abandonment of the temple and the bloody sacrifices. At least, it is customary to lay much stress upon these points of affinity between the two systems. The resemblance is exceedingly striking in some respects. But it is no longer a resemblance when we look more deeply into the genius of the two systems. The Essenian abjuration of the oath—so to speak—was fanatical. Our Lord interdicted the needless and profane oath, and showed the evil in it from which the Christian spirit would necessarily deliver its votary. But He and His followers were not Essenian in their own conduct. As an Essene Jesus could not have acted as He acted on His trial; nor could the Apostle Paul after Him. As to the abandonment of the temple, it is true that the Lord and the Essene were at one in regarding the reign of sacrifices as over. But the difference was infinite between their respective reasons for this.

As to another point we may quote M. Delaunay to advantage: it is one that has much importance at the present time.

"We find in the Gospels only very summary hints as to the nature and attributes of the soul, and as to the mode of its ultra-terrestrial existence. Nevertheless, we meet among the Christians of early days some very precise and detailed doctrines on these subjects. This is very remarkable, and is to be explained only by the fact of an oral tradition from the lips of Jesus, transmitted through the medium of the apostolical generation to the first doctors of the new law.

"Be that as it may, there is to us a great interest in establishing among the Essenians the existence of beliefs conformed to those of Christianity. Josephus was vividly impressed with this peculiarity of the Essenian doctrine. 'Among the Essenes,' he says, 'there was a fixed opinion that bodies are perishable, that their matter may be annihilated, but that souls are imperishable. Issuing from the purest regions of the ether, they have been inclosed in the bonds of bodies as in a prison-house, drawn as it were by a natural charm to form these conjunctions. When delivered from the bondage of the flesh, as if released from long slavery, they disport joyously in free space. Following a theory conformed to that of the Greeks, they suppose that pious souls have an abode beyond the ocean, where neither snow, nor rain, nor heat trouble them. As to the souls of the ungodly, they are relegated to a region under the earth, the theatre of eternal punishments.' Now there can be no doubt that Jesus taught this doctrine. The punishment is different, but the doctrine agrees on two cardinal points: the immortality of the soul, and the eternity of punishment and reward. And even the terms of Josephus resemble those in the Apocalypse."

But it must not be forgotten that Christianity never taught any such doctrines of the alliance between the soul and body; that it never vacillated as to the reality of the resurrection; and that it introduced the new and glorious element of an ordeal of judgment between the sins of time and the retributions of eternity.

Among the Essenes the common repast was the religious act *par excellence*, the most important part of their worship. It was their testimony of gratitude towards the heavenly Father from whom we receive all things, and also the symbol of human fraternity. Before sitting down to the table, they proceeded to mystical ablutions: symbol of the purity of heart which they must bring to the sacred banquet. They clothed themselves in white garments for the same purpose. Before eating they engaged in prayer. After the prayer of the president, who invoked the Divine benediction on the aliments, the bread was broken. During the repast, conversation turned on profitable topics, and such as tended to inspire piety and virtue. Among the Therapeutes were found the same mystic festivity, surrounded by special and significant ceremonial. It is obvious to everyone that there are some points of connection here between the Essenes and the early Christians. Nothing in connection with the customs of Jewish monachism was more remarkable; nothing is so difficult of solution. Many attempts have

been made to trace these usages. Some make them copies of the Christian pattern. Some make them the origin of the Christian usage. Philo regarded them as a remembrance of the ancient table of the shewbread. To us it seems that the passover also was remembered, and that the blessing of daily bread was an act which would naturally be carried over from the usages of Judaism, earlier and later, into the practice of any sect of the severer sort.

On another topic, which occupies a considerable place in the modern dissertations, we must once more let M. Delaunay speak.

"Excommunication of which Ananias and Sapphira were, in the Church of Jerusalem, the first victims, was practised also among the Essenes. They administered justice within, and had their own tribunals. But that the sentence might be definitive, it was necessary that the number of judges should be at least one hundred. At the outset, the churches had the same kind of interior jurisdiction. St. Paul, in his epistles, recommends that Christian quarrels be not carried before the Gentiles. At a later time the general assembly of the Christians, unable to undertake all the causes, delegated its powers either to a tribunal which took the name of the tribunal of penitence, or to an *Episcopus*, or to a *Presbyter*, called then a *Confessor*, because it was customary to denounce faults publicly. 'Among the Essenes,' Josephus says, 'those who commit grave faults are cast out of the sect. Most generally, a fearful death awaits the delinquents. These obligations and their rites constrain them, in fact, to refuse the nourishment which the charitable hand of a stranger might offer. They are reduced to live on roots, and thus die of hunger and exhaustion. It sometimes happens that the Essenes themselves take pity, and admit them to reconciliation at the moment when they are about to render up their last breath.'

Then follows a long essay on the oath taken before the mystical repast, and on many other points of analogy between the initiation of the Therapeutes and that of the early Christians. On the whole subject there is this one remark to be made: the resemblance is found only by comparison with the later Christianity of the second century, when it is far from improbable that Jewish monachism had, in common with other similar influences, done much to corrupt the simplicity of Christian usage. The terrible judgment that fell on the first typical hypocrites of the Christian Church was not an act of ecclesiastical excommunication.

The important question returns on us. There are so many points of analogy between Jewish monachism and primitive Christianity that the conclusion seems obvious: Christianity loses its claim to originality; being only another form of Essenism, which however was lost or swallowed up in the nobler system to which it gave birth, devoured by its own offspring. But this question, which is here discussed at some length, cannot be decided otherwise than by negating the conclusion. The differences are numerous and very deep: some of them are here indicated.

The Essenes belonged to a sect still imbued, in spite of the beauty of its morality, with certain principles and prejudices which condemned it ever to the narrowness and barrenness of sectarian life. For instance, it imposed on its adepts the sacramental obligation of keeping its dogmas and its teaching secret. Now the Christians opened to the whole world the doors of its temple; it sowed with full hands and everywhere the treasures of its glad tidings. The horizon of the Essenes and the Therapeutæ never went beyond the precincts of the convent. Their virtue was strict but strait, their devotion was never untainted by fanaticism and exclusiveness. The faith of the Christian embraced humanity, and made him a citizen of the world. Founding the kingdom of God, the Saviour first of all invited into it the humble and meek; all who groaned under the burden of life. He founded a society in the bosom of which the distinctions of caste and of race are suppressed, in which love unlimited is proclaimed as a duty, becomes its own recompense and constitutes the sanction of the law.

It is true that Christianity, at its dawn, preserved some traits of Jewish monachism. The Church at Jerusalem, the cradle of Christianity, was a kind of Essenian convent. But soon, yielding to the irresistible expansion of the living forces which it carried within its bosom, it went on until it overturned all obstacles and filled the world.

The Essenes and the Therapeutæ bewildered themselves in the subtleties of refined commentary; and, like the Cabalists, found in most puerile expedients a refuge from the obligations of an inflexible text. But the Christian was emancipated from the letter which kills, and soared on the wings of the Spirit which was life. He revered doctrine, but made that subordinate to a higher aim: the

practical works of religion were beyond all things important to him. Without altogether breaking with tradition, Christianity burst through its restraint, and proclaimed that all ancient types and figures were summed up and accomplished in Christ Jesus. It was delivered altogether from those practices, obsolete and vain, of ancient Mosaism to which the Essenes were to a great extent devoted; it did not introduce into the observance of the Sabbath the same rigour; it did not entertain the same horror of meats reputed unclean; it did not enter with the same avidity into petty theological disputations about the virtue of external practices. In short, the Christian came out of that isolation which, among the ancient writers, made the Jew odious and suspected.

Much stress has been laid by those who would derive Christianity from Jewish monachism on the analogy or resemblance suggested by the sacred feasts common to the two. It does not seem so strange that those authors should use this argument who look merely at the simplicity of the institution of the Supper in the New Testament, or who add only the very earliest traditional Christian celebration. But it is surprising that Romanists should be desirous of linking Therapeutism with Christianity. Between the solemn and joyful repast of the Jewish societies and the tremendous mystery of the Roman ritual—from which the feast as such has long vanished, and with which the notion of a common feast cannot comport—there is hardly the faintest analogy. We, with our views of the Holy Supper, see indeed some analogy; but, at the same time, such differences as to render the notion of any common bond between these societies and Christianity simply incredible. Both the Essenes and the Therapeutes adhered to the ancient Jewish covenant feast, while they renounced everything sacrificial which gave that feast its value.

Two things, in particular, essential to the Christian Supper, are absolutely wanting in the observances of the Jewish ascetics. First, the Christian institute was one which derived its importance from its relation to the Person of Christ. "This do in remembrance of me!" Those who sate down at the Essenian festival remembered no human head, not even Moses. There cannot be sifted out of their traditions any, even the faintest, indication that they thought of anything past, present, or future,

but the temporal goodness of God. They had no knowledge of the Messiah as come or coming. The Messianic hope seemed to have died out in them. Thus, most strangely while they aspired to the highest realisation of the sanctity of the Israelite religion they had suffered to escape that which was its glory, its Messianic hope. And in another respect they showed their degeneracy from Hebraisms, and, at the same time, the difference between their feast and the Christian Eucharist. They abominated sacrifice as contrary to the will of God; whereas the Christian institute was established to keep in everlasting remembrance the fact that by sacrifice, and that of precious blood, man lives.

The only other point of difference—one, moreover, that is absolutely decisive—is hinted at by our author; but has not full justice done it. The words he uses, however, are remarkable:

“Essenism is a collective work, an anonymous creation. On the contrary, in the person of Jesus are concentrated all the grand inspirations which assure to Christianity the conquest of the human race. In the cloister of Lake Maria, in the convents of Palestine there reigns a preoccupation of equality which absorbs the individual and reduces all to a level. The first word of Christ, “I am your Master and your only Master,” did not come from an Essenian; it is repugnant to the spirit of the sect. It is in the enthusiastic love which unites the disciples of Jesus to their Master that we must seek the moral grandeur of Christianity and the secret of its high destinies. This love identifies with the Master the most humble of His faithful ones; it suppresses space and defies time. There is nothing like this with the Essenian and with the Therapeute; we see among them a tradition slowly and minutely formed, and transmitted with cold and scrupulous fidelity. Their attachment to the Law is rather obstinate, than enlightened; their equality is inferior and hard; their virtue becomes almost merely a question of time; their science is not without vanity nor is their humility without pride.

“Everything that Jesus touches He transforms, purifies, idealises, penetrating the whole with the effluence of His ardent charity. The poverty, the piety, the humility of the Essenian, among these sectarian virtues, become, passing through him, human virtues. The sacred banquet is no longer limited to a symbol of human fraternity, an act of gratitude towards God, it is the fusion of hearts affected by the omnipotent rays of their Master’s love.”

Hence then it appears, after all that has been said, that
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there exists between Jewish monachism and primitive Christianity a remarkable community of ideas, of doctrines, of practices, and of rites. Moreover, it cannot be doubted that the one society was in a peculiar chronological relation to the other; as it were in direct sequence if not filiation. On the other hand, all must admit that the differences are so great and so vital that Christianity cannot be derived from that Jewish phenomenon; even if it adopted anything belonging to it the transformation was so great as to give the character of novelty and originality to the result.

If we adopt the conclusion, to which a careful examination of all the facts seems to conduct us, that the two systems were altogether independent of each other, we are led to admire the mysteries of Divine Providence in this new characteristic of the fulness of time. That St. Paul knew of the existence of Essenism there can be no question. He had been trained in the knowledge of all the later developments of Judaism. And we may suppose that the peculiar Pharisaism of this sect was in his thoughts when he wrote certain passages of the epistles to the Colossians, and the Corinthians, and to Timothy. To what extent the sacrifice of Christ on the cross was a stumbling-block to these devotees we can gather from their recorded opposition to the idea of sacrifice in every form. St. Paul had them, doubtless, in view, though he never mentions them. Why he never mentions them may be explained by a reference to his general reticence on all such matters. Rather, it will need no explanation to one who observes the apostle's general habit. He does not mention the other sects of modern Judaism, save when he had a personal or an apologetic object in view. The name of the Pharisees is as it were extorted from him in self-defence. We should not from his writings gather that Pharisees and Sadducees were so prominent and so contrasted as they were. The Essenians, mediating between them as they did, might easily pass unnoticed. So also the philosophical sects of Hellenism, with which the Jewish monastic confederacies were closely connected, are left unmentioned by St. Paul, though we find him several times on the very verge of allusion to some of them. The fact is that he, like all the other apostles, and like their common Master, is under the over-mastering influence of one great Cause, before which all the rivalries and mutual relations of Judaic and Gentile sects vanished into the merest insignificance.

But to return. The fulness of time was marked by this, as well as by some other phenomena: that Judaism itself had in its purest ethical forms outlived its Messianic hopes, and surrendered itself to a contempt of other men and other systems, while itself bereft of everything that gave it its pre-eminence. Christianity and Essenism came into the world together, so to speak: the latter being the final development of the ancient economy without the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit of Christian preparation; the former the full and consummate perfection of the ancient revelation of Christ 'complete in Him.'

We must give the testimony with which M. Delaunay himself closes the subject, in his own words.

"Those who heap page on page to show that Christianity has its roots everywhere, that the Hellenic books, like the Vedas and the Zend-avesta, opened its way and proclaimed many of the truths which it teaches, do not perceive that they exalt and magnify the institution instead of minifying it. They make evident the fact that the providential plan, from the origin of the world, caused all the efforts of humanity to converge towards the great revelation of which Christianity was to be the theatre, and the race of Abraham the instrument marvellously prepared. M. Havet does not deceive himself when he discovers in Hellenism an element, the tendencies of which go straight towards Christianity. The phenomenon is not limited to Greece. M. Havet will find it also in Egypt, in Alexandria, in Persia, in India. It could not be otherwise, since Christianity is the most elevated formula of the religious sentiment in humanity, a formula which, embracing all, has transformed and has magnified all.

"In the eyes of the philosophical historian, the originality of Christianity does not consist in the fact that it resembles nothing that had preceded it, that it has drawn nothing from human media; it resides in the fact that it has purified, co-ordinated, synthesised the results of all anterior progress. For the philosopher its divinity, what we may call its grand miracle, is evidenced in the circumstance that it has vivified scattered elements, condemned to be, without it, inert and barren matter. Without Christianity, Judaism, despite its proselytising ardour, remained the religion of a few men, hated and persecuted; the sublime pages of Plato were given up to the exclusive admiration of refined men of letters; the theories of Philo on the logos did not descend from the heights of cosmogony and metaphysics; biblical exegesis remained a *jeu d'esprit* destined to enlarge, by artifice, a text too narrow; the doctrine and the rites of the anchorites of Judea and of the Alexandrian ascetics never would have issued from

the bosom of the monastery, and would have been extinguished fruitlessly in the interior of a sect shut in.

"Zoroaster and Buddha, Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato, Moses and Pluto, great names which symbolise ages and peoples, philosophies and religions, are then, in different ways, the precursors of Jesus. They all move on towards Him; they announce Him. If they do not all equally anticipate Him, they all suppose Him nevertheless. They prepare deeply the soil which must, to be productive, receive the celestial dew of which Scripture speaks."

These are words both of truth and of soberness. With them we leave the subject, on the very threshold of it, however. Since writing these few notices of M. Delaunay's book, Dr. Lightfoot's commentary on the Colossians has reached us. Among its dissertations there is an essay on the Essenes, which is without doubt the most complete view of them that our language possesses. Our rough notes, which have taken a more general view of that Jewish monachism of which the Essenian system was only a part, will serve as an introduction to the elaborate dissertation of that work.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

DR. TREGELLES.

The Western Weekly News. May 1, 1875.

SINCE our last issue, England has lost her most eminent Biblical critic: Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, a man whose universal sacred learning, and contributions to the criticism of the text of the New Testament in particular, placed him among the foremost of European names. He lived and laboured in comparative obscurity; but his weight had long been felt at home and abroad, perhaps more abroad than at home.

Dr. Tregelles was born at Falmouth in 1818, and consequently was removed at the comparatively early age of sixty-two. His family belonged to the Society of Friends, and among them he had his early training. Though he did not himself adhere to the Society, its stamp remained upon him, as is generally the case, through life. His steady, independent, and straightforward integrity and devotion to the public good was the application of a lesson taught him from infancy. His religious character was much influenced by the Plymouth Brethren; and to them also he owed much that distinguished him in later times: a keen eye for the interior and more spiritual meaning of the Scriptures, to the text and letter of which his life was devoted; a restless ardour in the interpretation of the prophetic word; and other things familiar to those who have read his works. But he was repelled from the Brethren by much that he could not approve. Their place was not taken by any other religious body. He never attached himself to any community or any communion of the Christian Church. It may be that his doctrinal views, though strictly evangelical, were not formulated with sufficient clearness to allow him frankly and honestly to subscribe any standards or occupy any ministerial position. Suffice that he remained one of that large class of godly men who remain outside of the pale of church fellowship as commonly understood, and was content with a catholic sympathy ready for all true Christians, and a never-failing devotion to Christ Himself.

The following account of the literary labours of Dr. Tregelles we extract from the journal mentioned at the head of our notice :—

“He devoted himself to his special branch of Christian labour with earnest zeal and unbounded self-sacrifice. He lived for his home and his work, and in the performance of that work was distinguished not less by the most scrupulous exactitude, and the most cautious and careful reasoning, than by the courage with which he assailed difficulties and accepted conclusions when satisfied of the evidence in their favour—confident that truth from truth had nothing to fear.

“Dr. Tregelles’s life from his youth up was that of a student, and more than half of it was spent in advancing one object—the preparation of a critical edition of the Greek New Testament. It was so far back as 1838 that he conceived the plan of his great work, and he had then paid for years considerable attention to the textual criticism of the Scriptures. He then proposed—First, ‘To form a text on the authority of ancient copies, without allowing the “received text” any prescriptive right; second, to give to the ancient versions a determining voice as to the insertion or non-insertion of clauses, &c., letting the order of words, &c., rest wholly upon the MSS.; third, to give the authorities for the text used for the various readings clearly and accurately, so that the reader might at once see what rests upon ancient evidence.’ In August 1838, a specimen was issued from the epistle to the Colossians; and from that time, as opportunity offered, the work was continued, the idea gradually obtaining more definite form, until in June, 1844, Dr. Tregelles published an edition of the Revelations with various readings, and publicly announced his intention of issuing an edition of the Greek New Testament. He then gave himself up almost entirely to this great undertaking. In order that he might himself collate the ancient Uncial MSS. (*i. e.* the earliest, written in capitals), he went abroad in October, 1845. One of his principal objects was the collation of the famous MS. in the Vatican. He spent five months in Rome, but failed to obtain his desire. He saw the MS. occasionally, but was not allowed to transcribe any part. Nevertheless, he read many passages, and contrived to record several important readings—making, we believe, an occasional note on his nails. The Vatican was the only place where Dr. Tregelles encountered this dog-in-the-manger policy. At the Augustinian Monastery in Rome, at Florence, Modena, Venice, Munich, Basle, Paris, and other places he was received most courteously, and had every facility afforded him. His plan was to compare each MS. with a copy of the same edition of the Greek Testament; and so to mark the variations that he could produce the copy of every text that he collated line for line. He also traced a page of each MS. in fac-simile. More than three years were spent in collation without bringing it to its

close; and Dr. Tregelles then, in 1848—ten years after the first conception—issued the prospectus of his Greek Testament (to which he prefixed an historical sketch of the printed text), and stated his chief object to be ‘to give the text on the authority of the oldest MSS. and versions, so as to present, as far as possible, the text commonly received in the fourth century, always stating what authorities support and what oppose the text given.’

“Nine more years elapsed before the first part of the work—the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark—was issued. The labour involved had been gigantic, and ‘weariness of mind and eyes’ had retarded its progress. And so year by year with untiring patience, the great scholar pursued his task. Another ten years elapsed—thirty from the time of the first inception—and still it remained uncompleted. At length it reached its close, and with it closed its author’s working life. He had barely completed the last chapters of Revelation when he was struck by paralysis, and the pen literally dropped from his hand. He never recovered from the effects of this attack, but, happily, the task was accomplished, and Tregelles’ Greek Testament remains for succeeding ages a worthy monument alike of his piety, scholarship, and toil.

“It must not be supposed that his Greek Testament absorbed all Dr. Tregelles’ energies. He was a prolific writer on kindred matters. The Introduction to the New Testament in Horne’s *Introduction to the Scriptures* is by him; and among his other publications may be mentioned his *Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament*; *Historic Evidence of the New Testament*; *The Revelations*; the *Codex Zacynthius*; *Daniel’s Prophetic Visions*; *The Authenticity of the Book of Daniel*; *The Jansenists*; *Collation of the Critical Texts*; and various works on Hebrew, including an edition of *Gesenius’s Lexicon*.”

The mention of this last work gives us an opportunity of observing upon Dr. Tregelles’ great conscientiousness and ability as a translator and editor. He was in fact a pattern of what the editor of a neologian German author should be. His edition of Gesenius will not soon be superseded. “It has been a special object with the translator, to note the interpretations of Gesenius, which manifested neologian tendencies, in order that, by a remark, or by querying a statement, the reader may be put on his guard. And if any passages should remain unmarked, in which doubt is cast upon Scripture inspiration, or in which the New and Old Testaments are spoken of as discrepant, or in which mistakes and ignorance are charged upon the holy men of God who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—if any perchance remain in which these or any other neologian tendencies be left unnoticed—the translator wishes it distinctly to be understood that it is the effect of inadvertence alone, and not of design. This is a matter

in which he feels it needful to be most explicit and decided." Were this example generally followed—or, rather, were all the Germans in the hands of such editors—it would be well for us. A note on the same page of our Gesenius strikes us as characteristic of the singularly acute and simple-minded writer.

"The translator would here observe, though not immediately to the purpose, on the name *Shemitic*, which has been given by Gesenius and other scholars to that family of languages to which Hebrew belongs. This name has been justly objected to; for these languages were not peculiar to the race of Shem, nor yet co-extensive with them. The translator has ventured to adopt the term *Phœnicio-Shemitic*, as implying the twofold character of the races who used these languages:—the Phœnician branch of the race of Ham, as well as the Western division of the family of Shem. This term, though only an approximation to accuracy, may be regarded as a qualification of the too general term *Shemitic*; and, in the present state of our knowledge, any approach to accuracy in nomenclature (where it does not interfere with well-known terms which custom has made familiar) will be found helpful to the student."

Of the spirit in which Dr. Tregelles laboured on his great work, the text of the Greek Testament, the following words from the Preface to St. John will give some indication. "Enough has now been stated to make the references in this part of my Greek Testament intelligible. I do not again repeat the principles of criticism which I believe to be true: I have often done this already, and it may be needful for me to do it again. I trust that my labours, now carried on for many years, have been, in measure at least, under the guidance of God, and that they have been followed by His blessing. I have sought to serve Christ in serving His Church, in labour connected with the text of Holy Scripture, the testimony of the Holy Ghost. There was a time when it seemed hopeless to gain the attention of those whom I wished to direct to a true apprehension of the value of ancient evidence as applied to the Sacred Text: now, not only has a hearing been gained, but there is a response for which I cannot be too thankful. In proof, I may refer to Dean Alford's fourth edition of the Gospels, and to the avowed principles of the Rev. B. F. Westcott and the Rev. F. J. A. Hort, as to the Greek New Testament they have in preparation: to both of these I must acknowledge my obligations for many acts of kindness; the latter has furnished me with valuable added references to Patristic citations, and other corrigenda; all of which will, I trust, be used in their places. I thus see far more likelihood of the adoption of true principles of textual criticism, than I could a few years ago have thought probable. In the result I most unfeignedly rejoice; even though my Greek Testament and the labour of my life becomes

merely one of the almost unnoticed steps by which the Hall of Truth is entered. Reverential Christian men of more learning, more sagacity, and more richly endowed with critical materials, may be able to accomplish more than I have done or ever can do; but thus much will remain to me (and surely it is enough), that I have honestly and prayerfully toiled in the right direction, and this toil has not been wholly unsuccessful."

If Dr. Tregelles had lived a few years longer, or even had spent out the term of his threescore years and ten, he would, as we think, have been greatly rejoiced at witnessing the wonderful approximation of the Greek text towards perfection: a perfection to which he himself has not a little contributed. But he is gone, and not long before him his worthy German compeer, Tischendorf, rested from his severe labours. These two were, on the whole, the foremost textual critics of the age; and it is very remarkable, and as satisfactory as remarkable, that the leading critics of the text were both in the front rank of Christian orthodoxy and evangelical devotion. This is a striking instance of the fact that curious investigation of the letter has no tendency to blunt sensibility to the spirit of the Word of God. Of course, no pursuits will interfere with true piety where it exists. But, more than that, the affectionate solicitude about the text of the Word of God is in itself of great price. It tends to impress on the student the fact of the wonderful supervision of Providence over His Word. He is brought as it were into contact, and that continually, with the minuteness of that providential care; and sees as few others see how firm are the human and documentary foundations on which the faith of the Church rests.

EWALD.

ONE of the most industrious, learned, and belligerent of the German labourers in Biblical literature has also ceased from his labours during the quarter. Ewald was one of some three or four men whose names had become household words in England; though it cannot be said that the general notion of him corresponded with the reality. He was a gigantic man; but he was too thoroughly independent and isolated to be the idol or favourite of any party. He was claimed by none as a leader; he offended almost all with whom he had to do. Moreover, his opinions were his own; he was, strange to say, a vehement antagonist of the school of Hebraists which is most opposed to the authority of the Old Testament text; but he was himself a very destructive expositor of Old Testament history. He was an opponent of the Tübingen school; orthodox Christianity, nevertheless, owed him but little. His works will be wondered at for a long time; more wondered at when they are seen in their completeness and

unity than they are now. But it is very probable that their contributions to Biblical literature will be absorbed into the labours of more popular men, and he himself will be in due time a great name and memory alone.

Heinrich Ewald was born at Göttingen, and displayed great ability as a young student. Before he had reached maturity he was a teacher in the Wolfenbüttel Gymnasium. In 1837 he went to Würtemberg, and taught for ten years in Tübingen, when he made himself a name and became the centre of a large number of enthusiastic disciples. He returned to Göttingen in 1848, and spent the remaining twenty-seven years of his life there, intermingling philosophy, theology, and politics in a more fantastic way than any other prominent character of the times.

The students of Hebrew owe a great deal to Ewald. As early as 1827 he published a critical Hebrew Grammar, in which he applied philosophical principles to the language, and struck out a path which many since have entered with good results. His grammar has gone through many forms and many editions, and is now one of the most ponderous books of the kind. Still, though his writing made an epoch in Hebrew grammar, and in Semitic philology generally, they will never take a permanent place among text books. His *History of the Hebrew People* is an immense work, which occupied him more than thirty years. We have had occasion more than once to do justice to the vigour and originality and vividness of Ewald's pictures of Hebrew history; and at the same time to exhibit the utter looseness and indeterminateness of his historical principles. In him the creative or inventive faculty, shown in the fertility of hypothesis, is simply ruinous to historical precision. With his commentaries on the Old Testament we are not acquainted sufficiently to pass judgment upon them.

His exposition of the Book of Job contains some noble vindications of the ancient doctrine of immortality; and generally it may be said that the tone of his mind qualified him to appreciate the higher and grander elements of religion in the Scriptures. In this respect he was immeasurably above most of his freethinking compeers. His heart was almost always right. His commentaries on the New Testament we have read with more or less care, especially those on St. Paul. Though he diverged very widely from the true view of the unity of St. Paul's writings, he nevertheless did much to resist the course of the destructive criticism of Baur and his followers, to whom the name of Ewald was a name of fear. His contribution to the settlement of the Johannæan question, though not decisive in itself, and subject to many deductions, has laid Christian literature under a great obligation. Besides the works to which we have alluded, Ewald wrote an enormous quantity of miscellaneous articles, reviews, and disser-

tations on topics connected with Oriental languages and literature, in many departments besides Hebrew, and ranging over almost every subject of interest to either varied or profane learning.

If a fair opportunity occurs, we should be glad to say something more about this great and indefatigable critic. Meanwhile, it is not without a very mingled feeling that we recall his memory, and pay it our tribute. Ewald was a perfect specimen of the hardworking German student, whom no amount of labour appals, and whose seventh decade is as industrious as the third. The amount of material he collected in some half-dozen languages was enormous. The number of his own books was great, amounting to a little library. The mental work of his life, estimated in any way whatever, was something almost unparalleled. And Ewald did not pay the penalty which most of these multifarious and polyglot writers pay,—that of diluting their influence by spreading it over too wide a surface. He has left his broad, deep, and clear mark on many departments of learning. The knowledge of Hebrew is a very different thing from what it would have been had not Ewald lived. However much he owed to Gesenius and others, he proved himself a pure original. For ourselves, we value more than anything else we have of his, the writings on St. John, and think them a monument of ability and true learning which will not soon sink into the earth. But, after all, no work that Ewald did in the theological field will ever really advance the cause of truth: that is, they will not add anything not contributed by others. The value of his theology is negative: that of showing how much may be said in a latitudinarian spirit against the destructive. If all the voluminous writings of Ewald are sifted, there will be found no clear and pure theology; nor any such defences of the faith as will serve the cause of that stricter orthodoxy which we consider to be the hope of the Christian Church.

DR. FAIRBAIRN.

Pastoral Theology: A Treatise on the Office and Duties of the Christian Pastor. By the late Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of the Free Church College, Glasgow. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by the Rev. James Dodds. Durham: Clark. 1875.

A VERY noble man, true Christian and useful writer, has been taken from the Free Church of Scotland and from the Christian world. Too soon, alas! after noticing his *Pastoral Epistles*, we are called upon to notice the *Pastoral Theology* as a posthumous work. Most of our ministerial readers will be likely to have access to this small and inexpensive volume, the value of which is great as prompting to earnest and conscientious attention to every detail of ministerial duty. The topics brought before us in it

cannot, however, be treated in a short notice: they will be referred to at another time. For the present it will be only a due tribute to this honoured name if we give—especially for the sake of some readers whom the volume is not likely, on account of its professional character, to reach—a few particulars of Dr. Fairbairn's life, mainly drawn from the interesting sketch in this volume.

He was born at Hallyburton, Berwickshire, in 1805, and proceeded to the University of Edinburgh in 1818, much too early for his subsequent scholarship. His progress was slow and sure. But Edinburgh was not the place of discipline which it has since become: it was before the days of Chalmers and Welsh. He was appointed to an Orkney parish in 1830, where it was thought by his friends that he would be practically buried; but it was there he laid the foundation of that sound and extensive learning to which the Church owes so much. "It may be truly said that the studies which laid the foundation of Mr. Fairbairn's theological eminence began only after he had left the Divinity Hall. About the time when he was licensed as a preacher, or looked forward to ordination as a minister in Orkney, he formed a regular plan of professional study of no slight or superficial character, but solid, laborious, and systematic; and that plan he carried out with unflinching perseverance. He determined to make himself thoroughly master of the Hebrew and German languages, in order more effectually to equip himself as a scientific theologian; and having become in good time an excellent Hebrew and German scholar, he entered on a course of theological reading and inquiry which lead to important results. When he was about to be ordained at North Ronaldshay, where some of his friends thought he was in danger of being buried, his brother asked him how long he would like to remain in Orkney. 'Just six years,' he instantly and decidedly replied; for, on full consideration, he had calculated on such a period for the completion of the studies he had projected for himself in his remote island home. And it so happened that, after he had spent about six years at North Ronaldshay, he was appointed minister of the new 'Extension' Church of Bridgeton, in the City of Glasgow."

It was a good thought, and, when conceived, a precocious one, to undertake a course of German reading. At that time the number was comparatively few of those who had the key to the treasures of German theological science. Translations were few and not always good. Mr. Fairbairn turned his German to very useful account. He translated works from the German for Messrs. Clark: showing, however, the 'prentice hand on some of the earlier of them. But he was doing better work than translating. He was laying up the material for the work on which his theological reputation will mainly rest: that kind of material which cannot be found in translations; for the best treatises to which

his *Typology* and other works are indebted are not in the English tongue. As things are now, it is hardly necessary to a young man to add German to his other studies: unless indeed he has had in all other respects the advantage of early and sound training. In that case German can be easily acquired. If not, the young student may be assured that all the German theology he is now likely to want will be at his disposal in the vernacular English sooner or later. Let us hear Mr. Dodds.

"His knowledge of German, thus early and well exercised, was undoubtedly of good service to him as an earnest theological student. It introduced him to a vast and varied field of theology which must be traversed by everyone in these days who would truly earn the name of theologian. But, while he prized the excellences, he was well aware of the defects and dangers of German theology, even of that large section of it which cannot be fairly called rationalistic. Few of his countrymen have equalled him in making good use of German learning and its solid results, while rejecting what is inconsistent with sound doctrine or that reverence which is due to the word of God. In his *Typology*, and in most of his other publications, we find an excellent combination of German erudition with Scottish orthodoxy."

These are sound words; temperate and well balanced, like Mr. Dodds' memoir generally, which is a model of dignified simplicity. Those who meddle much with German theology in the original ought to be well guarded. Even the best theologians—there is scarcely an exception—have peculiarities that are very offensive to the sober taste and evangelical sentiment of those to whom we write. Some are so intensely sacramentarian that the whole gospel is impregnated with the sacramental symbols, and the two sacraments are literally the basis of the administration of the economy of grace. Others are so free in their theory of inspiration that we never feel ourselves safe in their hands. Others have a most licentious fertility in speculation and hypothesis: with some favourite crotchets which intrude at every open door. Others again—and they are not a few—are so desperately orthodox that they allow no scope or latitude for independent thought at all. Some are mystical, on the other hand, to a most fascinating and dangerous excess. Some are lacking in that tone and taste and exquisite sense of propriety the absence of which is so soon felt and resented by the genuine English theologian. While most of them, finally, betray a spirit of isolation and indifference, not to say contempt, towards theologians not German, which is, to say the least, far from pleasant.

"Having from the very commencement of his ministry belonged to the 'Evangelical party' in the Church of Scotland, Mr. Fairbairn manfully supported his views in the Church courts, though he did not aspire to the position of an ecclesiastical leader.

At the disruption of 1843, he had no hesitation in joining the Free Church, and, indeed, was the first of his brethren in the Presbytery to leave his manse and face the hardships of the trying time. He found shelter for himself and his family, first in the neighbouring parish of Bolton, and afterwards in the town of Haddington; but in spite of distance from his people, he visited them regularly, and fulfilled every duty of a diligent pastor, while he still carried on his loved theological studies. Of the Presbytery of Haddington, to which he belonged, nine out of sixteen ministers had joined the Free Church; and he took a leading part in helping to form a new Free Church Presbytery, and generally to advance the interests of religion in the district. But at that period of sharp contention between rival Churches, there was no unworthy bitterness of spirit. With the late Dr. Cook of Haddington, and some other of his former co-presbyters, he continued on terms of friendship, though he differed widely from them on certain points of theory and practice."

Mr. Dodds shall give his account of the principal work of Dr. Fairbairn. We have expressed our judgment of it more than once in past years, which will be found quite in harmony with what we now quote. The biographer's generous estimate will be accepted as correct on all hands. "In 1845 he published, in one thick duodecimo volume, his *Typology of Scripture*, a work which had occupied a great part of his leisure for a number of years. It was subsequently published in two volumes, and reached some time ago a fifth edition. In its enlarged and improved form, it is as free from imperfections as any work of the kind can well be, and it is now universally regarded as a standard theological treatise. The subject of the Old Testament types had never been handled before in a philosophical and satisfactory manner by our British or American theologians. It was reserved for the Free Church minister of Salton to produce a work upon it, which, for critical insight, grasp of principle, and solid though unostentatious learning, was not surpassed, if even equalled, by any similar theological performance of the day."

We would advise every theological student, and young minister especially, to study this valuable work. There is hardly any branch of Biblical knowledge where looseness and inaccuracy are more often detected than in this; nor is there any in which precision is more desirable. A month or two dedicated to the thorough study of this subject would be of great service to any young divine; and he can have no better guide in the regions of the types and symbols than Dr. Fairbairn.

In 1847 Dr. Fairbairn delivered a course of theological lectures in London, and gave token of that special ability which afterwards was found serviceable in the Principalship. His books came out in steady succession: all of them sound and good, some-

times prolix and redundant, but always with the close study they required. We quite agree—as our pages have shown—with the biographer when he says of the work on Ezekiel, “We do not know if a sounder and more profitable book on Ezekiel has been published in our time, and it is likely to keep its place in our modern theological literature.” He did not disdain his old craft of translation; but turned into English Hengstenberg’s Commentary on the Revelation of St. John. He wrote on Jonah; and a “very complete list of his works would likewise include various lectures, pamphlets, and contributions to magazines which proceeded from his pen, chiefly about this period.” Dr. Fairbairn in 1852 was appointed assistant to Dr. MacLagan, Professor of Divinity in Aberdeen; afterwards he became professor. The University of Glasgow conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity. “The University of Edinburgh, where he had commenced and completed his literary and theological studies, thus missed the opportunity of being the first to recognize in a special way the merits of her distinguished alumnus.”

To the Free Church College in Glasgow he was appointed professor of theology by the General Assembly of 1856, and in the following year was elected Principal. He was now in the meridian of his influence and usefulness. “While as Professor and Principal of the College he commanded the respect of all his colleagues, and endeared himself to the students as their accomplished instructor and zealous friend; he took a high position in Glasgow as a public man, ready to give his countenance and assistance to every religious or benevolent enterprise that engaged the attention of that great commercial city. His majestic presence and dignified bearing, coupled with readiness of speech and unaffected suavity of manner, were sufficient to win favour in any company, to grace any platform, and to aid the advocacy of any Christian cause.” Of his work on *Prophecy*, his *Hermeneutical Manual*, his *Revelation of Law in Scripture*, and his *Pastoral Epistles* we have already spoken. A deeper acquaintance with this last volume enables us to say of it that it is one of the most useful editions of these epistles in our language. It will probably be the most used, next to the *Typology*, of Dr. Fairbairn’s writings.

Dr. Fairbairn was a most diligent and indefatigable worker. It might be thought that he engaged in too many literary enterprises. But it must be remembered that his constant toil was faithful to the Scriptures: it was in their service and defence and exposition that he toiled; and we think no such honest Christian labour as his can be spared. No man can be better employed than in giving to the press, in any form, sound Christian truth. There will never fail to issue abundance of heresy and error and evil. Blessed are these labourers—though they are comparatively few—who employ sound learning on the right side. Let them

write on, and pour their antidote into every kind of channel whithersoever the poison may find its way. These remarks are occasioned by the following notice of Dr. Fairbairn's connection with the great Biblical Repertory of Messrs. Blackie :

"During many years of his residence at Glasgow, Dr. Fairbairn acted as editor of the *Imperial Bible Dictionary*, an important work published by Messrs. Blackie and Son. Even before he went to Glasgow as professor, it had been virtually arranged that he should occupy that responsible literary post. But some years elapsed before he had actually to enter on his editorial duties. The labour and anxiety he underwent for many years in connection with this great undertaking severely taxed both his intellectual and his physical energies. He was assisted, of course, by a staff of able contributors ; but not a few of them failed at the last moment to send articles they had promised, and he had of necessity to supply by a great effort their lack of service. Soon after this great work was off his hands, Dr. Fairbairn was appointed to deliver in Edinburgh the third series of the *Cunningham Lectures*.

There is an episode in the short memoir which accompanies the Professor to Germany. One incident we are almost sorry to see recorded, as we think it tends to produce a wrong impression of a truly great man. "From Halle they went to Berlin, where they had an interview with Hengstenberg. This distinguished theologian, whose works Professor Fairbairn had helped to make known in Great Britain, did not favourably impress his visitors. Indeed, his appearance, manner, and spirit greatly disappointed them both. He looked more like an awkward and rather morose student than an accomplished theological professor, acquainted with the world as well as with his great science. The questions put to him by his English translator he answered curtly and imperfectly, while he had no question whatever to put in regard to the state of religion and the churches of Great Britain. But Hengstenberg had by this time surrendered himself to those high Lutheran views which greatly impaired his Christian usefulness, and lost him the confidence of the Evangelical party in Prussia."

It is rather hard to judge a German professor by his externalities, or by the impressions produced in a single visit. The temperament of a man should be allowed for, the awkwardness of converse in language not mutually understood, and a thousand other things. Dr. Hengstenberg was not the kind of man this quotation would represent. He was in his heart deeply affectionate, and a warm lover of all true Christians. Moreover, his high Lutheranism was honest conviction, and did not render him intolerant to other communities. Nor did he cease to be evangelical, and, generally speaking, trusted by Evangelicals. He made some attempts, it is true, to harmonise

St. James and St. John by an expedient that seemed to threaten the Pauline doctrine of Justification by faith alone. But it only seemed to threaten it. However, he is gone, and the great bulk of his work was like Dr. Fairbairn's own, thoroughly honest, and faithful to Christ.

In 1864 he was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. "His dignified conduct in the chair was universally admitted, while his opening and closing addresses as Moderator were admirable in tone and sentiment. In the great Union controversy, which lasted from 1863 to 1873, he found himself always in the same ranks with his revered friend, Dr. Buchanan; but temperate in the advocacy of his own opinions, he did everything in his power to mitigate and allay those unhappy contentions which for a time estranged so many of his brethren from one another." In 1867 he was one of a deputation from the Free Church to visit the assemblies of certain Presbyterian Churches in America.

Dr. Fairbairn was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, and attended the meetings to the last. He maintained his watchful and warm interest in every good movement. "When in the course of last year were held in Glasgow the remarkable series of evangelistic meetings, which have been associated with the names of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he took a deep interest in the religious movement that ensued, and publicly gave it his support." This, of course, brings us down to the last. On August 6th last, "without a note of warning, his spirit, in the solemn silence of midnight, suddenly passed away." He was buried in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, "not far from the graves of Thomas Chalmers, William Cunningham, Thomas Guthrie, and many other eminent Christian workers."

We need not apologise for this comparatively long tribute to the personal history and character of a writer whose works have so often been recommended in our journal.

NICHOLS' ARMINIUS.

The Works of James Arminius, D.D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin. In Three Volumes. Volume III. translated by William Nichols. London: T. Baker. 1875.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction that we congratulate the son of JAMES NICHOLS on the accomplishment of his task. "The chief motive which led me," he says, "to begin this translation many years ago, was the desire that my father's name should not

be associated with an unfinished work. He was then far advanced in life, yet seemed never to give up the idea of doing complete justice to the great Dutch divine, with whose reputation his own had long been closely joined, and for whose memory he entertained a tender affection. The little scrap of secret literary history given in the Preface is very interesting, with the exception, that is, of one painful allusion. It is well for the son that he shares his father's enthusiasm for our old divine: there is no nobler sentiment of the kind, no more venial hero-worship. It is not absolutely an unexampled circumstance in literature that the son should finish his father's work; but we do not know another instance of the son inheriting so faithful a reproduction of the father's tastes, and carrying out with such rigid integrity the father's idea.

Mr. Nichols has accomplished his task exceedingly well. We have read many a page of his translation, and only in a few instances have marked a phraseology that might be amended: those very instances, in fact, simply betray an over anxiety to give a literal rendering, and are therefore valuable pledges of general fidelity. The translator's notes and additions are few; only too few. Though the former volumes may have erred in the profuseness and variety of notes, we are inclined to think that few readers would wish to strike them out: in fact, there is something fascinating in their very garrulity. At several points a few additional notes might have been desirable. One thing is certain: they would have been vigorous and racy; indeed, judging from the *abandon* of some expressions in the Preface, we expect they would have been quite racy enough for the gravity of the subject. For instance: "But it would be a mistake to suppose that it is no longer necessary for us to study carefully the grounds of our faith in these matters, simply because there may be an occasional lull in the controversy. From time to time the old spirit of Pharisaic pride which is engendered in persons of a certain temperament by the doctrine of election, will break forth into bitterness of speech, and airs of supercilious superiority, which are very trying to the man of even Mosaic meekness or Job-like patience, who will be pounded unmercifully with a mass of misapplied Scriptures, unless he be prepared to dispute the interpretation which puts dishonour on God's own words." This style disporting among the amenities of the Gomaric controversy, would be lively enough at any rate to be in keeping with the temper of the disputants.

"But, while chiefly interested in the spread of sound Arminian opinions in our own land, we turn with curiosity to the dyke-girt shores of the country which gave them birth. What is the prevailing theology of the Netherlands at the present day? Nearly fifty years ago a learned professor in the Seminary of the Re-

monstrants at Amsterdam, Dr. A. des Amorie Van der Hoeven, in a letter to my father, assured him that 'the moderate sentiments of the early Remonstrants are those which at present obtain the most general acceptance, being embraced by the best enlightened portion of the Protestants in the Low Countries. That bright light which was kindled by Arminius, and by the immortal Hugo de Groot (Grotius) is now universally acknowledged and highly prized; and everyone rejoices that the partition-walls, which have been built up to separate the different sections of the Protestant Church from each other, are at length beginning to fall down.' No doubt this report still holds good to a certain extent: but it is to be feared that a large fraction of the ecclesiastical Holland of our own day derives its theology, or rather atheology, from that German school of divines which is so 'advanced' as to have cast to the winds all reverence for revelation. Students of this class, after running a wild career at some university, affect a high style of romantic oratory, untrammelled by any desire to communicate the truths of the Gospel. Professedly Contra-Remonstrants, they yet ignore the living verities which flowed from the lips alike of Luther, Calvin, and Arminius. Their forefathers may have been too sternly sincere in their dogmatic belief: they pin their faith to the new-fangled theories of a science which shifts its ground at short intervals, and which periodically reverses its own 'indisputable' dicta. At least one great divine, however, stands out as a pleasing exception to the general rule; and we may venture to hope that his eloquence and learning will influence for good many rising theologians in his own Church. I allude to the excellent and much esteemed Dr. J. Van Oosterzee, some of whose works have been translated and published in England. In his *Christian Dogmatics*, as a competent critic observes, he 'grants very much, if not all, that an evangelical Arminian would care strenuously to contend for;' and it is a matter of regret that he is so bound and hampered with the fetters of the theology of his Church, which 'maintains symbols of a rigidly Calvinistic character.'

Mr. Nichols is not more enthusiastic than he should be as to the interest of the little ecclesiastical domain of Holland. In religious matters it has ever since the Reformation been marked out for a certain pre-eminence. The Reformed doctrines of Calvin found a warmer welcome there than elsewhere; some of the quaintest efforts at compromise and conciliation were put forth there; and there also some of the worst excesses of Calvinism were formulated. There sprang up, in the very bosom of Reformed Calvinism, the strongest and most effective adversary it has ever had to encounter; protests that were vain in France and elsewhere were there successful. The Dutch divines have been illustrious in whatever department they have occupied.

The present century has witnessed among them very strange developments. Some of the most learned, thoroughgoing and readable Rationalistic works have been produced, and are still in course of production, in the universities of Holland. Names might be mentioned—such as Oort, Kuenen, Scholten, and others—who lead the van in the attack on the integrity of Holy Scripture, while some of them, such as Scholten, are warm and even enthusiastic devotees of Calvinistic theology. Mr. Nichols has indicated one peculiarity of the Calvinism of the more orthodox: the vacillation with which it holds its views, and the sidelong glances it seems to cast on the broader and more generous doctrines of its opponents. Oosterzee is a specimen of a writer who knows not how to keep faithful to his formularies. He and others like him have to pay the penalty of their hybridism when they appear in an English dress. English theologians love a decided type, especially in matters that concern the Calvinistic controversy. But for this some modern Dutch writers would be exceedingly popular. They unite—so it seems to ourselves—to a great extent the learning and the thoroughness of the German with the clearness and simplicity of style and analytic precision of the French. Not that they combine these perfectly, that would be too near perfection. In fact that is attained only by some Englishmen. However, we must return from this digression.

Passing from the translator to his work, we must take the opportunity of recommending our readers to make themselves familiar with the writings of Arminius, at least; even if they do not go on with the remainder of the circle of early Remonstrants. Whatever errors disfigured the theology of his successors, some of whom certainly degenerated woefully, Arminius was sound; and in his pages we have the fountain-head, or at least the first modern reservoir, of the glorious theology which is suffused with the light of the Gospel of the free grace of God. If Mr. Nichols' publications shall have the effect of rekindling interest in these works, and of circulating the three volumes, now at length complete, among our public and private libraries, and especially of inducing our young ministers to study this chapter of Historical Theology, he will have done good service. Having a page to spare, and a hearty desire to recommend in the most effectual manner this valuable work, we shall give a page or two which will be, to those who need it, a specimen of the Dutch divine, and at the same time show into what idiomatic English his translator has rendered him. Reading these sentences, however, the student must remember that they have lost much of their force as being detached from the context. He must also remember that theology was taught and written in those days in a style of pure logical form which is seldom adopted in the present day. Arminius was a skilful logician. We have no doubt, ourselves, that very much of

his success as a lecturer, preacher, and writer was due to the circumstance that he inherited logical methods which he used with remarkable skill. In fact, though he was far distant both in time and in spirit from the schoolmen, he had very much of the mediæval scholasticism in his theological construction, sharing this with many of his most illustrious compeers on both sides of the line drawn by the great controversy of the age. This is from the admirable reply to our English Perkins :—

“That is false which you assert,—that ‘a man not regenerate is wholly flesh ;’ that is that there is in him nothing but flesh. For by what name shall that ‘truth’ be called, which the wicked are said to ‘hold in unrighteousness’? What is the ‘conscience accusing’ and ‘excusing’? What is the ‘knowledge of the law’ by which they are ‘convinced of their sins’? All those things cannot come under the name of ‘flesh :’ for they are good and opposed to the flesh. I allow, however, that the Holy Spirit does not dwell in the unregenerate man. The description is imperfect because the explanation is omitted of the proportion which exists between the flesh and the Spirit in a regenerate man ; which should have been added, because the Spirit may predominate in a regenerate man, and because a regenerate man may acquire the name of a ‘spiritual man’ from the predominating part, so that he may not come under the name of ‘carnal.’ But mark, however, that the conclusion is respecting concupiscence, which is in the predicament of a quality, when the question should have been about actual sin, whether ‘actual sin can consist with the grace of the Holy Spirit.’”

Among the writings of Arminius may be found some admirable comments on those parts of the Apostle Paul’s Epistle to the Romans which contain some of his *things hard to be understood*. The ninth chapter is here expounded somewhat fully. Here is an extract from his remarks on Rom. vii. : not indeed the best that his writings might furnish, but well worthy of transcription. It is, moreover, a very good specimen of translation.

“But the Scripture, in Rom. vii., says that the regenerate man ‘wills good, and does it not ; and wills not evil, and yet does it.’ I answer that that place does not deal with regenerate man, but with him that is under the Law. However, even if that were granted, I maintain that it cannot be that volition and nolition are employed together about the same act : wherefore that volition upon which the act follows is pure and efficacious volition ; the other must be called not so much volition as velleity, which is effected not by the Holy Spirit lusting against the flesh, but by the conscience, or law of the mind existing in man, which ceases not to strive against the flesh, until at length it also has become seared, and deprived of all feeling. But that striving of the conscience does not bring it to pass that the man does not sin

with full consent, but rather aggravates his sin, and declares how vehement is the consent of the will to the sin offered by the lust of the flesh, since not even conscience protesting against it can hinder the will from this consent. That opinion is, therefore, hurtful and most dangerous, which maintains that a regenerate man does not sin with full consent, since he feels anguish of the conscience, protesting against the sin which the will is proceeding to perpetrate. Because that very thing happens to all who are touched with any feeling of just and unjust, they will be very prone to persuade themselves that when they do not sin with full consent of the will, they have a certain mark of their regeneration. If, therefore, the full consent of the will to sin cannot consist with the grace of the Holy Spirit, it is certain that the regenerate sometimes lose the grace of the Holy Spirit, because they sin with full consent of the will, when they sin against conscience."

But one or two other sentences we must exclude; and end by again thanking Mr. Nichols for the results of his industry and perseverance; for his honest care of his father's memory, which is among us a precious heritage; and for this very valuable contribution to historical and controversial theology.

Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir. By his Sons, Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A. Vol. II. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

THE second and concluding volume of Dr. Guthrie's life begins with the period of the Disruption. The ecclesiastical and spiritual conflict of ten years' duration culminated on the 18th of May, 1843, when nearly five hundred ministers followed Chalmers through the doors of St. Andrew's, and forsook the Establishment to form the Free Church of Scotland. In its immediate and in its remoter consequences the Disruption was the greatest event in modern Scottish history. It is somewhat difficult for Englishmen to realise the national significance of such a conflict, crowned by such a conclusion; but none who know the temper of the Scottish people, or are familiar with the history of the country, will fail to recognise the magnitude of the occasion. With the rise and progress of the Free Church of Scotland Dr. Guthrie's name is intimately bound up. He threw himself with characteristic enthusiasm into the strife which preceded the Disruption, and into the arduous task of consolidating the communion then formed. The part which he sustained throughout was one for which he was exceptionally qualified. He was not an ecclesiastical leader. He took comparatively little share in the deliberations and debates of Church Courts, and none at all in the

negotiations with Whig and Tory Governments successively on behalf of Church independence and reform. In these matters Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish were the acknowledged leaders of the party. Guthrie's powers were of another sort, and his work lay in a different direction from theirs. Through the length and breadth of Scotland Guthrie was the most popular champion and exponent of the principles for which five hundred ministers disestablished and disendowed themselves at a stroke. His fervid strength of conviction, his inexhaustible energy of spirit, his racy, kindling, genial eloquence gave him unequalled power in appealing to the masses of his countrymen. To quote the testimony of Dr. Candlish:—"Guthrie was a power, unique in himself, and rising in uniqueness above other powers. He did not, indeed, venture much on the uncongenial domain, to him, of ecclesiastical polemics, or the wear and tear of ordinary Church administration; leaving that to others, whose superiority in their department he was always the first to acknowledge. But in his own sphere, and in his own way, he was, to us and to the principles on which we acted, a tower of strength. His eloquence alone—so expressive of himself, so thoroughly inspired by his personal idiosyncrasy, so full always of genial humour, so apt to flash into darts of wit, and yet withal so profoundly emotional and ready for passionate and affectionate appeals—that gift or endowment alone made him an invaluable boon to our Church in the times of her ten years' conflict, and afterwards."

During the first year of her existence the sum of £363,871 was raised by the Free Church. Everything had to be provided. Not only did the sustentation of the ministry now depend upon the contributions of the people, but churches, manses, and divinity-halls had to be built, while all the missionary and charitable organizations of the Church must still be maintained. Before the second year of the Free Church's existence closed, her adherents had raised £697,000. One more great effort was needed, and its external framework would be complete. It was resolved in May, 1845, to raise a central fund for the purpose of building manses. The one essential requisite for the success of the Manse Fund scheme was a man who could work it; who, with a large and tender heart, could plead the cause with the people in such a way as to rouse their enthusiasm, and, by a winning manner in private, draw forth their generosity. That man was found in Mr. Guthrie. The choice was due to the sagacity of Dr. Chalmers. "It was no office I sought myself," he said at Glasgow when addressing the first public meeting on the scheme. "I would much rather have stayed at home with my own flock and my own family. I have had enough of speaking, and travelling, and fighting, and I am tired of it; and were it not that I have reason to believe that I am the last 'big beggarman' you will ever see, and were it not

that the cause has all my sympathy and deepest interest, I would not have undertaken this work. I would have been happy had the Church chosen one better fitted for it than myself; but I am sure that in one respect no man could be better fitted, for if I have not a head I have, at least, a heart for the work." For twelve months, day by day, and week by week, Mr. Guthrie travelled, preached, spoke and begged with unflagging energy, good temper, and success. When the General Assembly met in Edinburgh on the 1st of June, 1846, he had the satisfaction of announcing as the result of his year's labour that £116,370 had been subscribed. For this great service Mr. Guthrie secured, as he deserved, the undying gratitude of his brethren; a gratitude that found expression, a little later on, in a tribute of affection honourable alike to those who made it, and to him who received it. When, in 1848, his health gave way, a movement was set on foot to provide him with a dwelling-house, to be raised by the contributions of ministers of the Free Church. His own generous objections were with some difficulty removed, and his friends were allowed to have their generous way. For the last seventeen years of his life he occupied a villa in a suburb of Edinburgh, one of whose attractions in his eyes was, that part of the purchase-money was a thank-offering to him from his country brethren.

Dr. Guthrie's next great undertaking was the Ragged School movement. Though not the first promoter of Ragged Schools, Dr. Guthrie did more than any other man in England or Scotland to popularise them, and by voice and pen to draw towards them the attention of the whole country. His well-known *Plea for Ragged Schools* was published in 1847 and at once made a profound impression. Amongst the letters that poured in upon him was a striking one from Lord Jeffery, in which the following passage occurs: "In all these respects, this last effort of yours is perhaps the most remarkable and important; and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none has been more deeply touched than my own. If I were young enough to have the chance of tracing his passage to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but as it is I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find him a better superintendent; and for this purpose I enclose a draft for £50, which I request you to apply in the way you think best."

From 1843 to 1864, Dr. Guthrie spent the greater part of his time and strength as a preacher and pastor in Edinburgh. The character of his preaching is well known, though not adequately represented by his writings. Although he was one of the readiest of speakers his sermons were invariably written throughout. Even the illustrations with which his vast congregations were so often stirred or melted were all written out beforehand. Yet his

sermons had always the character of spoken rather than written addresses. As his colleague Dr. Hanna says: "He had a power of writing as if a large audience were around him. He wrote as if speaking, realising the presence of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and constant moulder of expression." Many are the anecdotes illustrative of his pulpit power that might be quoted had we space. Dr. Guthrie was not an intellectual preacher, nor a theological preacher in the usual sense of the term; but he was a preacher of the Gospel with a marvellous power over men's hearts. His own nature was deeply sympathetic; his heart was tender towards all suffering, quickly roused by sense of wrong, hopeful, ardent, impassioned. In illustration he was perhaps unrivalled. Doctrine and exhortation never went long without being reinforced or pointed with an illustration springing from his own exhaustless fancy or drawn from his experience of human life. His hearers were of all classes, rich and poor, simple and learned, and all alike delighted in his ministry and came beneath the sway of his personal influence. Again, to quote the words of his colleague, Dr. Hanna: "I believe there is not on record another instance of a popularity continued without sign or token of diminution for the length of an entire generation. Nor is there upon record the account of any such *kinds* of crowds as those which constituted continuously, for years and years, Dr. Guthrie's audiences in Free St. John's. Look around while all are settling themselves; you have before you as mixed and motley a collection of human beings as ever assembled within a church. Peers and peasants, citizens and strangers, millionaires and mechanics, the judge from the bench, the carter from the roadside, the high-born dame, the serving-maid of low degree—all for once close together."

We are unable in this brief notice to follow in detail the course of Dr. Guthrie's life and labours. As years passed on he became one of the best-known and best-loved men in the land. Among his friends were the foremost men of the times in almost every sphere of life. His journals and letters reveal his large heart, his broad sympathies, his genial regard for other men's powers and worth, along with sturdy adherence to his own faith, and to his own beloved Presbyterianism. His philanthropic labours and his writings made him known to thousands in this and other countries who know nothing of the great Disruption conflict, or of the toils and sacrifices of the early years of the Free Church.

In May, 1864, he was compelled by failing health to resign the ministry of Free St. John's, and about the same time accepted proposals from Mr. Strahan to become the editor of a religious periodical of the first class, for which it was believed there was then an opening, to be entitled the *Sunday Magazine*. Shut out now from his pulpit he rejoiced in the opportunity of addressing

with his pen an audience a hundred times as large as that to which he had preached at St. John's. His retirement was the occasion for a magnificent tribute of love and respect, in which his friends and admirers of every denomination took part. At a meeting held in Edinburgh on 25th February, 1865, he was presented with a cheque for £5,000.

The closing scenes of Dr. Guthrie's life are very touching. His characteristic reluctance to speak much of his spiritual experience passed in a great measure away as the end drew near. He clung simply and tenderly to the Saviour, and dwelt much upon the Fatherly love of God. He looked forward with tranquil calmness to his departure. On one occasion, looking round on the family group that surrounded his bed, he recalled the happy family gatherings of former days, and added, "These were pleasant times; but ah! my dear folk, how much happier will it be when we meet in our Father's house up yonder, where there are no death-beds and no partings." He would often ask for a psalm or hymn sung in soft chorus to the piano in the adjoining room, and in reply to the question what he would like, he would say, "Just give me a bairn's hymn." He died on the 23rd February, 1873.

The reader of this biography will not hesitate to say that if its subject came short of being a great man, he was a man whose noble spirit, large heart, and striking powers were through life devoted to the best of causes, to the glory of God, and the well-being of his fellow-men. As his sympathies were never confined within the bounds of his own communion, neither is his memory cherished there alone. It is dear to all the evangelical churches of the land. It is held in honour by numbers who, with little sympathy for the religion by which his whole life was inspired, esteemed him for his benevolence, or loved him for the charm of his character. In relation to what he attempted Dr. Guthrie may be called a successful man. He succeeded in accomplishing what he intended to do far more nearly than is usually the case. He was also a happy man. His fine nature had no morbid elements in it, and in his work, amongst his friends and in his home, he had every blessing that a good man can ask. His sons have now completed their filial task, and must be thanked as well as congratulated for the manner in which they have discharged it. These volumes close with words from the lips of Dr. Candlish, himself soon to follow: "Friend and brother, comrade in the fight! companion in tribulation! farewell! But not for ever. May my soul, when my hour comes, be with thine!"

Christ and the People: Sermons chiefly on the Obligation of the Church to the State and to Humanity. By Thomas Hancock, late Curate of St. Stephen's, Lewisham. Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

It is something for a writer to know what he does not mean; but it is desirable in addition that he should know what he does mean. The author of the above volume seems tolerably clear on the former point; he denounces equally, and in no measured terms, Ultramontanism, Caesarism, Ritualism, Puritanism, and other "isms" no less diverse than these. He considers Presbyterianism "impudent;" but on the other hand, the Church Defence Society is only "a trades-union of patrons and incumbents." He has no minced phrases for the "ghastly pseudo-Peters of the Vatican school," but he has seemingly as little sympathy for the "Methodist sects who cry 'you must love your own individual soul above everything and everybody.'" He tells us truly that "ecclesiastical tailors cannot make us successors of St. Alphege or Stephen Langton;" hardly tries to conceal who are intended in his denunciation of "play-actors" (p. 133) with their "vulgar and novel Roman usages, and the dehumanising Jesuit system of 'direction'"; but his wrath is no less excited by Evangelical prayer-meetings and special intercessions—"those intermittent spasms of daily prayer which the religious world institutes every few years," &c. (p. 406). That "the sects," as he continually calls those who in England do not belong to the Established Church, should have their faults, and yet the Established Church in its various sections be found not blameless by any writer, is quite intelligible; but one who finds fault freely and all round, is supposed to have some substantive basis for his belief and action, on which he stands as a point from which he may move the world. Whether our author has such, and whether he knows as well what he does mean as he is clear about what he does not mean, we consider doubtful. It is true there is no lack of high-sounding phrases on which he insists a great deal—"the people," "humanity," "National Church," "Catholic society," and the like. We hear from time to time unmistakable echoes of the accents of the late Professor Maurice, and sometimes tones which remind us more of Lamennais and Lacordaire; but we doubt whether Mr. Hancock understands how to conjure with the wands of such magicians as these.

He complains in the first sermon of this volume that the common people who heard Christ gladly, and the publicans and sinners who drew near to hear Him, do not come so readily to hear Christ's messengers in the present day. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." We read of the "shame and misery which overflow the heart of the priest of Jesus Christ as he goes into the pulpit,"

and sees "a well-dressed, respectable, decent crowd;" and if we cannot exactly sympathise with him in this "shame and misery," we as bitterly regret as he can do that the class of persons described in his text, who flocked round Jesus Christ, are not, "as a class, in any church in England." But when we come to a remedy for this, Mr. Hancock seems as far at sea as others whose methods he decries. He does not think "pastoral visitation," "missionary agencies," are required. He finds them indicated in the description of the Pharisaic "compassing sea and land to make one proselyte." He tells us truly enough that "the drawing near of sinners to Christ depends upon some true sight of Jesus by them, the revelation of Jesus to them as He is." But in explaining this phrase, after insisting on the importance of the sacraments which God has instituted "for the endless comfort of souls, for the protection of His Church, for the perpetual self-correction of His clergy—not only Baptism and the Eucharist, but Absolution, Confirmation, and Ordination are something in themselves by God's gift; they are not conditioned by our views of them," and the supreme importance of a "*sacerdotal ministry*" (p. 11),—the one point which is considered necessary to bring Christ's doctrine home to the people, is thus described:—

"The present way to the intellect, the conscience, and the heart of the great mass of the English people lies, I believe, through political and social truth and equity. . . . I do not shrink from saying that in the ordinary politics and social doctrine of the thinking mass of the English artisans, I see something which is already far more Christian, far more Catholic, a far more faithful reflection of the mind and law of the crucified and risen King *of the nation*, and far more at one with the doctrine which we ourselves are teaching in the Church by the all-levelling and all-exalting sacraments, than I discern in the political and social doctrines of the majority of the English priests of Jesus Christ" (pp. 18, 19).

There is undoubtedly a truth in such paragraphs as this: "The apostle knew nothing of that modern heresy which regards all spiritual rulers as such as the Church, and all civil rulers as such as the world; which sees in every Caiaphas, or Hildebrand, or Bonner, a man of the Church, but in every Moses, or David, or Alfred, or Gustavus Adolphus a man of the world. . . . A worldly work is not made a godly work because bishops and priests support it; a godly work is not made a worldly work because statesmen and civil officers contend and labour almost alone for it" (p. 227). The principles of the kingdom of Christ should rule in us as Christians everywhere, and the bearing of the doctrine of Christ upon every part of our life should be made plain. It may be that a great deal of our preaching is too conventional, although we find a freedom of utterance in all sections of the Church of

Christ to-day which would have seemed strange a generation ago; but we must honestly say that such application of sacred principles to secular life as these sermons exhibit, does not seem to us likely to draw the publicans and sinners to church. There is a great deal in this book about what the Church has done for us in graciously providing such and such a "Holy Gospel" for the 0th Sunday after Trinity, and a good deal of wire-drawn explaining or explaining away of the Athanasian Creed, and, as we have already said, a great deal of talk about "humanity" and "citizenship," and "the sacredness of nations." But we miss the pointed, earnest reference to that which really makes us one in our human needs, the consciousness of sin common to us all, the sense of weakness and inability to save ourselves, the longing (conscious or unconscious) for help, the deep inward need of a deliverer, a Saviour. This surely it was which first drew the publicans and sinners around Christ, His rich and free provision for their wants was that which made them follow Him, and wherever such a Saviour is simply, earnestly preached, publicans and sinners will hear gladly still. That, in the existing state of society, we must often go to them instead of waiting till they come to us, we need not be surprised or discouraged to find; that we need continually to have the barriers of conventionalism broken down, both in worship and utterance, and everything made secondary to the setting forth of the Saviour to the people, we are from time to time reminded. We thank Mr. Hancock for urging once more the universal mission and the universal applicability of Christ's doctrine; we thank him for his protest against all perversion and narrowing of that doctrine on the part of Romanist, Anglican, or Dissenter; but we trust to find the power which Christ still has to draw all men unto Him in a more direct and earnest application of the truth as it is in Jesus to the heart and conscience, in the uplifting of the cross, "by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." If preachers will thus preach, Christ will be proved to be now, as heretofore, much more surely than by the setting forth of Mr. Hancock's semi-political message, the "attractor of the people."

The Divine Origin of Christianity; Ryan Prize Essay. By Isaac Ashe, A.B., M.D., &c. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Co. 1875.

THE "Ryan prize" is offered "to the graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who shall produce from the Bible itself the best argument for the truth or Divine origin of Christianity." Mr. Ashe, to whom it has been awarded, is already known as having twice won the Carmichael prize of the same University, with Essays upon topics connected with his profession. He now, with considerable diffidence, enters upon the field of Apologetic Theology,

claiming to approach the subject with the interest of a Christian layman who is familiar with and accepts the large generalisations of modern science, which to some persons appear inconsistent with Revealed Truth. The Essay opens rather unpromisingly, for the heavy and unskilful style does not relieve the somewhat commonplace character of the matter. But having passed his "introduction" and begun to develop his argument, Mr. Ashe becomes more natural, and the book grows in interest till toward the end we meet with one or two original thoughts of great value. The main argument from the Bible itself is that the character of God as set forth in Scripture is such as men could not have conceived by themselves, and especially such as could not have arisen by development among a people so grossly idolatrous as the Jews are shown to have been during the greater part of the Old Testament history. Here, it seems to us, Mr. Ashe exaggerates the prevalence of heathenism among the Jews, taking little note of such periods as the reign of David, and at the same time under-rates the power of ancient truth to survive amid much corruption, and by its own vitality to bring about brief times of revival. This argument by the method of exhaustion is too inconclusive to be made a chief bulwark of our Faith.

After insisting on the doctrine of human corruption as unlikely to have been the conception of man, Mr. Ashe proceeds to argue that the declared purpose of our Lord's manifestation, and the method by which He worked it out would enable us *à priori* to conclude that the origination of such a plan must have been on the side of God Himself, while it could not have been carried into effect except by a Being one in person with the supreme Deity. This is maintained with considerable force and suggestiveness. The more obvious arguments in favour of the credibility of the Gospel history from internal evidence are fairly well stated, but with a little too much ignoring of the adverse interpretation put upon many of the proof-texts.

But the strangest, yet to our mind the most valuable idea of the Essay, is one so crude and obscurely expressed that it is hard to be sure we have caught it. Taking "the Conservation of Energy" as the fundamental law of the universe, so far as yet opened by discovery, and "Force" as the one substance underlying all phenomena, Mr. Ashe invokes this to explain theological difficulties. He vigorously protests against the definition of a miracle as a suspension or breach of Natural Law, and maintains that it is not anything at variance with the law which requires for the production of any phenomenon "the expenditure of an equivalent amount of mechanical force." The Son, he suggests, as the first manifestation of the creative energy—"the beginning of the creation of God," possessed unlimited control over this essential force which he could command in a manner analogous to that in which we

within our limited spheres can command a certain portion of the power of nature. We can direct, but not originate force by our will. Christ with His divine power does not suspend natural sequences, nor by His word call up physical effects without antecedent physical causes, but accelerates, retards, or recombines existing forces, and thus works his wonder in perfect accord with the law of the universe He created; and thus demonstrates His possession of deity. Altogether we welcome Mr. Ashe's essay as throwing light on the great problem of our time, how to state the matter of revelation in such a way as to disclose its latent harmony with the discoveries of modern science. If he will take time to ripen his as yet undigested thoughts, to acquire a larger acquaintance with theological literature, and greater facility of expression, we shall be glad to meet him again in a field where, as he says, the scientific layman has in some respects the advantage of the professional theologian.

The Bible Educator. Edited by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Four Volumes. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE editor and publishers of *The Bible Educator* are to be congratulated upon the successful completion of their undertaking. As we pointed out on the appearance of the first volume, this work, which is neither dictionary nor commentary, aims at supplying, in some measure, the place of both, and, as far as its limits allow, it has, upon the whole, admirably fulfilled its promise. The plan of the work, which necessitates the breaking up of each article or treatise into parts, continued, it may be, through all the four volumes, is not an agreeable one when once the work is complete and put upon the students' shelves, though it has advantages in the case of a serial publication, which are well understood by its experienced publishers.

In the various departments of Biblical scholarship the editor has had the assistance not only of competent hands, but we may say, of the very best scholars of the day. The Dean of Canterbury furnishes a valuable series of papers on the study of the Pentateuch and the Prophets, which of themselves constitute a manual of great value to a young student. Canon Rawlinson takes a subject which he has made peculiarly his own, namely, the Archæology of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria. The geography of the Bible is dealt with by the Rev. H. W. Phillott, and Major Wilson of the Palestine Exploration Society, and the photographs of that Society have been freely used in the illustrations of Sinai and Palestine. The Rev. J. B. Heard writes on Biblical Psychology, and Dr. Moulton is the author of a History of the English versions of the Bible, "which" in the language of the editor, "may well bear comparison with any previous treatment

of the same subject." Among the other contributors are Dr. Vaughan, Canon Barry, Dr. Wm. Lee of Glasgow, Dr. Ginsburg, Dr. Stainer, and Dr. Milligan.

Among writers belonging to different sections of the Christian Church, minute doctrinal and ecclesiastical agreement cannot be looked for; but it is not least among the recommendations of an undertaking like that which Professor Plumptre has successfully completed, that it is one more witness to profound agreement underlying our diversities, and to the fact that co-operation is not only possible, but immensely effective in this, as in other departments of Christian work.

We believe that *The Bible Educator* will, for a long time to come, meet the wants of a class of students most deserving of consideration, for whom more costly and voluminous works are not available. The cause of Biblical learning, and of Christian civilization is advanced, not only when new ground is broken by the pioneers of learning, or investigation successfully carried into some previously unknown quarter, but when the best results of scholarship are made generally accessible, and ordinary readers share some, at least, of the fruit of learned labour. We sincerely hope that a large circulation in this country and in America will at the same time reward the promoters of *The Bible Educator*, and help to advance the cause of sound Biblical knowledge.

Voices of the Prophets. Twelve Lectures preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn in the years 1870-74, on the Foundation of Bishop Warburton, by Edwin Hamilton Gifford, D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham; Rector of Walgrave; Honorary Canon of Worcester; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1874.

This is a volume of twelve lectures on Prophetic Revelation: It is not an exhaustive treatise, but it embraces a wide range of topics of an essential character. Commencing with the nature of prophecy and dealing with some of the antecedent objections to its possibility; it treats of prophecy in its relation to the history of Israel, the moral qualifications for the prophetic gift; it traces the natural outgrowth of prophecy from the germs laid in the primitive religion of the patriarchs, and the progressive light of the Messianic predictions from the time of Abraham to that of Isaiah. The later lectures embrace some very interesting topics.

The work, as a whole, is characterized by moderation, clearness of exposition of the writer's views, and fairness towards those from whom he differs. It is reverent in tone, scholarly and orthodox; and though a small book will be welcomed as a useful addition to the literature of this important subject.

II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Macmillan, London. 1874.

IN spite of a few remarkable exceptions, Trinity College, Dublin, still deserves its title of "the silent sister." The place to which we owe theologians like Salmon and Archer Butler, medical geniuses like Dr. Stokes, archaeologists like Whitley Stokes and the late Dr. Henthorn Todd, cannot, in strict fairness, be called wholly voiceless; but still silence is the rule; there does not greet us from Dublin that continuous cry of men anxious to do something, which shall at once profit their day and generation, and win for themselves a niche in Fame's temple,—that rises from the English, and even from the Scotch universities. To put it plainly, Trinity College is generally accused of not doing enough for the public in return for its rich endowments. No doubt it is a great educational centre—not for Irishmen alone; perhaps a tenth of the clergy of the Establishment have received their degree at what is at once a cheap and, in its own line, an efficient theological school. Then, again, it trains young men for the Indian Civil Service, and for those literary careers in which Irishmen abound. Its manuals, prepared by Professors Galbraith and Houghton, its classical translations (those of Dr. Owgan, for instance) are worthy of all praise; but scholarship and science it has for a long time been content to leave to others. Irishmen have determined to be practical; and they have certainly succeeded. Nor is Mr. Mahaffy's book an attempt to meet on their own ground the Englishmen (and still more the Scotchmen—witness Monro's glorious edition of *Lucretius*) who are wiping off the reproach of British scholarship—that it is merely an adaptation of (sometimes exploded) German views. Pure scholarship is outside his limits; he aims at painting the subjective side of Greek life, the feelings of the people in their temples, their assemblies, their homes. Such a book can only be well written by a ripe scholar; and incidentally our author gives proofs of his scholarship which make us wish that he would take Theognis and the lyric poets, or half-a-dozen plays of Euripides, or those *Economics* of Xenophon which he so deservedly praises, and give us a really good edition of them. But he is much more than a scholar, in the old sense of the word. He is keenly alive to the contrasts and resemblances between ancient and modern times, between his old Greeks and

the different European races of the present day. He deals thoroughly with his subject, and he also deals with it most freely. Indeed it would savour of wilful iconoclasm, were his case less fully made out than it is, to find him speaking of Homer—Mr. Gladstone's sacred Homer, every word of whom is to be weighed as of priceless value in estimating the condition of the early Greeks—much as an Englishman might speak of the hereditary bard of the O'Briens, as "a smooth court poet, singing to an audience of loose morals and of doubtful honesty, and naturally attributing to the gods motives similar to those current among his own hearers, and transferring to the immortals the foibles and the doubtful amusements of human princes and princesses" (p. 325). This making Homer "the idle singer of an empty day" is a sad heresy; and yet Mr. Mahaffy's readers will, unless strongly prejudiced in the other direction, come away with the feeling that he is right. Even more heretical is his undervaluing of Thucydides, whom not Mr. Grote only but nearly every scholar has assumed to be faultless. Yet we think Mr. Mahaffy proves conclusively that in several matters Thucydides gives us not the general Attic feeling of his day, but simply the views of a small set of advanced thinkers—Pericles, Anaxagoras, Damon, Phidias, and himself, who, like their chief, rather prided themselves on keeping coldly apart from popular sentiment. This is specially the case in regard to religion. From Thucydides we should judge that the Periclean was a wholly sceptical age; yet that age saw the burning of Protagoras' books, and the prosecution of Damon and Anaxagoras for impiety; in the next generation Socrates was put to death; and, centuries after, St. Paul's testimony is that the Athenians, far from being a people of sceptics, were "in all things too superstitious." Our author's third heresy is his exaltation of Euripides. Here, however, he certainly has a great deal of the most competent English feeling on his side. Euripides used to be the old favourite, for he was the favourite of the French, and English scholarship borrowed from France before the Germans had come to the front. Aristotle's dictum, too, that he was "of the three great tragic poets the most tragic," no doubt had weight in that university where Aristotle was till lately held to be almost inspired. But for the last sixty years the influence of Germany has been increasing, especially at Oxford; and those who know how unfair, how almost personally bitter, Ottfried Müller and the Schlegels are against Euripides, and how indiscriminating in their preference for the other two, will not wonder that Euripides has fallen into discredit, while Sophocles has been extolled as a model dramatist. The reaction has come; Mr. Browning's *Balaustion*—an adaptation in his peculiar style of Euripides' masterpiece—is only one instance of it.

Euripides was a realist, and therefore he is exceedingly valuable

to our author in discussing the Greeks of the Attic age. His female characters, especially, help us to settle the position of woman in the Athenian polity. We fully agree with Mr. Mahaffy's estimate of this great poet; and we feel sure that his common-sense remarks will go far to aid in the fulfilment of his wish, "that the good sense of English scholars may lead them to judge Euripides through his own works, and not through those of either ancient buffoons or modern pedants" (p. 175).

Such are his principal "heresies." Connected with the first of them is his protest against the theory that the moral tone in the heroic age was higher than in historic times. The very reverse was true: "a deeper sense of moral obligation, and a sounder and stronger conviction of the duties which each man owes to society—these counterbalancing forces saved the higher and purer minds. . . . And this development would have shown us the lyric age far superior to Homer's, instead of only not inferior to it, but for the universal and chronic wars which sowed the growing mind of Greece with hate and revenge" (p. 93).

The Homeric poems, moreover, describe for the amusement of a caste a state of things which certainly did not exist when they were composed. They sing of "the good old times;" "to please their patrons they describe the glorious days when the assembled people would not question the superior wisdom of their betters, but merely assembled to be taught and to applaud" (p. 13). "It was not a nascent, but a decaying order of things; the original monarchies had not been patriarchal but despotic—Greeks, or semi-Greeks, succeeding to the wealth stored up by the Semitic merchant princes of whom the legends tell us. But they had got to be limited in all directions by the rise of petty chieftains, and by the growth of the spirit of independence" (p. 18). This and all that our author says on the subject should be carefully compared with the views of Mr. Grote and Mr. Gladstone. In still ruder contrast with the ideas of the latter is Mr. Mahaffy's estimate of "the Homeric ideal." "Are Homer's heroes gentlemen?" is a prelude to the inquiry: "Were the Greeks ever gentlemen in our sense of the word?"

It is certainly remarkable that for *honour* there is no Greek equivalent; Mr. Mahaffy therefore breaks it up into its component ideas, *courage, truth, compassion, loyalty*. These are all included in the mediæval ideal; and our author *proves* that Homer's heroes (types herein of their historical descendants) were only second-rate in the matter of courage—all, except Achilles and Diomedes, even the stubborn Ajax, were subject to panics. In later days no Greeks, except the Spartans, succeeded in curing their national defect; and that Spartan discipline was very oppressive is proved by the fact that not even the certainty of victory could induce other Greek politicians to recommend, or citizens to adopt it. This cowardice our

author explains as the natural concomitant of their mental sensitiveness,* and as strengthened by their hopeless views about a future life. Strict *truth* is certainly not a Greek characteristic. The gods lie, the oath by the Styx's waters being their only bond; the heroes lie, Menelaus being the sole partial exception (as he will tell truth *if you press him*). The Greeks of history lie as unblushingly as did their forefathers; Juvenal's *Græculus esuriens* is not based on a wrong estimate of the nation." In no respect does Mr. Mahaffy prove more completely the *sameness* of the Greek character through all periods of their history. Compassion, again, was never a Greek virtue. Our author may well contrast the conduct of Irish peasants:—"where the neighbours divide among them without complaint the children left destitute by the death or emigration of their parents, and extend their scanty fare and their wretched homestead to the orphan as freely as to their own flesh and blood"—with the picture of an orphan's lot in the *Iliad* (x. 482). Of course there are also the horrible cruelties in war—such as the massacres at Melos, Plataeæ, Mitylene, and of 3,000 Athenians after Ægospotami; and there is, besides, as a "note of hardness," the treatment of old age—universal in all times except at Sparta. In loyalty, too, our author finds them equally deficient. Achilles is loyal to his friend, Penelope to her husband, but they are solitary exceptions; in general no Greek, whether on earth or in Olympus, is loyal to anything but his *party*. The evils of this are, naturally, insisted on with peculiar force by one who has seen in Ireland the evils caused by undue attachment to party.

On the whole the Greek ideal is a low one; it could not be otherwise among a people whose gods are such that even Pallas-Athene, Homer's embodiment of all excellence, is (as our author shows—quoting the able remarks of Mr. Hayman) rather *infra-human* than *superhuman*.

So much for general points; had we time to go into particulars we should still find Mr. Mahaffy a safe, as he is always a most suggestive guide. His discussion, for instance, of the problem, "why women were undoubtedly kept more in seclusion in Attica during the Periclean age than in the rest of Greece then and in Attica itself in earlier days," is most masterly, and makes due allowance for what is so often forgotten, the reflex action of the colonies on the mother country.

The medical practice of the Greeks, their cookery, their social life, their religious feeling, and their business habits are all carefully discussed. The difficult question (inseparable from a complete view of Greek society) which comes in in Xenophon's

* Of sensitiveness to smell he quotes a curious instance from the *Odyssey*, iv. 440, "Menelaus and the sealskins."

Symposium, is treated of by our author with singular delicacy. He admits the coarseness of Athenian relaxations, explaining thus the gross flavour of the Old Comedy: "Men who live lives of excitement and exceeding fatigue, whether it be professional or political or commercial, cannot afford time and attention for gentle and soothing recreation, for the so-called Attic salt of mere leisure conversations and philosophical disquisitions. They will generally plunge from one excitement to another, and will not rest their minds save with such grosser bodily pleasures as expel all thought of serious things. No one who has observed our great centres of life and business at the present day can have missed this prominent feature. I think this may be the reason why the Athenians of the first epoch, men of far more seriousness in many respects than their successors, delighted in public exhibitions which became unseemly in the eyes of their gentler but weaker successors. There was no time for Platonic Dialogues; the ribald scenes in Aristophanes were meant to satisfy far different wants" (p. 127).

This is true to human nature; and there is a great deal of truth in the following explanation of the "romantic affection for boys," which (probably adopted from the East) is such a feature of historical, as opposed to Homeric, Greek society. "I can imagine a modern Irishman transplanted to an old Greek symposium, and there observing that, in spite of the romantic feelings existing between the men present, nothing was done or even hinted at inconsistent with the strictest taste and propriety. I will not deny that this sentiment in the Greek mind did ally itself with passion, and lead to strange and odious consequences; but we should not forget the modern parallel that in the midst of all the romantic and chivalrous respect with which ladies are treated in society there are also cases where sentiment allies itself with passion and leads to consequences socially more serious, though less revolting (of course) to our taste. . . . We know quite well that (in spite of Mr. Darwin) a great proportion of the passing attachments among our young people have no conscious physical cause, nor does such a notion present itself to the purer minds among us. But, when we come to consider the parallel case of Greek society and the attachments there formed, we are by no means so generous or so just" (pp. 306—308).

These extracts show our author's delicate skill in dealing with a difficult subject; they will also serve as samples of his style, which is throughout attractive—as different as possible from that of books like Bekker's *Charicles*, translations and adaptations of which have hitherto been our chief guide in forming a notion of Greek manners and customs.

The book we can heartily recommend. Its "heresies" are, we believe, on the way to be recognised as truths. Pindar, for

instance, we have always held to be what Mr. Mahaffy styles him, "frigid and bombastic;" Horace's praise more than his own merits have given him high position: "the best parts of him are those where he shows contact with the Orphic mysteries or whatever theosophy had brought into life the reward of the good and the punishment of sinners hereafter." Again, of the relative inferiority of Attic legal harangues—which were often not legal at all, but appeals *ad homines* or *ad misericordiam*, we had long ago formed much the same notion as our author: "the nature of the jury degraded the eloquence of the bar at Athens." We regret, indeed, that Mr. Mahaffy should have taken occasion more than once to exclaim against Irish juries, and to call his countrymen "one of the non-political races who are best under a despotism;" this is the one defect of the book, and the cure for it would be a study of the old Brehon law of Ireland, as compared with Greek codes, and with the laws of the Twelve Tables. With this exception we go along with our author throughout, and hope he will soon give us his promised work on *Greek Art*, as well as similar works on Roman life and manners. The need for such books is increasing now that "classics for English readers" bring the masterpieces of antiquity within the range of any man or woman of ordinary culture.

Quintii Horati Flacci Opera. With English Notes and Introduction. By J. M. Marshall, M.A. Vol. I., "The Odes," "Carmen Seculare" and "Epodes." London: Rivingtons. 1874.

THE latest addition to the *Catena Classicorum*, Mr. Marshall's edition of the *Odes of Horace*, is marked by the features which distinguish most of the works in this series. "Reference is substituted for quotation," and help is given but sparingly. Those teachers who approve of the principles of annotation, will probably give a hearty welcome to Mr. Marshall's *Horace*. The notes, while very brief, are to the point, and often highly suggestive: they show a competent knowledge of previous commentators, and, as a rule, sound judgment, though sometimes, in our opinion, unduly conservative. The note in *Od.* III. iv. 9, 10, certainly underrates the difficulty presented by the ordinary reading; and no one would gather from Mr. Marshall's words the weak authority on which it rests. In the interpretation of the 27th Ode of the same book, we might fairly turn the editor's own words against himself, and say that he is "clearly and obviously" wrong in rejecting the reading of Bentley, which has been admirably defended and explained by Mr. Munro. In *Od.* I. xxxvii. 14, his translation of *Lymphatam* "under the influence of panic

terror" is surely misleading, if not a blunder. In *Od.* II. xiii., 14, Lachmann's conjecture was not *Thynus* but *Thaenus*. But these are but exceptions to the generally sound and instructive character of Mr. Marshall's commentary. Our only regrets are that he should have followed so faithfully the general plan of the series, one which, we are persuaded, has greatly diminished the practical value of much excellent scholarship. The two best editions in the *Catena*, Mr. Jebb's *Sophocles* and Mr. Sandys' *Isocrates*, are constructed very differently, and do not refrain from supplying the student with information, even though due diligence on his part might have discovered some of it for himself. But what can be the use to an average schoolboy of a note which simply refers him to a passage in Pindar, Æschylus, or in Bergh's *Poetæ Lyrici*? It is ten to one [if the book is accessible to him, twenty to one if he will have the curiosity to look up the reference, and fifty to one if he can make it out when he has done so. Time is more valuable than space, in the great majority of cases; and as to the expense of printing fuller notes, the smaller edition of Orelli, published at something like half the cost of Mr. Marshall's volume, will be almost always found to give double or three times the information. To some teachers this will seem an objection; and those who prefer a brief and suggestive commentary to a full and helpful one, will probably find Mr. Marshall's edition better suited to their needs than any which has yet been published.

We may notice one odd misprint, which has escaped correction in the errata: there is a quotation on *Od.* I. iii. 30 from Gray's *Ode on Eton College*.

Etymological Geography. By C. Blackie. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

It is unfortunate that the compiler of this little work does not state the authorities which she has used. In a science like philology, where so much that is loose and inaccurate is current side by side with the well-established results of the most competent inquirers, it is above all necessary that a book of exposition rather than inquiry should make it clear from what sources its statements have been drawn. Mr. Paterson's name is a sufficient guarantee for accuracy in dealing with Magyar names. Mr. Skene and Dr. Joyce are unimpeachable authorities on Celtic forms; but beyond these names, we are left to a sufficiently vague expression of confidence, which closes the introduction by Prof. Blackie. Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his *Words and Places*, sometimes follows untrustworthy authorities; but he always gives us the advantage of knowing who it is who is responsible for his statements. But the authoress of *Etymological Geography* contents herself with grouping, in the form of a dictionary, those names of places

which appear to her to contain a common element. This makes it a difficult matter to arrive at the principles on which the work has been compiled, and the success with which these have been carried out could only be estimated by long familiarity and frequent reference, unless, indeed, the book were committed for review to the Scotchman who is said to have read steadily through the greater part of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, with the one criticism that his remarks, though "varra seensible," were "a little unconnected." So far as we have been able to examine it, the derivations appear to be generally sound, though misprints are more frequent than they should be. There is a curious omission of the interesting field of Greek and Italian local names, on which so much light has been thrown of late. And we fear that the arrangement of the work will stand in the way of its wide acceptance in schools, for which it is mainly designed. In attractiveness it is much inferior to Mr. Taylor's work, and this defect is hardly atoned for by its greater completeness in some of the less important branches of the subject.

We ought to add that Prof. Blackie's introduction, while written with characteristic vigour and sprightliness, abounds in etymologies which are probably the peculiar possessions of their propounder. The assertion that *aqua*, which has its normal equivalent in almost every Indo-European language, is "an abraded form" of the Gaelic *uisge* is only one example out of many of what we might fairly call a Keltomania. And is there any other living scholar of repute who would find the Hebrew *beth* reappearing in the Scandinavian *by*, and the English *booth*?

Elements of Greek Accidence. With Philological Notes.

By Evelyn Abbott. London: Rivingtons. 1874.

THE appearance of Mr. Abbott's *Greek Accidence* is another welcome sign of the extent to which the results of modern philology are beginning to find their way into our school-books. It is based upon the works of Prof. George Curtius, one of whose minor treatises Mr. Abbott was the first to introduce to the English public. But it has some points of advantage over Curtius's school grammar, as might have been expected, when the task of adaptation has fallen into the hands of an accomplished and experienced master in an English public school. The pronunciation is more clearly explained, and the sound-laws are stated in a manner better suited to beginners. More philological explanation is added after each paradigm; and in several minor points the classification is improved. On the whole we have great confidence in recommending this as by far the best elementary Greek Accidence which has yet been published for the use of English schools.

A Synoptical History of England. With the Contemporaneous Sovereigns and Events of General History, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Llewelyn C. Burt, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition: London: Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers'-hall-court, Ludgate-hill. 1874.

MR. LLEWELYN BURT'S synoptical history stands alone; and the isolated position that it occupies is so eminently useful, that we are glad to welcome a second edition of the work. It is now six years and more since the book made its first appearance; and it has been so well received, that the author has prepared this new edition, bringing his history down to the foundation of Mr. Disraeli's ministry and the first Acts of the present Parliament. The principle on which Mr. Burt has based his labours is that of aiding the intelligence by the eye, and tabulating the entire history of our country in such a manner as to bring the events and dates of English history under the eye in the same page with the events and dates of contemporary history in other countries. There are numbers of extremely useful tables of dynasties, genealogies, &c.; but the bulk of the volume is arranged in three columns, printed in a handy oblong quarto form. The first column gives the "principal events under their respective dates," as briefly as possible, and in bold type, so as to catch the eye; in the second column, which is much wider, and printed in small but clear type, are "observations,"—being an interpretation and comment on the bare facts of column 1, with collateral facts brought in more fully; and in column 3, the narrowest, also in small type, are given with the greatest brevity the "contemporary events" of other countries. Each reign forms a separate table in this form,—the dates of accession and death being stated at the head, and the marriages and issue being specified at the foot. At the end of the volume are some admirable tables, giving briefly in chronological order accounts of important battles, important treaties and alliances, and important charters and statutes; and the index is a model of fulness and accuracy, compressed into a comparatively small space.

In stating that this book stands alone, we have not forgotten that excellent work, Prince's *Parallel History*, whereof the plan is analogous; but, as the degree of similarity between the two works does not amount to more than an analogy, it is unnecessary to do more than remark that Prince's work is much more extensive and much less perspicuous in arrangement,—does not, in fact, make that appeal to the sense of sight which is the distinctive feature of Mr. Burt's Synopsis. The two books might well be used together; but we are under the impression that Prince's

has passed out of use,—probably because a little fuller than was found convenient by students and teachers. With Mr. Burt's book no such fault could possibly be found: it is a triumph in utilisation of space; and while it gives to young students and their instructors the history of England in a nutshell, with all that is necessary for a first grounding in the elements of foreign history, it forms a handy book of reference of the greatest value to any man of studious pursuits, who has left school long enough to get rusty in his facts. This book should certainly be used in every school of any pretensions; and it will be found a valuable addition to any library in which it does not already find a place.

History of the Roman Empire from the Death of Theodosius the Great to the Coronation of Charles the Great, A.D. 395—800. By Arthur M. Curtis, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Assistant Master in Sherborne School. Rivingtons.

THIS is one of the first of the series of historical handbooks which is being published under the direction of Mr. Oscar Browning. There is no pretence to original research; it is a simple narrative, always clear and generally well arranged, of the long familiar events of the epoch taken almost entirely from the pages of Gibbon and Milman. The earlier part of the period is dealt with at much greater length than the later, only one-third of the book being devoted to the last three out of the four centuries treated of. This disproportion mars to a considerable extent the symmetry and usefulness of the work, and in spite of the vigorous realisation of the commanding position and character of Chrysostom which they contain, we cannot but regret that upwards of forty pages should be devoted to the intrigues of the Empress Eudoxia in the East, while the great Frank empire of the Merovings, to which the Mediæval Roman Empire owes its origin, is dismissed with a notice of one page, and the heroic and successful efforts of the early Iconoclast emperors to revive the life of the Byzantine empire are scarcely alluded to.

Mr. Curtis has a great subject before him. His book conducts us out of the ancient world, with its ideas of universality and centralisation, into the Mediæval world of feudal isolation. Everything was new and untried; there were strange and diverse nationalities continually appearing, new systems of government, new religions. Mr. Curtis, although his style is almost ostentatiously careless, and though he is studious to give us nothing that has not received the unanimous sanction of historical critics, is sometimes carried away by the interest and importance of his topics, and particularly in his delineation of the great historic

characters of the time,—Chrysostom, Gregory the Great, Mohammed, Charlemagne ;—if he has nothing new to say, he certainly is not dull. The account of the migrations of the different barbarian nations, and of the foundation of their kingdoms, is clear and good, if not very full, and the chapter on Attila and his legendary fame is perhaps the best in the book. There is a sensible chapter on the progress of Christianity in the first four centuries, and another still better on the rise of Mohammedanism and the causes of its success. The great position of Leo the Iconoclast—long ago insisted upon by Mr. Freeman—and of Charles Martel, and their services in saving Christianity from the Saracens, are dwelt upon with effect.

Although hardly equal to what we should expect in Mr. Oscar Browning's very promising series, the book is reliable, in parts well arranged, and generally written in a clear and lively style. It would no doubt be useful to schoolboys, should they be studying the epoch ; but we think that few others would make use of it in preference to the longer text-books from which it is compiled, or even to that very excellent abbreviation, the Student's Gibbon.

Epochs of Modern History. Edward III. By the Rev. W. Warburton, M.A., Her Majesty's Senior Inspector of Schools. London : Longman, Green and Co. 1875.

THE idea of this admirable series is well carried out in the volume before us. It presents a view, fuller and fresher than can be found in any but expensive books, of a period of English history remarkable for interest and instructiveness. To those schools in which Chaucer is a subject of study, Mr. Warburton's little work will be very welcome, while in itself it will give to learners a conception of history very different from the dry and meagre abridgments commonly in use. The story of the English wars in France can never be thought dull, and the terrible lesson it teaches on the instability of military enterprises should be impressed on every successive generation. The maps and genealogical tables add greatly to the value of the volume.

The Works of George Chapman. (1) "Plays." Edited, with Notes, by Richard Herne Shepherd. (2) "Homer's Iliad and Odyssey." Edited, with Notes, by Richard Herne Shepherd. (3) "Poems and Minor Translations." With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Three Volumes. London : Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1874-5.

IT is so short a time since we dealt at length with Chapman's Plays as issued for the first time in a complete form by Mr. John

Pearson, that we have but little of general or particular remark to add to what we then said of the translator of Homer considered as a dramatist. Of the useful and cheap volume into which these plays have now been compressed by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, we have to say that the revised text is far more satisfactory than could possibly have been anticipated by those who suspected, as we did, that the very Mr. Shepherd who edited this volume was the anonymous, blundering, and fussy editor of Mr. Pearson's three pretty volumes. It is further to be said that the addition of the plays written by Chapman in conjunction with Ben Jonson, Marston, and Shirley adds very considerably to the value of the collection, and that one of the two "doubtful plays," *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, added to the volume of Minor Translations and Poems, must be deemed well worthy of preservation, whether it be by Chapman, or, as Mr. Swinburne seems inclined to suspect, by Middleton. Certainly there is scarcely any mark at all of Chapman in it; and in the other doubtful play, *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, there is no mark whatever of Chapman, or indeed of any other "cognizable fatherhood." *The Ball* (one of the professedly two-fathered plays) has much of Shirley and little of Chapman in it, as far as we can discern; while *Chabot, Admiral of France*, would seem to be almost the unbroken work of Chapman, and in his best and most equable manner.

The re-edition of Chapman's *Homer*, and in a volume accessible as to price to all who buy books at all, is a real boon to the reading public. There is no translation of the world's greatest epic that is so much of a poem as this imperfect, often grotesque, but constantly splendid and imaginative rendering. The polished prettiness of Pope, further off the original than even Chapman with his rank splendours and gorgeous individualities, shrinks into something like insignificance beside the older version; and of no other version can it be said that it is a poem of the first, or even of a very high order. Of Chapman's this can be truly said; and though it be not the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer rendered in the spirit and tone of Hellas, the transfer into grand barbaric English is so full of might and poetic beauty, that it is not likely we shall ever have anything better to represent to us the glory of ancient Greece, the epic poem as yet unrivalled in any other tongue.

The miscellaneous poems now collected and printed in a third volume, together with the minor translations of Chapman, are truly a remarkable series of works—often enough, be it confessed, more remarkable than beautiful: still, for the patient and loving student of the greatest epoch of English poetry, the march through a dreary land of inflated style, loose construction, turgidity, verbosity, and contorted obscurity of thought, is constantly rewarded by a sudden oasis of noble thought set nobly in faultless verse;

and we cannot say that any but those whose reading is of the railway order need scruple to hazard an incursion on these rank, rich fields of verse, mingled inextricably the good with the bad, and hardly ever wholly admirable or wholly condemnable. It is somewhat hard on Chapman (and yet the fate is self sought, as that of Marsyas) that among his poems appears, from the hand of a greater far than he, one faultless and serene fragment that dwarfs all around it. That Chapman should have finished the *Hero and Leander* begun by no less a poet than the incomparable Christopher Marlowe was his own fault; but he can scarcely have contemplated the implacable wrath of the fate ruling over things poetic, which should set his name and his work for ever to be judged by such a standard as the name of Marlowe and the work of Marlowe's hand. Beside those first two glorious "sestiaids" of *Hero and Leander* which alone Marlowe lived to finish there is hardly any poem of that great period which does not seem barbarous; the exquisite perfection of the work betrays Apollo disguised among the herdsmen of Admetus; and although Chapman put some of his best work into the completion—a herdsmen caught up for once into something like dignity by the effluent godhead of his unknown companion (for even Chapman knew not Marlowe for what he was)—still, to compare any work of Chapman's with these two perfect sestiaids is like trying crystals by the standard of a diamond. None the less Chapman was a poet, through and through, and his works, whether dramatic or didactic, are fruitful of a high order of pleasure to those who can read them aright.

The fine and discriminative essay prefixed by Mr. Swinburne to this final volume of Chapman's works, though dealing exhaustively enough with the whole series of dramatic and poetic writings, deals also with many other things not strictly belonging to an essay on Chapman; but here the public is a gainer by the constant habit of an impulsive but admirable critic, of seizing whatso opportunity he may, to deal with any question of importance that may chance to be pressing on his mind. Here, at all events, the cultivated reader can hardly complain of the digressions from the main subject; and the studious admirers of our greatest contemporary thinker (among poets), our keenest and most absolute analyst of human motive and character, should be specially grateful to the poet-critic for his demonstration that the writings of Browning are not obscure in the proper and opprobrious sense. In dealing with the genuine and inscrutable obscurity of Chapman's worst work and much of it that is good at root, Mr. Swinburne takes occasion to show that the like charge brought against Browning by thoughtless "anonymous critics who go scribbling about," is wholly untenable; that what is thought by dark minds to be darkness is in fact excess of light; and that the rapidity of Browning's thought receives adequate expression in

his verse, but requires a corresponsive rapidity of appreciation to follow. The noble passages on the genius and place of Marlowe are, if not more acceptable, at least more appropriate, both by reason of the internal relations between the several members of the great Elizabethan group, and in virtue of that Nemesis of antithesis to which we have already referred as waiting on the fate of Chapman. Mr. Swinburne shows in enthusiastic terms, once for all, what Marlowe did for English poetry before his lamentable death at the age of twenty-nine; and everyone who has at heart the glory of our national literature should read this essay, both for Marlowe's sake and for Browning's, and for the sake of most of the leading men of the great age of drama, on whom light is cast in scattered passages of keenest appreciation.

On one point in this essay—and that a much discussed point—we cannot bring ourselves to agree wholly with Mr. Swinburne. There is a tradition that the creative hand of Marlowe was not arrested at the exact completion of those two most noble sestiams of *Hero and Leander*,—that he left a further fragment for Chapman to work on. This fragment, it were fruitless indeed to search for, as one would naturally incline to do, at the opening of the third sestiam; there all is obviously and incontrovertibly the work of the lesser man, who undertook as hard a task as it would have been, say, for Walter Savage Landor to complete the Promethean trilogy. Chapman at his clearest and best, it is true, we have there; but no hint of Marlowe can we find elsewhere than in the fifth sestiam, where more than one student has seemed to discern the hand of the master. The tale told by Teras in that sestiam is altogether a fine tale, and written in fine verse, but not mainly finer than Chapman could do, and has proved himself equal to. We cannot, however, think him equal to the exquisite few lines descriptive of the stolen virgins in the “barbarous rovers” cave, and including the passage—

“But when the virgin lights thus dimly burned
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourned,
And wrung their hands and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears
And yet it rains, so showed their eyes their tears.”

And when the black nymph Teras, who tells this tale, suddenly rises to depart, we catch another glimpse of a stronger hand than Chapman's:—

“Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down; which, staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd,

But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
 Did like a shooting exhalation glide
 Out of their sights: the turning of her back
 Made them all shriek, it looked so ghastly black."

Sound and fancy are alike here of a most fine harmony; and if we are to look for Marlowe out of the first two sestiads, it is in these passages that we should look. If Chapman wrote them he did his powers and perceptions grievous wrong throughout his career, and robbed posterity of much high and unalloyed pleasure that it would have been open to him to confer on them.

The Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Charles Lamb. From the Original Editions, with the Cancelled Passages Restored, and many Pieces now first Collected. Edited and Prefaced by R. H. Shepherd, with Portraits and Fac-simile of a page of the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig." London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1875.

THE numerous admirers of Charles Lamb owe much to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for the edition of which the title is given above. If there is one division of literature in which the author of *The Essays of Elia* is more distinguished than elsewhere, it is that of high criticism; and as an assemblage of his critical works, this is not equalled by any other collected edition;—indeed it is only possible to rival it by carefully and laboriously collecting the original editions. Several valuable though short criticisms have been disinterred from the pages of *The Examiner*, to which they were contributed by Lamb during the editorship of Leigh Hunt: these are now reprinted for the first time; and the critical value of the *Essays of Elia* is greatly enhanced by the restoration of the cancelled passages, consequent on the general plan of the work,—that of reproducing the writings as they were first put forth by their author. In the same way the priceless notes on the Elizabethan dramatists benefit largely. It is true they are to be had, separately from Lamb's collected works, together with the extracts they were originally written to accompany; but in the current collections of Lamb's works, these notes are given in an abbreviated form, while in the present edition, they are given precisely as issued in the year 1808. On the whole, the bulk and price render this by far the most desirable edition for "general readers;" and for critical readers, who may prefer one of the costlier editions, it would certainly be well to have this also as a corrective and accompaniment. There is always an interest attaching to the first form in which good and careful work makes its appearance; and not seldom such work fails to gain anything by successive alterations.

We are not sure that Lamb's work did not gain frequently by revision; but it is certainly well worth the student's while to compare for himself the first and last states. We cannot say that the portraits add greatly to the value of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's edition, though that from a chalk drawing by Robert Hancock is pleasing enough. The other is a most hideous caricature.

Sorrow and Song; Studies of Literary Struggle. By Henry Curwen. Two Vols. H. King and Co. 1875.

"LITERATURE," says the proverb, "is a very good walking-stick, but a very bad crutch." If you depend on it entirely, it will, ten to one,—a hundred to one, if you please,—"enter into your hand and pierce you." So far, we quite go along with Mr. Curwen. No doubt there are plenty of literary men as badly off now as the Grub-street poets were in Pope's day; but the reason is just that which fills the columns of the *Gazette*. Bankrupts there always will be in every walk of life, men who have undertaken what they are not fitted for. Tradesmen who cannot keep accounts, others who care more for their "free and easy" than for their shop, others who can't tell good wares from bad, and so make mistakes in buying stock, are pretty sure to come to grief; and so are "literary men" who, writing what the public declines, for the present at least, to accept, obstinately refuse to keep themselves afloat by any of the thousand and one expedients which the present time abundantly offers to all who can write decently; and go on heaping up volume after volume of unsaleable stuff, which may be as precious as *Paradise Lost*, but may, on the other hand, be utterly worthless. Of course, if men talk of "a mission," there is nothing more to be said; and one at least of Mr. Curwen's "representative men," Petöfi, the Hungarian Körner, had a "mission" which he may well have found overpowering. But with most writers the case is wholly different; they would surely be showing stronger faith in what is called their inspiration, by holding to it in spite of temporary hindrances, by making "circumstances" work with them and open a way for them at the last, than by groaning over the unappreciativeness of mankind, and determining to die straight off for their ideal, instead of living to carry it out by-and-by. These two types of men are set forth in Haydon the painter and Carlyle. The former had his theory (which is that of most real art-lovers) that the great increase of "patronage" is not leading to a commensurate improvement in painting. Portraits and *genre*-pictures are the ruin of high art, it is true, yet some of our best painters paint portraits; so did Titian and Vandyck, and thereby they raised portrait-painting

without in the least falling away from their own ideal. But Haydon would not give in to such weakness; he would paint huge pictures fit for town halls or churches, and because "the public" thronged to see *General Tom Thumb*, and would scarcely cast a glance at "Curtius leaping into the gulf," therefore, sick at heart, he passed out of a world which generally demands patience in those who would be its teachers. Carlyle, on the other hand, did not all at once take the public by storm; for years he was known only as a painful translator from the German; for years he condescended to make life possible by the drudgery of teaching. If Carlyle had started with his "Latter-day pamphlets," and had determined to give the world that or nothing, refusing meanwhile to help himself in any other way, the waves would probably have closed over him, and one of the great teachers of the age would have been lost. If Haydon, without bating one jot of his ideal, had set himself to paint for bread at what would bring bread, while he was in every work, no matter how trivial, labouring to raise the tone of painting and to educate men in a feeling for "high art," he would have lived to rank with our Eastlakes and Holman Hunts. These remarks are our answer to Mr. Curwen's preface. We decline to call a man "a huckster and not an artist;" to say that he barter his individuality and his pure ideals for money; because, without ever giving up his ideal, he so shapes his first efforts as to win the success which is necessary to enable him to make other efforts. It is not everyone who can take the literary world by storm; and in the necessarily gradual process, something of value is doubtless lost now and then; but on the other hand, a vast amount of rubbish drops away which might otherwise be carried on to the front with great blare of trumpets, as if it really was of priceless worth. On the whole, we believe in the men of genius "who through long days of labour, and nights devoid of ease, still hear in their soul the music of wonderful melodies." All cannot submit to work in a groove, even for a time; the peculiar (shall we say morbid?) temperament of the *genus irritabile* makes it hopeless for a Burns to be a good steady-going gauger, or for a Keats to let horses for hire like his worthy father, while the world is learning to love his Endymion. "Pegasus in harness" is no doubt a contradiction in terms. But, for all that, if the "literary man" "dies in the struggle," it is mostly his own fault. He is stubborn, and mistakes stubbornness for genius, and thinks that his not being appreciated is a sure sign of rare excellence. Because Goldsmith and Savage lived from hand to mouth, it does not follow that I, who am compelled to live in a like uncomfortable way, am a Goldsmith or a Savage. Yet there are hundreds who persist in "converting their syllogism" after this unauthorised manner. Our wrong system of education, too, helps on the mischief. Here is

a boy, a creature with arms and legs, and muscles, and mechanical aptitudes, as well as with brain; yet we persist in feeding only the latter, leaving him to feed the former in such irregular way as he can, by gymnastics and so forth, often to the injury of his moral character. When we come seriously to train bodies as well as minds, many things will be better done than they are now,—drainage, for instance, and a water supply, and there will be far fewer literary *ne'er-do-weels*, men who have mistaken their vocation, drifting into the shallows of literature because their physical incapacity prevents their doing anything else. We have thorough respect for the writer who has something to say; but we feel that nowadays too many write to avoid being called on to do something else, and these, if they once get conceited, are just the people to insist on the world taking what they give, and sinking back in dudgeon if the world (perhaps wisely) declines to do so.

Thus much to protest against Mr. Curwen's title and purpose. Goethe is right that deep thoughts and sorrow are inseparable; the bread of tears is the only true ambrosia; yet that is very different from assuming it to be necessary for the "representative literary man to die—for invariably there is need—in the struggle." Such over-statements can only do mischief. Men of all kinds do fail; and if literary men are sometimes "howled at as loafers," surely some of them do their best to deserve the title.

Apart, however, from its purpose and its misleading title, the book is one which cannot fail to be interesting. Mürger, for instance, the French novelist, the "representative of Bohemia," is not a model man, but his life is a very pleasant one to read, and his songs (of which Mr. Curwen does not give the best, to our thinking—that about the recruit who kills his captain in a duel) are very touching, that to *ma cousine Angèle* inexpressibly so. Life in "Bohemia" has passed away with the many changes which Paris has seen since Mürger, son of the Paris *concierge* of German extraction, was born in 1822. His life was a strange medley of work and play and long illnesses, chiefly spent after the fashion of poor Parisians (a fashion which we are told is coming into vogue in London) in hospital. "Live regularly, abstain from coffee, and go to bed early," the doctors told him when he had partially recovered one very severe attack; but Mürger would do none of these things; his friends, who formed the Society of the *Buveurs d'eau*, were not bound by such rules; they wrote, but the value of a good deal of their writing may be guessed from the history of the *Castor*, a *journal de la mode*, which they so crammed with romantic "copy," that the subscribers gave it up in disgust. Never does Mürger seem to have had a spare ten-pound note; his life was spent (as he said) "in hunting that very shy wild beast the five-franc piece." Of his many loves, not one was found to watch by his dying bed. Marie, his first love, and

his last, told him frankly, when he showed her one of those poems which have made him famous: "I'd rather have a new dress and a pair of boots than half-a-dozen poems." He died in a hospital; all Paris was excited at the news of his illness. "I can't dance any more to-night, Mürger is dying," said a young lady at a grand ball. Three thousand notabilities and a hundred carriages followed him to the grave, and then they set him up a handsome monument. All this is deeply interesting as a study of human nature, but we cannot accept Mr. Curwen's remark: "He had asked for bread, and they gave him a stone of the costliest." Mürger deliberately preferred to ordinary bread that stony stuff which he knew was the fare of Bohemia.

Novalis is another of our author's representative men; we are very glad to learn some facts about the life of one who is known to most of us only by mysterious and very German extracts from his "Fragments." "Sleep is for the inhabitants of planets only. In the future man will sleep and wake continually at once. Our life is not a dream, but it may, and will, perhaps, become one"—riddles like that are pleasant to amuse oneself with now and then; but the history of this man, and of his sweet girl-love, Sophie Kuhn (she died at fifteen), is much pleasanter; and this our author tells well. Still more interesting is the account of Petöfi, patriot and poet, who fell pierced with Russian lances in the carnage of Segeswar. Balzac (another victim to strong coffee), Edgar Allan Poe, and André Chénier make up the tale of Mr. Curwen's "representative men." Of Poe he says: "I began with a thorough determination to vindicate Poe from Dr. Griswold's aspersions . . . still, after sifting every item of evidence I could lay hands on, for Poe and against him, my monograph has turned out very differently from what I had hoped the facts would have justified me in putting forth." On this we make no comment, except that Poe's misery was so clearly self-induced, that to charge it to any extent on society is simply absurd. We repeat what we have said; the book is very interesting and well put together, but it does not prove the author's point.

Govindá Samanta, or the History of a Bengal Ráiyat. By the Rev. Lál Behári Day, Chinsurah, Bengal. Macmillan, 1874.

SIR H. S. MAINE, in his recent book on the points in common between Hindoo, old Irish, and Roman law, says that even some Governors-General have left India without recognising the fact that in the population there they have not (as in England) a "mixed multitude," a "mob" only sundered or united by differences of wealth or accidental position, but a continuation of the tribal system, family living beside family in the same village

with as little intercourse as if one was German, the other French. This vitality of "the tribe" makes patriotism, as we interpret the word, impossible; it also makes Hindoo society very hard for an outsider to understand. If the difficulty is great for Europeans living in the country, *a fortiori*, it must be far greater for us at home; and therefore any book is welcome which throws real light on the habits and ways of thought of so many millions of our fellow-subjects. Hence the value of the book before us. It is the history by one of themselves of that *ryot* about whom we have all heard something, but concerning whom the best instructed among us really know very little. In the form of a most un-novel-like novel our author follows the Bengal peasant from his cradle to his grave, grouping round his life every circumstance which can throw light on manners, religion, or culture. The book is, as Mr. Lal Day describes it, a series of photographs—wanting, as photographs always are, in pictorial effect, but for that very reason all the more valuable to the student of Bengal life. We could wish that many native converts would similarly photograph the tribes to which they belong. The labour would be one of love; for, though truth is impressed on every page of these two volumes, and though the general impression left on the reader is one of unutterable sadness, yet Mr. Day plainly loves his people, and (while not shirking facts) is careful to put them in a good light. The effect, too, of such a series of works would be to do away with a good deal of that "beating the air," that "uncertain fighting," with men whose idiosyncrasies are very imperfectly, if at all, appreciated, which so paralyses missionary effort. Moreover, for the general reader, it is well that sometimes the lions should have a chance of being painters. Of the plot of Mr. Day's book we will not attempt to give an analysis. Such analyses are always unsatisfactory. Moreover, we wish our readers to go to the work itself. It is a contribution to *real history* which the world cannot afford to lose. There are a few faults of style; and the wonder is that there are so few of them, that Mr. Day has stood so firmly against the temptation to write that degenerate Johnsonese dashed with slang which young Bengal thinks is "fine English;" but the reader soon forgets these in admiration at the manifest earnestness which breathes through the work. Mr. Day has something to tell, and he tells it—tells it as Erckmann-Chatrian tell their story, simply and effectively.

The story is a very sad one; after many idyllic pictures of happy Bengal peasant life (happiness on so little!); after chapters throwing new light on religion, on superstitions (the chapter on ghosts, for instance), on the power of women in the family, on the love of education which characterises the *ryot* and the efforts of the zemindars to repress it (as squires and farmers used to try

in England), comes the gloomy record of repeated family troubles. A young widow of the house (it is a "joint-family" held together by the strong common-sense of the old grandmother and her son), becomes a *Vaishnavi*, i.e. leaves home and follows the fortunes of a mendicant priest of Vishnu. Then the old grandmother, having seen her grandson well married, goes on pilgrimage to Jaggernath and shares the fate of so many thousands, dying miserably of cholera as she returns. Fever then visits the village, and Badan, the head of our joint family, is mortally stricken. Govinda takes his place; his uncle, a Bengal Hercules, and as good-tempered as he is strong, acquiescing in being put aside because he is not so clever as his nephew. Then comes debt, the curse of the *ryot*. Badan had left a small debt; Govinda, having to perform the necessary funeral rites for father and grandmother, increases it. The money-lender is a kindly man; but the ordinary rate of interest being 36 per cent., the sum grows rapidly. Then, too, the zemindar ("a Bengal tiger in human form") sends to claim feudal cess on his son's marriage. Govinda says he cannot pay the five rupees; before the zemindar he protests that the cess is contrary to the rule of *Kompani Bahádur* (the Great East India Company). He pays, however; and is beaten by the zemindar in open cutchery, his landlord vowing to take vengeance on him. By-and-by this "Bengal tiger" gets Govinda's huts burnt down and his receipts burnt, and then comes down on him for ninety rupees arrears of rent. But the poor peasant survives such crushing calamities; actually rights himself again, proving thereby that he is no common character, even among his much-enduring fellows. He survives only to die during the recent famine; an epidemic had prepared him (as it had many more) to succumb; he finds no hope of anything but starvation at home, and therefore goes to Burdwan, where the good Maharajah Mahtap Chand was giving work to two thousand labourers a day; but the thought that he, who had always tilled his paternal acres, was now forced to be a coolie, broke his heart. His health gave way, and one morning he was found dead in his hut. Happily some of the oppressions under which Govinda suffered have passed away for ever; the act passed in 1859, by Sir Frederick Halliday and Mr. Edward Currie, abolished the cess and curtailed the infamous despotism of the zemindars; nor will public opinion now permit indigo-planters to behave in the high-handed way in which a certain Mr. Murray does. But, as we said, we want our readers to go to the book itself; it deserves to be not only read but studied.

The Duke and the Scholar, and other Essays. By T. L. Kingston Oliphant, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1875.

THE book to which Mr. Oliphant has chosen to give the name of *The Duke and the Scholar* is, in the main, a work of compilation and translation. The first essay in the volume, the life of the Duke de Luynes, is confessedly "taken (at least nine-tenths of it) from the 'Notice sur M. le Duc de Luynes, par J. L. A. Huillard-Bréholles,'" and Mr. Oliphant professes to have added but little of his own, though he has "made bold to criticise a certain part of the Duke's political career." The life of the Duke's biographer, Huillard-Bréholles, which is the next essay in the book, is compiled from what are called "original sources," the materials having been furnished to Mr. Oliphant by the widow of Huillard-Bréholles. These two biographical sketches are brought together as relating to two contemporary Frenchmen of repute who were friends, and whose careers afford, in Mr. Oliphant's opinion, an example greatly needed by his own countrymen,—the Duke's that of a patriot, scholar, and gentleman, munificent in his relations with art, science, and literature,—the Duke's biographer's that of a studious and earnest man of letters, who lived simply and shamed the world of clap-trap and humbug by embodying in his own doings all that's opposite to that evil realm. Mr. Oliphant might have added more than he has to the intrinsic interest of these two lives; but, as they here stand, they are at least readable; and no one who reads them can fail to benefit by them. The third component part of the book is a translation of a part of the life of Fra Salimhene, written in Latin by himself. It is intensely interesting; and we can scarcely deprecate its insertion here; but we do not admit that it is any more appropriately placed because, as Mr. Oliphant says, "it throws so brilliant a light upon the great Thirteenth Century, of which the Duke and the Scholar were most earnest students." The remaining two essays that make up the volume have no such excuse for their companionship; nor are they particularly able or interesting. One is on the question, "Was the old English Aristocracy destroyed by the wars of the Roses?" The other is on the "Long Union between the English Lords and Commons." Altogether the book would have been a trifle better without them,—and twenty-one pages shorter.

Musical Composers and their Works, for the use of Schools and Students in Music. By Sarah Tytler, author of *Papers for Thoughtful Girls, &c.* Daldy, Isbister and Co. London, 1875.

THIS work is very similar in character to Miss Tytler's *Old Masters and their Pictures, and Modern Painters and their Paintings,*

which we have recently noticed. Mainly biographical, partly critical, founded for the most part on such books as Mr. Haweis's *Music and Morals*, the *Imperial Biographical Dictionary*, M. Fétis' *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, and on the published reminiscences of Moscheles and Hiller, and the letters of Mendelssohn, it lays no claim to originality of research, or independence of artistic judgment. The author scarcely possesses, and indeed makes no pretension of possessing, the necessary knowledge to enable her to control her authorities. Her step is evidently rather uncertain, and she is gracefully thankful to any friendly hand that assists her and makes it firmer.

In noticing the two books on the painters, we had occasion to speak of certain inaccuracies; and in the book before us such statements as that Marie Antoinette married Louis *le Désiré*—who was of course Louis XVIII.—do not convey an impression of care in compilation. But after all, this is not perhaps a very serious matter, for few memories are so good as to be long affected by mistakes of this kind. What we should be more disposed to quarrel with is Miss Tytler's depreciatory estimate of those musicians with whose character she happens to have no sympathy. One must take art as one finds it. M. Taine once tried to prove—in a passage that has always seemed to us quite uncritical and almost unmanly—that Pope could not be a poet because he was a cripple. Rossini's musical genius, and the beauty of his accomplished work, must be taken as established. Let us enjoy them. It is very much open to question whether he could have done better if endeavouring to conform—the idea of his trying to do so almost raising a smile—to rules of earnestness and serious purpose entirely foreign to his humorous southern nature. In matters of art one must occasionally live and let live, and be thankful when one gets a masterpiece, however produced, nay, even be thankful that masterpieces are not all of the same kind. Mendelssohn's was a singularly beautiful character. Persons otherwise constituted have also written good music.

There is another point on which we should like to raise a mild voice of protest, and this is Miss Tytler's treatment of Mozart's wife. The private life and private character of any man who has made for himself a name belong by common consent to the public. M. Sainte-Beuve went so far as to say that except in the case of a mathematician a knowledge of them was indispensable to a due appreciation of the man's work. Right or wrong, the "many-headed beast" has made his claim to such knowledge good. But the wives of great men, it has always seemed to us, have a peculiar title to reverence and gentle treatment. Let the light of the publicity which they mostly did not court, which is in a manner reflected on them independently of any act of theirs, be made as

gentle as is consistent with fact and truth. Theirs above all are cases for refraining from "setting down aught in malice." Now as regards Mozart's wife, what are the facts? Miss Tytler is constrained to admit that "if we look at her with Mozart's loving eyes from first to last we shall find no fault in her." Surely this is something. He was the person most interested, and the best judge. If he was satisfied, who are we to find fault? The union lasted nine years, and was tried by constant ill-health, the birth of many children, and by pecuniary difficulties, yet his every reference to her breathes the utmost tenderness and love. What evidence is there to support the indictment that she cared only for his genius in so far as it produced money, that she was engrossed in her own ailments, and let the burden of them fall heavily upon her husband—as if indeed the sickness and pain of the woman a man loves could ever fall lightly upon him—and the sarcasm implied in the statement that her grief for his death was "violent at first"? If there be such evidence Miss Tytler does not produce it. Her conclusions are no more than surmise, and the matter is one in which surmise ought to be quite inadmissible. There are few things which people are fonder of doing than criticising the married life of others. There are few exercises of the critical art more difficult and delicate. And the imperfect records of a century ago do not add certainty to the result. Nor does it seem a very satisfactory mode of honouring a great composer to adopt a tone of high moral depreciation in speaking of the wife whom he loved very tenderly.

But enough of this, and more than enough. Miss Tytler's book will probably interest "schools and students in music" in the history of the composers whose works they are studying, and that is a very desirable result. And so far, setting aside all captiousness, we wish it success.

Restormel: A Legend of Piers Gaveston, the Patriot Priest, and other Verses. By the Author of "The Vale of Lauherne," &c. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1875.

THIS volume, by Mr. H. Sewell Stokes, has all the pleasant qualities of the last volume of his which we had under notice,—the *Poems of Later Years*: it is sprightly, scholarly, and elegant, almost throughout. It does not usually rise, or attempt to rise, to the high keys of vatic utterance or gnomic observation, but, for the most part, meanders gaily through varied fields of higher thought, and strikes out many pleasant paths of musical speech and amusing remark. In one notable instance, that of "The Patriot Priest," the theme is one on which the author of *Thrasea* was certain to be wholly in earnest; and the brief, compact account

of the life and death of Enrico Tazzoli is given without any momentary fall below the key of dignified, self-contained thoughtfulness in which the poem is necessarily pitched. Enrico Tazzoli was one of the noblest of the victims grimly offered up on the bloody altar of Italian liberty and unity; and his memory claims the respect and sympathy of all who have the cause of light and justice at heart. Of this limited number Mr. Stokes is certainly one; and it is not surprising that the Patriot should have furnished him with a subject for one of his more thoughtful poems.

Restormel is at once quaint in conception, and buoyant in execution. In it the poet follows the fortunes of Piers Gaveston through a dream region, which is peculiarly alluring to him,—to judge from his having adopted it twice lately in poems of old reminiscence: this method of becoming a participator in the actions of past centuries, by simply going to sleep and dreaming it all, also suits well the light touch and graceful style of the eminent West-countryman; and *Restormel* is a very pleasant afternoon's reading.

Between the two poems we have named, Mr. Stokes has printed, under the general title of *Interleaves*, a series of short poems, some in the quasi-lyrical style usually associated with the name of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, some of a solidier stamp, and some narrative. There is nothing in this section which would not well repay perusal; and to a West-countryman (especially a Cornishman) this section of the book has a great deal of the local interest that adds another charm (for such a reader) to *Restormel*. One or two of the quasi-lyrical *Interleaves* are extremely good; but on the whole, the best lyrical work in the volume is to be found in *Restormel*.

Transits of Venus: a Popular Account of Past and Coming Transits from the first observed by Horrocks, A.D. 1630, to the Transit of A.D. 2012. By R. A. Proctor, B.A.
London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1874.

THIS is a complete and masterly book. Mr. Proctor now stands in the front rank of English men of science. He writes—if we did not constantly read what he writes we should say too much,—but certainly enough to make inaccurate or undigested statements on such severe subjects as generally occupy his pen, in the highest degree probable. But he always avoids this; and his lightest magazine articles have a precision as to astronomical data which is much more to be relied on than those given us by some of the most generally used manuals. *Transits of Venus*, as a book, must have a permanent value, if only from the precise character of its facts and data; but it is besides this so pleasantly written

and comprehensive a treatise, that it stands alone in the literature of the subject. It is entitled "A Popular Account" of the subject: and so far as it can be popularised, Mr. Proctor has certainly not failed; but it can never be so in the common acceptance of the word. It is too abstruse a theme, even in its most popularised form, to secure a large audience.

In discussing the transits of the seventeenth century, Mr. Proctor follows Sir Edmund Beckett in considering that Grant is in error in supposing Gregory to have any real claim to be the first to perceive the value of transits as a means of discovering the solar parallax; and there can be but little question that for all practical purposes the glory of the discovery belongs wholly to Halley. We nevertheless strongly believe that Halley had read Gregory's *Optica Promota* before he announced his method of finding parallax by transits. But we heartily acquit him of all unfairness in not alluding to Gregory's suggestion, from his clear perception that his own method was what Gregory's suggestion was not—a practicable one.

The transits of 1761 and 1769 are very carefully and elaborately discussed, and the admirable illustrations will greatly aid the studious reader to a mastery of the details.

But it is in the discussion of "Transits and their Conditions" that Mr. Proctor's great excellence, as a master of his subject, and a popular teacher, is most manifest. His facility in presenting abstruse mathematical facts in diagram is seen here to perfection. The real meaning and value of "acceleration" and "retardation" are put with great clearness, while the principle on which transits occur in the order they do, is admirably shown. Indeed, this part of the work deserves the highest praise, and deserves a careful reading.

In dealing with "Coming Transits," we are not surprised to find that Mr. Proctor gives a *résumé* of the controversy between the Astronomer Royal and himself. It is given fairly, and although strongly, yet without bias. It shows clearly, what we pointed out in our article on the subject in the October number of this journal in 1874, that as a country, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Proctor for the great courage, purpose, and clearness of perception which he displayed in the controversy. We are prepared indeed to go farther than we did in the article alluded to, and, from a consideration of all the facts at this time, can see no justification of Sir G. Airy's statement that Halley's method "failed totally" for the transit of 1874; for the successful employment of this method by the several expeditions, the English included, is its best refutation. It was undoubtedly a hasty statement, and its withdrawal when Mr. Proctor pointed out its errors would have been no loss of dignity, but the reverse, to its learned and distinguished author.

The results of the expeditions on the whole are extremely gratifying; and the combination of those results will doubtless lead to a very close approximation to the sun's real distance.

The Protoplasmic Theory of Life. By John Drysdale, M.D., F.R.M.S. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox. London. 1874.

THIS is a laborious, conscientious, and clever book upon a subject of much interest both to the man of science and the theologian. Primarily it seeks to demonstrate that every vital action throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms results wholly from changes occurring in a structureless, semi-fluid, nitrogenous matter now called protoplasm. The author is one of the joint editors of Fletcher's masterly treatise on "Pathology;" and that acute physiologist as long ago as 1835 contended, on theoretical grounds only, that the property of vitality does not reside equally in the various organic structures requiring such different physical properties, but is restricted solely to a universally-diffused, pulpy, structureless matter. At that time this hypothesis was absolutely new and original, but it lacked the support of fact. But in 1860 Dr. Lionel Beale, after the most laborious research with the finest powers of the microscope demonstrated that all vital phenomena, from that manifest in the earliest speck of germ, up to the latest moment of life, in every living thing—plant, animal and protist—is restricted to, and inheres in, one anatomical element alone, this being homogeneous, and to our powers of research at least, structureless, and that all the vast variety of structure and composition, solid and fluid, which make up living beings beside this is merely passive, lifeless, "formed material." To give due honour to the great physiological genius of Fletcher as the author of the theory, and to point out the real merits of Beale as the independent discoverer and demonstrator of the *fact* is a large part of the author's purpose. But beyond this the entire bearings of this new physiological factor upon the whole realm of life are considered in detail, and with a knowledge of the whole literature, as well as of the difficulties of the subject, which makes it really complete: an invaluable book to any student desiring to see clearly, concisely, and accurately the latest facts and inferences in the domain of physiology. We recommend its perusal to the theological student who would grapple fairly with the facts opened up by modern research, touching all the important phenomena of life; that he may see in a thoroughly trustworthy and impartial form what *are* the foundations on which the immateriality of our nature is denied, and "the life that now is" is declared to be the totality of individual human existence. And here it must be noted that this author gives in his adherence to a belief in the

absolute materiality of every act of human life—mental, moral, or physical. He does so evidently from conviction, and we think we can gather from these pages, even reluctantly. But he does so on the same terms as he rejects a "vital force;" because he believes the facts are against it. He declares life to be neither an entity nor a force, but an action; and thought and moral power are only some of its phenomena. In all this Dr. Drysdale is clear; there is no mistaking his meaning. Nevertheless, the author is extremely reverent, and has a profound belief not only in the supernatural, but in the supernatural as revealed to us in Scripture; and, consequently, in the immortality of man. The explanation is, that we have an immortal part, but its existence and all that appertains to it is a matter of absolute faith, and not of physics or demonstration. There is a God who is a personal and benevolent being; but we can know this only by supernatural revelation and by faith. In other words, natural theology is impossible. Modern biological science is supposed to have reduced teleological reasoning to very little short of absurdity. We are reminded that the peculiar power possessed by water of expanding just before freezing was for a very long time held to be a special and beneficent exception to the law of cooling bodies, which constantly increase in weight by diminishing in bulk. But water by expanding at that peculiar point causes the ice to float; and if this were not the case it would sink to the bottom of seas and lakes where it could not be wholly melted, if at all, during summer, and eventually such masses of water would be permanent blocks of ice. But we are reminded that the peculiar significance of this is now gone; for it has been found that bismuth, iron and other substances expand on solidifying. So that such expansion cannot have been a "final cause" in ice.

Again, there are two species of tape-worm which cannot run through their cycles of generation except by abiding for one phase of them in the human body, which is the only one in creation fitted for them. Dr. Cobbold inquires whether we are to infer that, on account of this exceptional adaptation, man was contrived for the sake of the worm. Now these two illustrations, as far as they go, are very good arguments against the doctrine of final causes; but are certainly not so against the doctrine of design and purpose in the universe. It is no serious weakness in the science of natural theology that it has for want of more complete knowledge overstrained a fact or misinterpreted a truth. This is a characteristic which it shares with all science. It is not, for instance, fatal to the science of chemistry that it not so long since believed in *phlogiston*, or that it even now has not wholly rejected Dalton's atoms. Yet the former is now known to be a monstrous myth, and the latter is, at best, a mere convenience. The science

of Natural Theology is only human, and the fact that at one time it was held competent to explain the "final causes" of phenomena, but has been subsequently shown to be in error in several instances; in so doing, is surely not fatal to its existence. Because it can be shown that the *ultimate* purpose of a thing is indefinitely beyond the reach of our knowledge, this is no barrier to the perception of the beautiful adaptation of means to ends—"final" or not—which are palpable in every realm of nature. Inability to discover the *ultimate* purpose of an organ, or a phenomenon, or a vital form, is not necessary to the discovery of design.

The expansion of water when near its freezing point may not be finally to prevent our colder lakes and oceans from becoming blocks of ice; but it *does* so prevent them, and it is impossible not to see the adaptation. In the same way, Dr. Cobbold's question is not a blow at the doctrine of design at all; it strikes only the theory that "final causes" can be discovered. It would be monstrous to suppose that man was specially adapted for the tapeworm. The tapeworm has adapted itself to new conditions. It has in the course of ages, amid the struggle for existence, survived best in the human organism, and now that is its permanent, *perhaps* its only, nursing ground. But the very power to vary with new conditions, everywhere so palpable in organic nature, is a sublimer evidence of design in the universe than the discovery of a thousand "final causes" would be. Power of adaptation and felicitous survival, in spite of all vicissitudes to which the most complex organisms can be subject, is, we venture to think, a grander resource for Natural Theology than any ever possessed before. Of course the philosophy of parasitism and pain are quite different questions, not involved, and with which we are not now dealing. But we are bold to contend that what the natural theologian may have lost in "final causes," he has gained in constant and ever-recurring adaptative design; and therefore we are not prepared to admit this author's conclusion. But we are prepared to go so far as to say that Natural Theology, *without* a supernatural revelation, could be of no practical avail. It is only as its facts are illuminated by God's revelation of Himself and His works, that theological inference from nature can be of value. For example, push the argument from design to its very ultimate, and you cannot from it infer a CREATOR—that which you discover is an adapter and designer who is master of existing forces. But we dare not infer that a mere universe maker, such as the theology of science could show, was the Uncreated Jehovah. Indeed, for all that the argument from design, taken by itself, can prove to the contrary, there might have been more designers than one. But once know the Infinite God otherwise than by discovery; once receive the revelation from Himself of His own moral and intellectual splendours, and of His infinite and unoriginated

being—once by faith receive the sublime declaration: "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth;" then Natural Theology has a meaning, and its facts, as evidence of beneficent and wise design, are irresistible.

Dr. Drysdale accepts, and argues to the last, in favour of almost all that the materialist demands. But he is not a materialist. The soul, he contends, is to be considered absolutely distinct from the physical life in each and all of its phenomena; indeed, he seeks to show that all its phenomena can be explained without such a soul. But our confidence in its existence is, like our knowledge of the existence and nature of God, founded wholly on the truth of revelation, and the teaching of Christianity. This is of course a short, and apparently an effectual, way out of bristling difficulties. But it is a surrender which theology cannot make. Nature may "half reveal and half conceal" the infinite intelligence that through all the ages has been producing it; but the mind of man, in perfect sympathy with nature on the one hand, and capable of *apprehending* God on the other, must see the finger of inscrutable wisdom—shaded often it may be with apparent contrasts and contradictions—but still affluent in beneficence, throughout the universe.

Protection from Fire and Thieves, including the Construction of Locks, Safes, Strong Rooms, and Fire-proof Buildings; Burglary, and the Means of Preventing It; Fire, its Detection, Prevention, and Extinction. By George Hayter Chubb, Assoc. Inst. C.E. P. 162. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1875.

MR. CHUBB has written a book from which all householders may take some valuable hints; but it will be of special service to the owners of that kind of property which is at once precious and portable. Reviewers too often belong to the *vacuus viator* class, and are not much troubled by fears as to the safety of their plate or jewellery. There is, however, a large and rapidly increasing section of the community to whom such a question is of extreme importance, and we recommend this very handy book to the attention of such persons. Though Mr. Chubb's topic does not of itself suggest very pleasant ideas, he has collected around it many interesting details, and produced a thoroughly readable book, the value of which is increased by numerous clear illustrations. The old proverb about unwise people and their money is often very curiously made good; it appears that men will buy a first-class safe, put their valuables into it, and *leave the key about*, or place it in some drawer which is only provided with a most trumpery lock! As to the selection of a safe, Mr. Chubb gives some good advice, the

necessity for which may be proved by the following anecdote concerning a neatly-painted but most flimsy imposture:—"At an auction in Scotland, whilst a safe of this description was being 'put up' as one of the best ever made, it suddenly fell to the ground, broke open in the fall, and out came the fire-proofing in the shape of fresh garden turf, with live worms in it." Other imitations of the best manufactures are mentioned; one had its outer plates less than the eighth of an inch thick; upon being touched it rocked like a jelly." Nice kind of "safe" that: *Caveat emptor*, indeed. According to Mr. Chubb "The London police have now on their register 117,000 names of habitual criminals, and the list is said to be increasing at the rate of 30,000 a year. Yet a return furnished by Colonel Fraser of the City police shows that in 1873 the number of premises found open, or otherwise insecure, by the police in the City of London, was 2,957. On putting these two facts together the reader will have a fair criterion for estimating the value of such a book as Mr. Chubb's, and the necessity for various precautions of the kind he has suggested. This practical little volume will, doubtless, obtain the extensive circulation which it so well deserves.

On British Wild Flowers considered in relation to Insects.

By Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., M.P. London: Macmillan and Co. 1875.

THIS charming little book is one of the best of the reprints from *Nature*, published by Messrs. Macmillan as the "Nature Series." It is not presented as an exhaustive treatise on the subject; but it is a book which none can read without abundant pleasure and great profit. The teleological idea is of course utterly wanting in its pages. Evolution is the method employed to explain the facts; but rarely has the theologian received more valuable aid from science than is afforded by the slowly accumulated evidences of purpose and adaptation, recorded and explained in this book. It gives the strongest proof yet offered of the fallacy of inferring "final causes," or of declaring that *any* condition of an organ or organism is the ultimate one, and that it was created for this, for it proves that modifications are constantly taking place within certain limits; but it also shows that all such modifications are in exquisite harmony—that nature's power to modify when circumstances require it, or the surroundings of the organism compel, is as perfect to bring about the desired end as the Creator's power was at the first to embody His own ideal. And what is this but a majestic proof that, if the universe had an omnipotent and intelligent source, that source must still be operating? The interdependence of plants and insects must have existed from the

beginning, and the adaptation of either to the other must have been the result of intelligence. But how much more manifest the intelligence which endows them with a power of maintaining their mutual relations in spite of all the modifications consequent on incessant change of environment; for with every modification the new adaptations are as perfect and delicate as the old.

The first who perceived the intimate relations between plants and insects was Sprengel; who seeing a number of hairs on *Geranium sylvaticum*, concluded that "the wise author of nature would not have created even a hair in vain," and was thus led by investigation to the facts. The visits of insects are often of the highest importance to flowers, in transferring the pollen from the stamens to the pistil, that fertilization may be accomplished. In some plants these different elements exist in separate flowers; and in others they are not so placed as to be open to each other at the same time. In some instances these difficulties are obviated by the transport of the pollen by the wind: but in the majority of cases it is accomplished by the aid of insects. Insects visit flowers for the honey: and Sir John Lubbock shows how elaborate are the contrivances amongst flowers to attract insects, and to cause the pollen to be transferred as the result of their visits from the anther of one flower to the pistil of another. And this specially that cross-fertilization—an indispensable necessity to plant life—should be secured. In plants which depend upon the wind for the distribution of their pollen, the flower is obscure and never gaily coloured: birches, poplars, firs, grasses, &c., are sufficient illustration; and these flowers generally have their stigma branched and hairy, facilitating the catching of the wind-scattered pollen.

In flowers fertilized by insect agency, the attraction is not always brilliant appearance; aroma plays a powerful part: and thus insects are attracted by scent and colour in their search for honey, and their organs become adapted to the flowers they specially affect. While flowers dependent for the continuance of species on insect agency in fertilization, become modified under the influence of chance variation, which may render them the more attractive to the insects on which they depend. The details are beautifully given and illustrated in Sir J. Lubbock's little treatise, to the study of which we commend our readers. With Mr. Jackson's *Philosophy of Natural Theology*, that remarkable book so recently published, *The Unseen Universe*, and the modest little volume before us, the student may construct for himself a "Natural Theology" entirely independent of the much-hated "final causes," and yet absolutely impregnable.

The Ocean; its Tides and Currents, and their Causes. By William Leighton Jordan. London: Longmans.

THIS work is an ambitious one; it deals with Cosmogony as well as Oceanic Circulation, and the principles applied are part of a great system of the universe. Its chief object seems to be to disprove and alter certain notions about the properties of bodies as regards motion which have been accepted as axioms from the time of Newton. But we are not convinced by this volume. In the first place there is too much attempted; also it is obvious that the author is deficient in mathematical knowledge; and the style of some parts of the book, especially those describing the ocean currents, is far from clear. When, however, the author attacks the laws of motion, we seem to grasp him more distinctly. No doubt those laws may be called assumptions; but this is a term which can only be appropriately applied at first. If these laws stand the test of experience; if calculations based upon their truth have been verified again and again, even in such a delicate test as the discovery of Neptune, we certainly must argue for them a high degree of probability. The first law of motion seems to be the great object of attack. Newton defines inertia as the "innate power of resisting possessed by matter whereby it endeavours to persevere in its present state, whether that be one of rest or of moving uniformly in a right line." But the author thinks that inertia is a force which tends to stop motion. To take the hackneyed case of the ball thrown along ice—it goes much further than along a rougher surface; the first law of motion says this is because if there were no resistance to the ball it would go on moving for ever in a straight line, and the less resistance the more does the motion approach that ideal motion; Mr. Jordan says the ball is brought to rest by the *vis inertiae*. Here is a manifest divergence of opinion. It is difficult to see, on this theory, why a ball will go further and straighter on a smooth surface than on a rough one.

Then, again, Mr. Jordan says if the force which set a body in motion continues to act on it the motion will be continued: but this statement appears either ambiguous, or else it contradicts the fundamental notion of a uniform accelerating or retarding force. A body attracted by the earth falls towards it in a straight line: the attraction continues to act constantly, but the motion is not uniform; the body will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight in the next, eighty in the third, and so on: where is the inertia now which always resists motion? The theory of Dynamics is that if by supposition the force of the earth's attraction should cease to act, say at the end of the third second in the above example, the body would go on moving through space at

the rate of eighty feet per second for ever unless it came within the sphere of some other attraction. Newton's law asserts that matter has no power to resist motion if it is already in motion, and no power to move if it is at rest; force is the mysterious something which changes motion and destroys rest. We do not think we are doing Mr. Jordan an injustice when we say that we judge that he has not studied dynamics to much purpose. His book certainly shows great industry and pains on his part; energy which would have been better directed had it been better trained. The diagrams too are fairly done, but we presume they represent the ocean currents as they ought to be according to the theory of "Inertia," rather than the results of observation. Mr. Jordan is very summary too with Dr. Carpenter and the theories of warm and cold circulating ocean currents: which cannot be dismissed in a cavalier fashion; as they are backed up by careful and repeated observations. We believe Captain Kater weighed the earth in a room, but we do not recommend Mr. Jordan to construct a cosmogony in his study.

The New Curiosum Urbis: A Guide to Ancient and Modern Rome. By Shakspeare Wood. London: Thomas Cook and Son. 1875.

A VERY useful Travellers' Companion. The practical genius of the publishers is apparent in the production of this cheap and comprehensive guide-book, and the writer, if he will revise a few unnecessarily plain-spoken passages in his Introduction, may congratulate himself on deserving well from the ever-increasing tribe of tourists.

Shakspeare Diversions. A Medley of Motley Wear. By Francis Jacox. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1875.

MR. JACOX is both indefatigable and inexhaustible. In the present volume he follows the method with which his readers are now familiar. Give him a text, it matters not what, and he will ply it with parallels, and diversify it with variations in every possible key. Nothing can exceed his readiness and aptness of quotation. Either Mr. Jacox's memory is a marvel, or his note-books have been filled in a way that suggests equal patience and ingenuity. If in the Preface to his next work, for we count upon another within six months, Mr. Jacox will explain his method of working, he will confer a boon upon literary students, without running the least danger of losing supremacy in his particular line.

We are inclined to prefer this volume to any of its predecessors. His cues from Shakspeare are just those to rouse the echoes, and call forth reverberation and response from every quarter. From poets, philosophers, novelists, divines, the apt quotations come trooping in to enrich the margin of the chosen text. Mr. Jacox marshals his obedient hosts with the manner of one who has but to stamp his foot, and new armies will spring from the earth forthwith. He leaves off, not because he is at the end of his resources, but because his time is up. With Molière's Lysidas, he says, "*Je laisse cent mille autre choses, de peur d'être ennuyeux.*"

Bossuet and His Contemporaries. By the Author of "*A Dominican Artist,*" "*Life of S. Francis De Sales,*" &c., &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1874.

ONE of a series of volumes, chiefly biographical, which are written evidently with a view to familiarise the English reading public with the best examples of saintly life within the Romish Church. The present volume is of the pure and elevated style of writing which characterises the series. It shows a familiarity with the memoirs and the writings of Bossuet, and an appreciation of the importance and significance of his times. The book has its points of special interest at this period of the Church's history. The personal character, the attainments, and labours of "*the Eagle of Meaux,*" are amply delineated. No one can rise from the perusal of this volume without having gained considerable insight into the private life and public toils of this great preacher, or without being able to view them amidst the scenes and circumstances in which they were enacted.

The writer, who is *incognito*, loses not his opportunities of speaking in depreciation of Protestantism, sufficiently indicating the bias of his sympathies. It is forgotten that the Romish Church alone is responsible for the existence of Protestantism; that it is not a protest against the Church, or the institutions of the Church, or the truth of which the Church is the guardian, but against human errors and assumptions which are shielded by the august name to which they are so great a disgrace.

Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester. Reprinted in facsimile from the Edition of 1680. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Ronald Gower. London: Elliot Stock. 1875.

BISHOP BURNET's brief memoir of the Earl of Rochester, though now for a long time past little known, has always been prized by the more thoughtful sort of readers for its literary and historic interest. It was at one time also in high esteem as a religious work.

The main object of its writer was by a description of the repentance and humble turning to God of one of the wittiest and most profligate men of his day, "to do what he could towards the reforming of a loose and lewd age." The present editor, Lord Ronald Gower, hopes that the account of Rochester's last days may be the means of opening the eyes of some who read it to the reckless folly of leading a life of selfish and wicked indulgence. It is to be feared that the idle and dissipated to whom he refers are little likely to read this sober book; but if a quiet hour spent in perusing it does not awaken a sense of the utter folly and wretchedness of "fast life," it will not be for want of one of the most pathetic warnings contained in our literature.

By this beautiful facsimile reprint Mr. Stock will add to the reputation he has gained by his choice reprint of the first Edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Noble Workers. A Book of Example for Young Men. By H. A. Page. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

A THOROUGHLY wholesome, useful book. Mr. Page shows great insight into character, sympathy with widely differing types of excellence, and a strong sense of the value of biography for teaching the best moral lessons. In this latter respect we entirely agree with him. Not only do the best biographies of necessity take high literary rank, but for calling forth right feelings, for creating sympathy with goodness in its many forms, for bringing about something like friendship between the reader and the best members of the race, the moral and religious value of biographies can hardly be exaggerated.

In this volume Mr. Page has condensed some well-known biographies, and produced a series of effective portraits of men who, in various departments of life, and with very different resources, have fought a good fight and left a worthy and encouraging example. Among the "Workers" selected are Bishop Patteson, Dean Alford, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir James Simpson, Charles Knight, and Robert Chambers.

Andrew Marvell and his Friends. A Story of the Siege of Hull. By Marie Hall. London: James Clarke and Co. 1875.

SINCE the publication of Mrs. Hall's first work, *Sermons from the Studio*, her pen has not been idle; but we do not hesitate to say that for the faithful reflection of the spirit of the times referred to, for the illustration of high-principled patriotism, and as pleasant and profitable reading, this, her latest production, is the best.

Publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THIS most venerable of religious societies,—dating from 1698, three years before the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—continues to show zeal and enterprise worthy of its past history. As a distinctively Church of England Society, its publications represent very fairly the *via media* of doctrine and devotion, with which many of the best names in that Church have been associated. In addition to religious publications strictly so called, the society contributes largely to the supply of wholesome literature in almost every department. Its catalogues show a good selection of works in history, geography, and antiquities, and in various branches of science and art, as well as reward books, and the literature of the nursery and schoolroom. Among its recent publications we notice the following:—

Beauty in Common Things. Illustrated by Twelve Drawings from Nature. By Mrs. J. W. Whympers.

THE drawings are exact and admirable studies in colour of such common things as the wild strawberry, apple blossom, and blackthorn. For faithfulness to nature and for artistic beauty they could hardly be excelled. The letter-press descriptions are pleasantly written, and enriched with appropriate passages from the English poets.

Studies Among the Painters. By J. Beavington Atkinson.

AN intelligent well-written account of the principal schools and epochs of art. Mr. Atkinson is an earnest, sympathetic and discriminating art student, possessing ample knowledge of art history and considerable critical insight. The book is well illustrated with engravings of celebrated or characteristic pictures. It is an attractive and interesting volume.

The Siege of Colchester; or, an Event of the Civil War, A.D. 1648. By the Rev. G. F. Townsend, M.A.

THE story of one of the memorable sieges of the Civil War in England. The writer's sympathies and prepossessions are strongly with the Royalist defenders of Colchester, though he strives to do justice to the motives and conduct of the other side. After the surrender of the city Lord Arthur Capel was imprisoned, first for three months in Windsor Castle, and afterwards in the Tower, from which he contrived to escape, only to be recaptured within a few hours. Mr. Townsend ascribes to him, on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1751, a poem which in some stanzas singularly resembles the verses written by Lovelace

to his "Althea" from the Gatehouse of Westminster. Written about the same time, it is difficult to believe in the independent origin of the verses following. Compare

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."—LOVELACE.

with

"That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret."—CAPEL.

or,

"When, like committed linnets, I
With thriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;" &c.

with

"I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, mangre hate, my soul is free:
And though immured, yet can I chirp and sing."

Archbishop Trench, in his *Household Book of English Poetry*, does not ascribe the verses to Capel, but to an anonymous writer. To us they have every appearance of being an elaboration of Lovelace's spirited and tender little poem by an inferior hand, though one by no means unskilled.

The gallant but unfortunate Capel was executed in front of Westminster Hall, together with the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Holland, on the 9th of March, 1649. He was a brave, upright, high-souled Englishman, one of the many victims of a strife that had martyrs on each side.

Ancient History from the Monuments. "Egypt," by S. Birch, LL.D. "Assyria," by George Smith. "Persia," by W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S.

THE names of the writers will be a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and general trustworthiness of these short histories. They are well adapted to introduce young readers to the curious and suggestive records of the past, which scholars are, even now, only beginning to interpret.

We can also speak favourably of a new series of shilling books, chiefly stories from history, carefully written, well illustrated, and in every way suitable for children.

Publications of the Religious Tract Society. Among the recent publications of this Society we notice the following :—

Those Holy Fields. Palestine, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D.
London : The Religious Tract Society.

WE have had occasion once or twice to speak in very high terms of the series of illustrated works to which this volume belongs. So far as the illustrations are concerned, "Swiss Pictures" still continues at the head of the list, thanks to Mr. Whympers's admirable skill. "In the present volume," says the writer, "fidelity rather than artistic effect has been aimed at." The majority of the illustrations are from photographs; amongst which, those of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of Messrs. Berghem and Nicodemus, of Jerusalem, and Madame Bonfils, of Beyrout, deserve special mention.

The writer visited Palestine in the spring of 1873. His object was one which has a very powerful fascination for Christian minds,—to read the Bible in its own land. He combines, in a very pleasant way, the incidents of modern travel with Biblical antiquities and illustrations of Scripture. The work is thoroughly well done, and the result is a very interesting and elegant book.

The Temple; its Ministry and Services as they were at the Time of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Dr. Edersheim.

A LEARNED, though popularly written, account of the religious life of the Jews during the period in which our Lord lived upon earth, the circumstances under which He taught, and the religious rites by which He was surrounded.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By Dr. Macaulay.

TO most readers it will be matter of painful surprise to hear how many different kinds of needless suffering are inflicted by man upon the lower animals. Some of these result from wanton and wicked cruelty, and others from carelessness, neglect, and a low tone of intelligence and feeling. Dr. Macaulay's chapter on vivisection is particularly valuable just now, when, for the first time, the public is awakening to its monstrous abuses. With regard to the whole question of cruelty to animals, it may be confidently said that legislation has already removed many intolerable evils, and is capable of dealing effectually with others that still exist. But it is to education and to the growth of humane and Christian feeling among us that we must ultimately look for the suppression of cruelty to animals. In its grosser

forms, it may be prevented or punished by law; but for the most part the happiness of animals will always depend upon the mercy of man, and hence it is a duty springing directly from the Christian religion to assist by all means in one's power in raising the tone of public opinion upon the subject, and particularly in educating the conscience and affections of the young. We hope this *Plea for Mercy* will be widely read.

Elijah the Tishbite. From the German of Dr. F. W. Krummacher.

A NEW and cheaper edition of this well-known and deservedly popular work. It would be late in the day to say anything in commendation of the writer's eloquence, earnestness, and religious power.

The Pilgrim's Progress. New Edition.

AN edition in large type, suitable either for children, or for persons of feeble sight.

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